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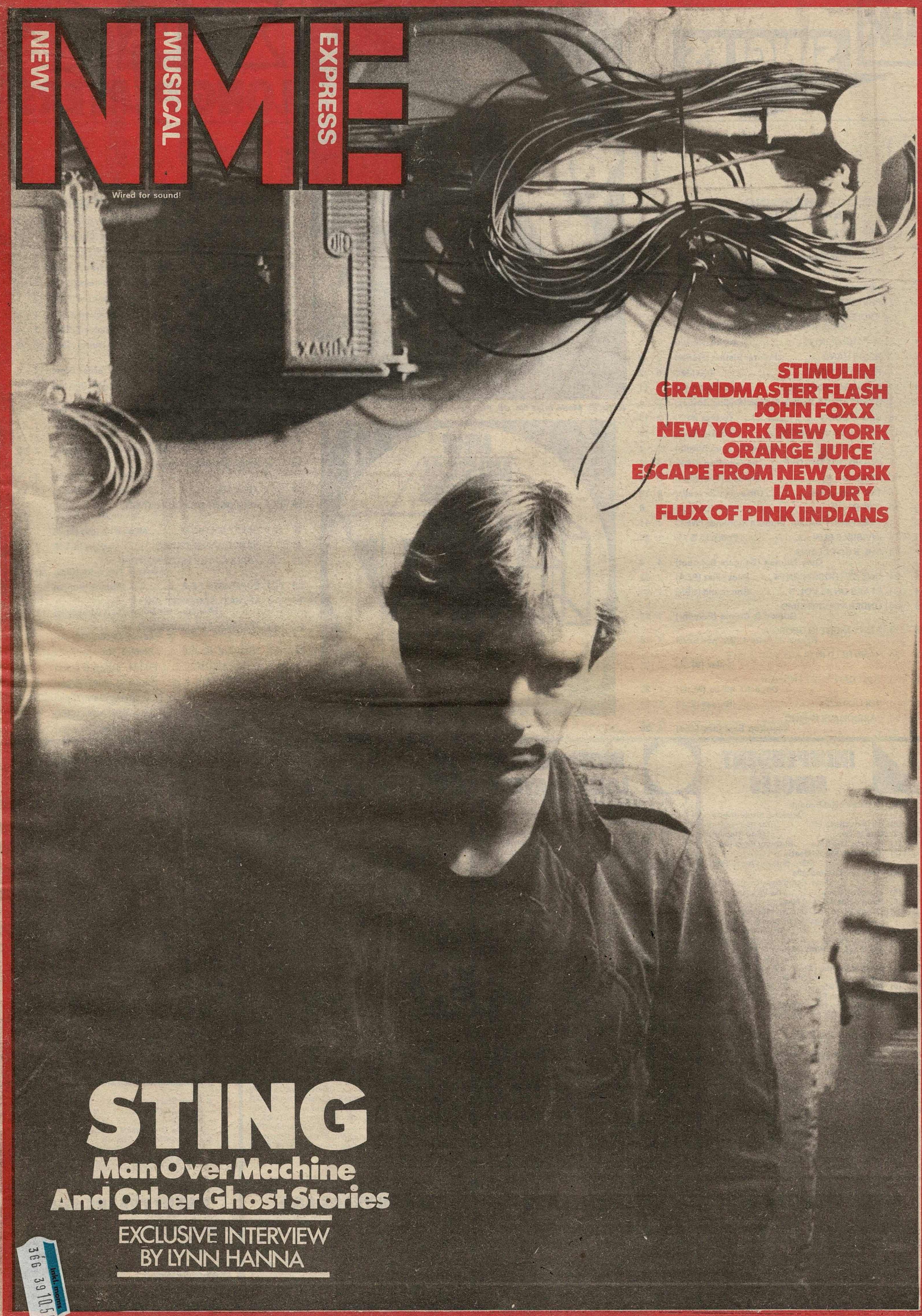
NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Wired for sound!



STIMULIN
GRANDMASTER FLASH
JOHN FOXX
NEW YORK NEW YORK
ORANGE JUICE
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK
IAN DURY
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS

STING

Man Over Machine And Other Ghost Stories

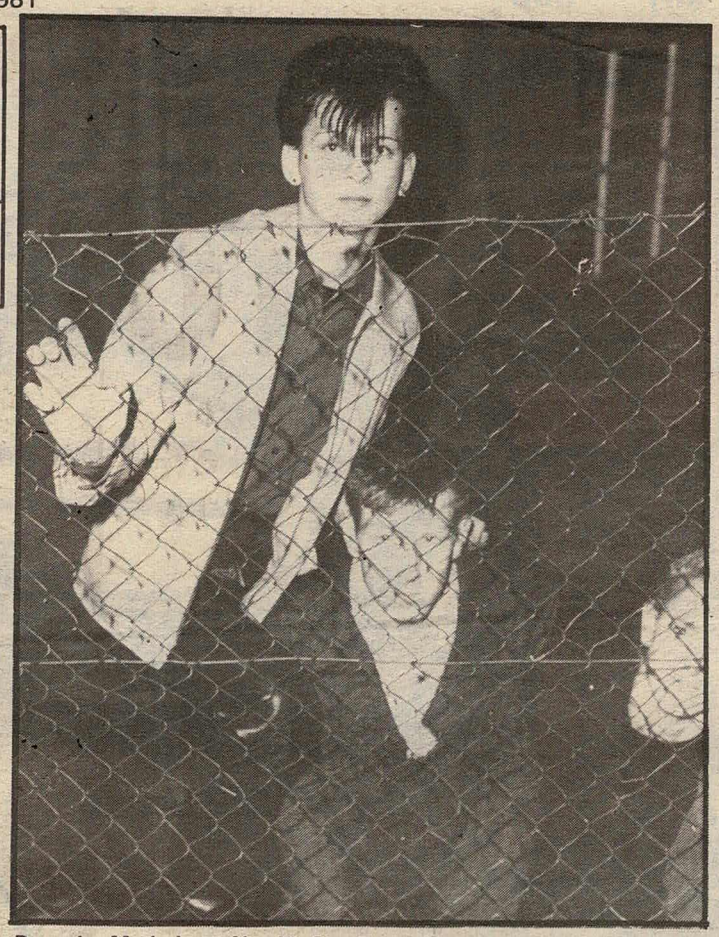
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
BY LYNN HANNA

linkl. moms 366 3910.50

Sting in the Shadows. Pic: Pennie Smith

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**PRINCE CHARMING**	**Adam & The Ants (CBS)**	3	1
2	2	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	9	1
3	6	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4	3
4	8	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	4	4
5	3	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	3
5	21	PRETEND	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	3	5
7	20	ENDLESS LOVE	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	2	7
8	5	JAPANESE BOY	Aneka (Hansa)	7	1
9	12	SLOW HAND	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	3	9
10	7	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	6	2
11	22	SO THIS IS ROMANCE	Linx (Chrysalis)	2	11
12	4	START ME UP	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	5	4
13	18	BIRDIE SONG	Tweets (PRT)	2	13
14	17	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW	Hi Gloss (Epic)	3	14
15	9	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	7	1
16	19	IN AND OUT OF LOVE	Imagination (R&B)	2	16
17	15	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	5	5
17	16	THE THIN WALL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	10
19	10	ONE IN TEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	7	8
20	11	EVERYBODY SALSA.	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	11
21	(—)	INVISIBLE SUN	Police (A & M)	1	21
22	13	SHE'S GOT CLAWS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	4
23	24	ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	23
24	(—)	STARS ON 45 VOL. 3	Starsound (CBS)	1	24
25	(—)	UNDER YOUR THUMB	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	1	25
26	14	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	5	14
27	25	HAND HELD IN BLACK AND WHITE	Dollar (WEA)	2	25
28	(—)	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	28
29	(—)	HOLLIEDAZE	Hollies (EMI)	1	29
30	26	PASSIONATE FRIEND	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)	4	26



Depeche Mode in at No. 28. Pic: Peter Anderson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**DEAD RINGER**	**Meatloaf (Epic)**	3	1
2	2	TATTOO YOU.	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	3	2
3	13	RAGE IN EDEN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	3
4	3	DANCE	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	3
5	7	TIME	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	1
6	(—)	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	6
7	4	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	12	1
8	(—)	STARS ON 45 VOL 2	Starsound (CBS)	1	8
9	(—)	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	9
10	8	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	13	2
11	5	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	17	3
12	12	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	16	1
13	11	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	12	9
14	(—)	CELEBRATION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	14
15	10	WALK UNDER LADDERS	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	2	10
16	6	SONS & FASCINATION. . .	Simple Minds (Virgin)	2	6
17	(—)	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	1	17
18	(—)	HITS RIGHT UP YOUR STREET	Shadows (Polydor)	1	18
19	(—)	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Altered Images (Epic)	1	19
20	(—)	DANCE DANCE DANCE	Various (K-Tel)	1	20
21	23	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	44	1
22	(—)	SUPERHITS 1 & 2	Various (Ronco)	1	12
23	(—)	MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	1	23
24	(—)	PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	1	24
25	17	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	23	3
26	(—)	BLACK & WHITE	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	1	26
27	24	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	4	15
28	9	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	21	4
29	16	SHOT OF LOVE	Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	6
30	(—)	SLEEP NO MORE	Comsat Angels (Polydor)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(7)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
3	(3)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
4	(1)	**Release The Bats**	Birthday Party (4AD)
5	(12)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
6	(20)	**Holidays In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
7	(4)	**Inconvenience**	Au Pairs (Human)
8	(8)	**Papa's Got A Brand New**	Pigbag (Y)
9	(6)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
10	(—)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
11	(5)	**Kitchen Person**	Associates (Situation 2)
12	(19)	**She's In Love With A Monster Man**	Revillos (Super Sell)
12	(24)	**Leather Bristles, Studs & Acne**	GBH (Clay)
14	(14)	**Nero**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
15	(9)	**Puppets Of War**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
16	(15)	**Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
17	(18)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
18	(25)	**Brave New England**	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
19	(22)	**Smiles & Laughter**	Modern English (4AD)
20	(16)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
21	(—)	**4 Movements**	Thomas Lear (Cherry Red)
22	(11)	**Motorhead**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
23	(—)	**Hit The Moon**	Ellery Bop (Ace Ideas)
24	(30)	**24 Hours**	The Chefs (Graduate)
25	(10)	**One Law For Them**	4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
26	(13)	**Mattress of Wire**	Aztec Camera (Postcard)
27	(27)	**Grass**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
28	(26)	**New Life**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
29	(—)	**Take It All Away**	Girlschool (City)
30	(28)	**Aie A Mwana**	Bananarama (Demon)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(3)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
2	(1)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
3	(6)	**In Concert**	T Rex (Marc)
4	(9)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
5	(2)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
6	(4)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
7	(5)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
8	(8)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
9	(12)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
10	(7)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
11	(16)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
12	(18)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
13	(13)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
14	(—)	**Always Now**	Sector 25 (Factory)
15	(14)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
16	(17)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
17	(11)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (R. Trade)
18	(19)	**Caught In Flux**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
19	(25)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
20	(20)	**Drama Of Exile**	Nico (Aura)
21	(26)	**Black Sounds Of Freedom**	Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
22	(10)	**The Only Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
23	(27)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
24	(15)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
25	(—)	**To Each**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
26	(—)	**Greatest Hits**	Throbbing Gristle (R. Trade)
27	(22)	**Action Battlefield**	N. A. Steppers (Statik)
28	(21)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(30)	**Imflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	**Hopelessly In Love With You**	Carroll Thompson (Caribe Gems)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

1	**Love Me Tonight**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
2	**Fatty Bum Bum**	Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
3	**Rat-a-cut-futtle**	Lion Youth (Virgo)
4	**Mister Government Men**	Laxley Castell (Negus Roots)
5	**Rise and Shine**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
6	**Without My Love**	Little Roy(Copastic)
7	**All Nations Have The Bell**	Ranking Devon (Dance Beat)
8	**Wah Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
9	**Spongy Reggae**	Black Uhuru (Island)
10	**Its True**	Donna Rhoden (Santic)

Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

FUNK

1	**You Got The Floor**	Arthur Adams (Inculcation)
2	**Mystery Girl**	The Dukes (WEA)
3	**Do It Anyway You Wanna**	Mike T (Golden Pyramid)
4	**Do Your Own Dance**	Shades Of Love (Scorp Gemi)
5	**I Wanna Feel Your Love**	Candy Bowman (RCA)
6	**Station Break (Instrumental)**	Captain Sky (WMOT)
7	**Heart Heart**	Geraldine Hunt (Prism)
8	**Can You Feel It**	Funk Fusion Band (WMOT)
9	**Studio H**	Henry Valentino (PBI)
10	**Found The Groove**	Wreckin' Crew (Newman)

Chart by Kevin Edwards, Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

INTERNATIONAL CANADA

1	2	**Endless Love**	Diana Ross & Lionel Ritchie (Motown)
2	1	**Urgent**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	9	**Hold On Tight**	ELO (Jet)
4	10	**Stop Dragging My Heart Around**	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
5	5	**Queen Of Hearts**	Juice Newton (Capitol)
6	8	**Fire And Ice**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
7	11	**Thirsty Ears**	Power Blues (Capitol)
8	13	**Who's Crying Now**	Journey (CBS)
9	4	**Theme From The Greatest American Hero**	Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
10	7	**In The Air Tonight**	Phil Collins (Atlantic)

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corps/Billboard

BELGIUM

1	3	**Wordy Rappinghood**	Tom Tom Club (Ariola)
2	2	**One Day In Your Life**	Michael Jackson (Motown)
3	6	**Your Love**	Lime (Polydor)
4	1	**The Carribean Disco Show**	Lobo (Phonogram)
5	4	**More Stars On 45 Vol 2**	Stars on 45 (CNR)
6	—	**Nome Hables**	Juan Pardo (Polydor)
7	—	**Hold On Tight**	ELO (Jet)
8	—	**Hooked On Classics**	RPO (RCA)
9	8	**De Nederlandse Sterren**	Rubberen Robbie (CNR)
10	—	**Hands Up**	Ottawan (Carrere)

Courtesy HUMO/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Dancing Queen**	Abba (Epic)
2	**Mississippi**	Pussycat (Sonet)
3	**I Am A Cider Drinker**	The Wurzels (EMI)
4	**Can't Get By Without You**	Real Thing (Pye)
5	**I Only Wanna Be With You**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
6	**Dance Little Lady Dance**	Tina Charles (CBS)
7	**Blinded By The Light**	Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze)
8	**The Killing Of Georgie**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
9	**Aria**	Acker Bilk (Pye)
10	**Sailing**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Maggie May**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	**Hey Girl Don't Bother Me**	The Tams (Probe)
3	**Did You Ever**	Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
4	**I Believe (In Love)**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
5	**Tap Turns On The Water**	C.C.S. (Rak)
6	**Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum**	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
7	**You've Got A Friend**	James Taylor (Warner Bros)
8	**Cousin Norman**	Marmalade (Decca)
9	**Nathan Jones**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
10	**For All We Know**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	**I'm A Boy**	Who (Reaction)
3	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
4	**Little Man**	Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
5	**Bend It**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
6	**Too Soon To Know**	Roy Orbison (London)
7	**All Or Nothing**	Small Faces (Decca)
8	**All I See Is You**	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	**Winchester Cathedral**	New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
10	**Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow**	Rolling Stones (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Johnny Remember Me**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
2	**Wild In The Country**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	**Kon-Tiki**	Shadows (Columbia)
4	**Michael**	Highwaymen (HMV)
5	**Jealousy**	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	**You Don't Know**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
7	**Reach For The Stars**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8	**Get Lost**	Eden Kane (Decca)
9	**Hats Off To Larry**	Del Shannon (London)
10	**You'll Answer To Me**	Cleo Laine Fontana)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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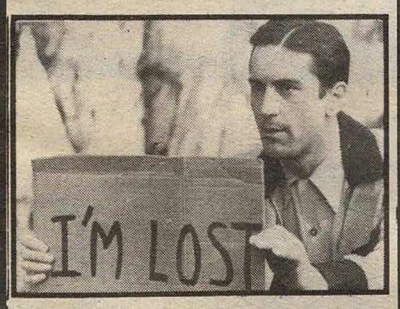

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SPASTIC VETO

Disabled & Deleted — Dury disc dumped after airplay clampdown.

IAN DURY and Polydor Records have decided to delete his latest single 'Spasticus Autisticus' because radio stations won't play it and, consequently, shops are reluctant to stock it — all because the word "spastic" is heard on the record. The decision has been taken to enable Ian to campaign about the attitude which resulted in the single being effectively banned.

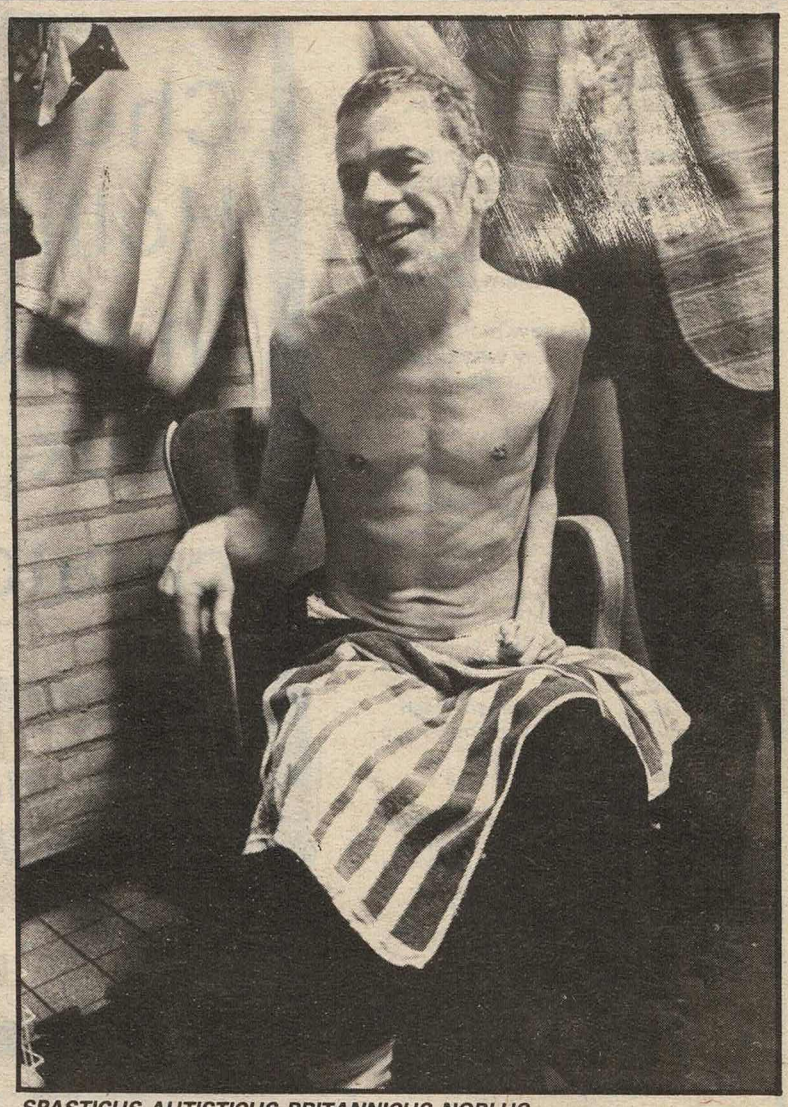
A joint statement claims that pop radio controllers seem to consider "spastic" as an unmentionable word in polite society or a normal context, and one to be spoken only in hushed, serious or reverent terms. Yet, they say, the International year of Disabled People was meant to make people more aware of the disabled, as well as their disablements and needs.

The statement continues: "The disabled are probably the largest minority against whom substantial and subtle discrimination is practised in this country. We can't bring ourselves even to talk about spastics, as the word reminds us of too many things which are upsetting and disturbs the even keel of our lives.

"Just as nobody actually bans handicapped people, just makes it difficult for them to function as normal people, so 'Spasticus' was not banned — it was made impossible to function as a normal record."

Dury and Polydor say they want to do something about this prejudice, and will be announcing some plans as soon as they can be co-ordinated. They feel that, in this special year, it's about time the music business and radio — who, between them, do so much to influence young people — should do something about shaping attitudes towards the disabled.

Dury succinctly sums up the apathy towards the 'Spasticus' single, the spastics in particular and the disabled in general: "Why the hell do you think I wrote it!"



SPASTICUS AUTISTICUS BRITANNICUS NOBLUS
Pic. Dennis Morris

Chords 1979 *Pic: Mike Laye*

Chords split: "All your fault!"

THE CHORDS have broken up, and they admit that the split is due to their failure to achieve worthwhile recognition. In a passionately worded statement issued by the band this week, the music Press and the public are among the factions blamed for handicapping their efforts. They accuse:

Their record company and agency — "populated by servile no-neck yes men, so engrossed in mega-bands that they ignore up-and-coming acts";

Radio DJs — "obsessed with being hip, so as to do complete about-turns for the sake of being invited to the right parties";

The music Press — "a more fickle, paranoid, self-congratulatory bunch of failed musicians you'd be hard put to find anywhere";

The public — "who failed to acknowledge the progression and value of our music".

The Chords offer two other reasons for their disbandment — they never planned their next moves, taking each song and gig as it came; and the "Mod" tag they acquired, which they feel unfairly prejudiced many people they hoped to reach. They add that they naively supposed a record should stand on its own merits, not realising that it's who you know and who you fawn over that's far more influential.

Sour grapes, they ask? Well, in their bitterness, they've attacked just about everyone they can think of. It is perhaps significant that they haven't stopped to ask themselves whether their own inadequacies and deficiencies might just be contributory factors.

More OMITD

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark have added more dates to their autumn tour, now that interest in the band has been stimulated by the chart success of their single 'Souvenir'. These include second shows at London Hammersmith Odeon (November 19) and Liverpool Empire (25), where the previous nights' concerts are already sold out. Fresh venues so far set are Leeds Tiffany's (December 1) and Norwich East Anglia University (2).

Because of the present unemployment situation, particularly in their home town of Liverpool, plans are being made for a number of tickets throughout the country to be made available to the jobless via local Job Centres. And the band's new album, announced this week as 'Architecture And Morality', will be issued on October 30 by Dindisc to tie in with the tour.

Prior to this, they will be touring America to promote the LP they have on release over there, culled from their first and second albums. Mark Cooper (keyboards and sax) has now rejoined the band after a brief absence, and will be playing on both the US and UK tours.

Bunnies Hop

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, who headline the Saturday bill at Leeds Queen's Hall in this weekend's "Daze Of Future Past" festival, are to play a string of nine selected pre-Christmas concerts. Immediately after the Leeds show, they leave on a whirlwind two-month global hop, with concerts in America, Australia, Japan and Thailand. And they return home for their seasonal shows at:

Canterbury Kent University (December 4), Norwich East Anglia University (5), Poole Arts Centre (6), Oxford Apollo, formerly the new theatre (7), London Hammersmith Palais (8), Liverpool Royal Court (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Leeds University (11) and Leicester University Queen's Hall (12).

The film package featuring the band's movie's *Shine So Hard* and *La Via Luonga*, which recently ran for two weeks at London ICA, is about to go on selected release around the country. First confirmed screenings are at Birmingham Arts Club (October 10 for 13 days) and Bristol Arnofini (October 24 for four days).

Willie Coup

MINK DeVILLE return to the UK in November, for their first tour here in well over a year. They're coming in the wake of their new album release, their first for Atlantic Records, with whom they recently signed — titled 'Coup De Grace', it's issued on October 2. The LP was produced by Willy DeVille and Jack Nitzsche, and most of the nine tracks were written by Willie.

The six-piece outfit play Dunstable Queensway Hall (November 5), Manchester University (6), Sheffield Lyceum theatre (9), York University (10), Bradford University (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12) and London Victoria The Venue (13 and 14). It's expected that further dates will be slotted into this schedule. Ticket Prices are not yet available.

TOUR NEWS

Raincoats, Revillos, etc. p.41

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Cheap Holliedaze in your own back catalogue

THE 'CARRIE-ANNE' BOYS CARRY ON

OF ALL THE RECORDS to move to that crazy seguesound beat, 'Holliedaze' is one of the most, er, surprising. For this is no bunch of Hot Hits Euroclones — it's those beat group stalwarts The Hollies themselves!

Sitting in a deserted Abbey Road studio with Tony Hicks and Allan Clarke, I ask them where the blame lies.

"Everyone we saw in the street seemed to say why don't you do it. So we thought, why not?" explains Hicks.

But doesn't this betray that lengthy back catalogue of hits?

"If we hadn't done it, somebody else would," observes the sober Clarke.

"Ours has the old-fashioned sound about it," adds Hicks. The vocals sound mixed down to me. "It's your imagination. There's no extra drums, just an off-beat." "Are you saying we're lying?" says Clarke with mock menace.'

OK, OK. So how is Graham Nash involved? Regular viewers may have seen the wizened old hippie reappearing with the lads on a recent *Top Of The Pops.*

"Us and him getting together was going to happen anyway. He came over and did some recording with us at the same time as doing *Top Of The Pops.* He enjoyed himself!" Plans are in hand to cut a whole LP with Nash, as by The Original Hollies; bet you can't wait.

All those youngsters on *TOTP.* Do you feel in touch with all that?

"*Now,* yeah," says Hicks with brazen confidence. He rather glosses over the marketplace failure of their later 'new' records and the recent shake-up in the band and instead speaks of plans to record with Phil Lynott.

"If you start asking questions about bands in the Top 20, I wouldn't be able to answer you," is Clark's bluff riposte. Hicks says he enjoys Linx records but admits to not spotting Soft Cell as a hit.

"I think they're like The Yardbirds," says Clarke, who surprises me by claiming a liking for Depeche Mode and sings 'New Life' unprompted. So who do The Hollies appeal to in 1981?

"Certainly not the kids. People in our age bracket, who came up with us in the '60s." Both wear their years well, I might add. But if pop is this transitory, throwaway thing, doesn't playing old pop songs for fifteen years render them meaningless?

"We still enjoy them. We don't just do a night of hits — it's a *rock* gig, make no mistake.

Ah — you mean the cabaret circuit. "We're not on that — we never have been," interjects Clarke.

"When I grow up I want to be in Mood 6."

Right: Original Hollies 1965, clockwise from top left: Tony Hicks, Graham Nash, Allan Clarke, Eric Haydock, Bobby 'Pate' Elliott.

Well, I don't often see your name in the Gig Guide. When did you last play London?

"Three nights at Wembley, two and a half years ago." Two and a half *years?* "Well, look at Paul Simon — how often does he come to London?" accuses Hicks.

Clark: "We've been going eighteen years. We went through all the kids running after us stuff. I have to be a professional entertainer now."

Do you make a lot of money? "All things are relative."

How are you going to cope with the psychedelic revival?

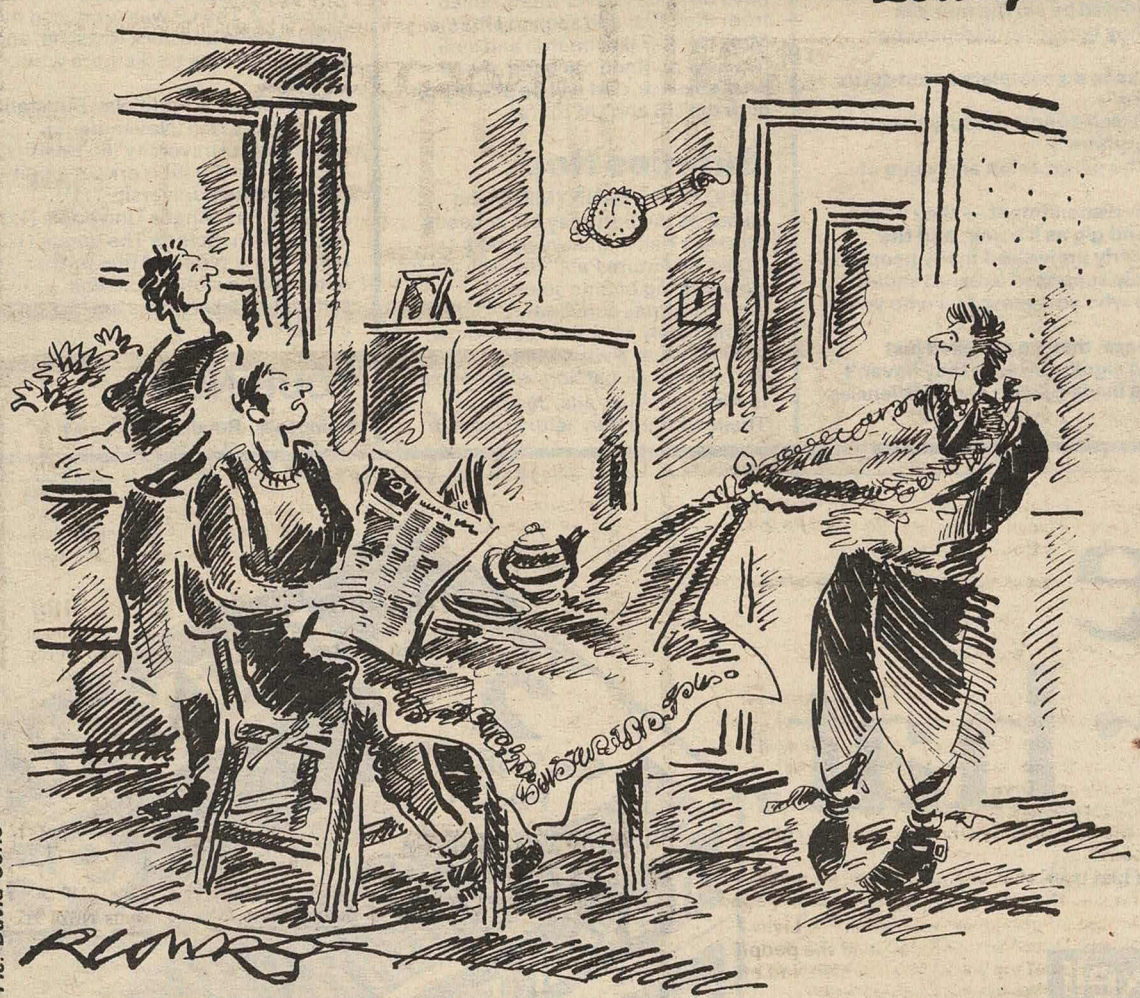
"How did we cope with all the other trends while we were being The Hollies? We carry on."

Any advice for today's young pop stars? "They'd never take it. They'll get ripped off, just for a hit record."

As I turn off the tape, Allan Clarke looks over at Tony Hicks. "Do you think we should've said a few 'fucks'?"

—RICHARD COOK

Lowry



Pic: David Corio

"I don't know where we went wrong with you, son. We gave you the finest rock and roll education money can buy and you end up wanting to wear the bloody tablecloth every weekend."

Next week in NME

THE NME DANCING MASTER

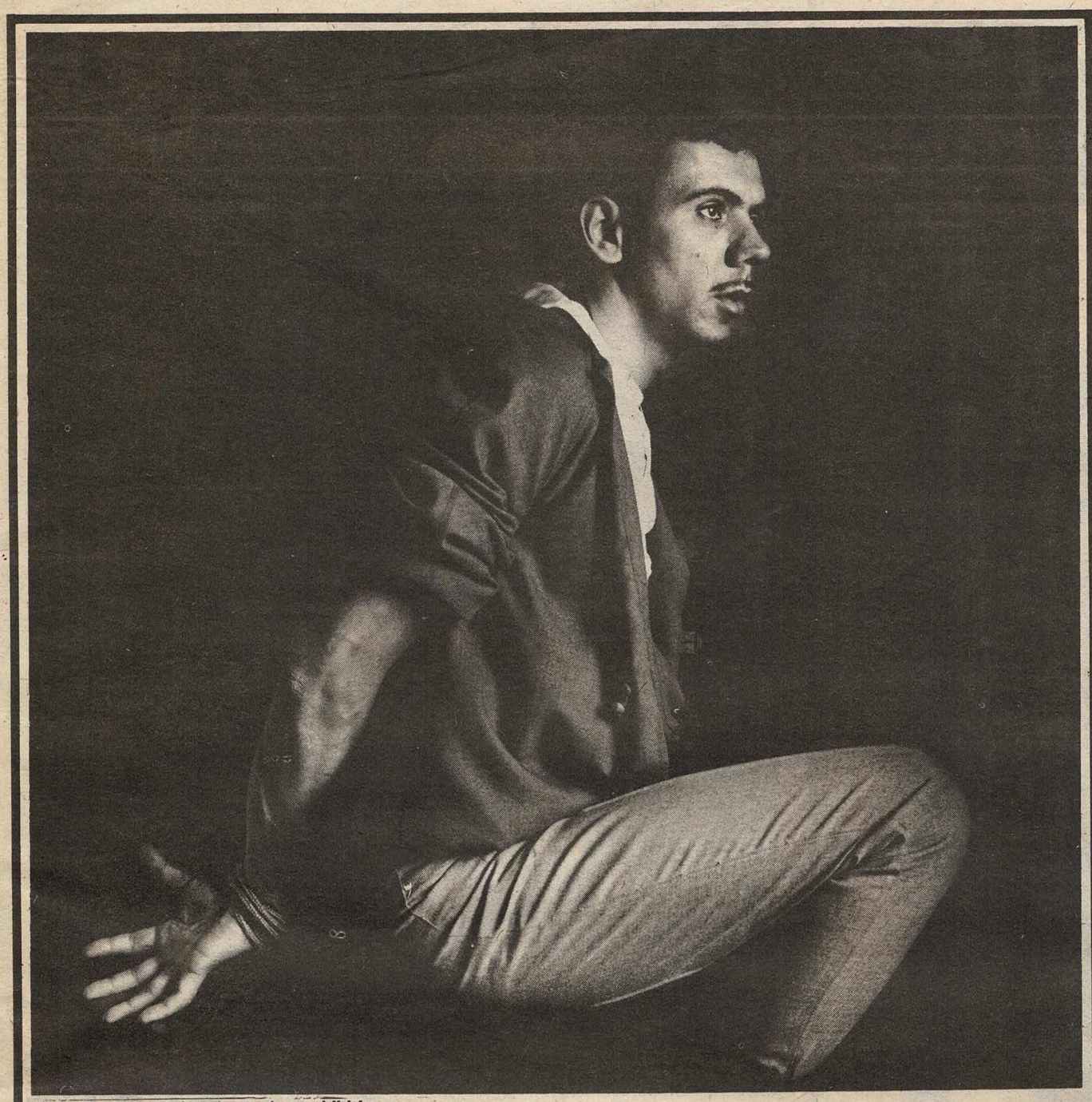
The tape cassette season starts here with another indescribably fabuloid NME offer. That's right, following the sell out success of the NME / Rough Trade C81 cassette earlier this year, we're running another ludicrously cheap offer.

The NME Dancing Master will be just what it says; around 90 minutes of hard rhythms, bumptious backbeats and exquisite squeaking to rock your body line at a price that won't disjoint your pocket. £1.99p including post and package to be precise. Plus coupons from any issue of the NME over the next two months. Simple huh?

(We're still finalising the 20 or so artists who will star on this masterpiece of dancemania, but take it from us, Bimbo, the only thing low-budget about this package is the price you're paying, with musics and styles that run rampant across the customary boundaries of 'rock', 'funk', 'reggae' and the rest.

Don't miss out, place an order now.

Also coming at you next week: THE HUMAN LEAGUE — my affair with an ARP synthesiser by Phil Oakey. THE TWINKLE BROTHERS — lions and me by Norman Grant.



Kevin Rowland in bondage ad on exhibition.

CHALK ONE UP

PHOTOGRAPHER extraordinaire Chalkie Davies — raconteur, polaroid enthusiast, stager of stunts, world renowned man about town, aircraft maintenance technician, and taker of many 'rock' and other snaps — has his first exhibition open this week at Riverside Studios, Crisp Street, Hammersmith W6.

Co-inciding with this event is the publication of 'Pointed Portraits' by Eel Pie Books, a collection of Chalkie's photographs from 1974 to the present day.

Long standing readers of this journal will recall that Mr Davies spent several years working for *NME*, graduating from cub status and thereafter moving on to take sleeve and publicity pictures and work closely with several leading lights of the wonderful world of modern music and become intimately aquainted with the services offered by the world's airlines.

The accent in *Portraits* is firmly on the British scene in the second half of the '70s, and just about every major musical personality of the era makes an appearance among the ever entertaining Davies selection, which includes several *NME* front covers among its diverse wares. The interface between old and new waves is particularly well captured.

The exhibition comprises some eighteen portraits of today's names — Kevin Rowland is reproduced above for your delectation — which include Adam, Strummer, Costello, Townshend, Terry Hall and more. There's also a splendid mock-up of a fan's bedroom, which includes dirty underpants and rusty razor blades as well a wallful of Chalkie-derived visuals, and proves once more the influence these photographer chaps have over our ordinary everyday lives, bringing glamour, gaiety and wit where greyness and mundanity formerly reigned. *(Steady on — ed)*.

Admission to the exhibition is buckshee. Pete & Chalkie want £4.95 for the book, a snip.

— VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

***Two late '70s couples: above, Siouxsie & Steve Banshee. Below, Paul and Linda Macca. Both from Pointed Portraits* by Chalkie Davies (Eel Pie Books £4.95).**

WARSAW PACT REVEALED

WARSAW, MONDAY: The unconfirmed reports which filtered through to the *Thrills* desk two weeks ago about an EP of pre-Joy Division samizdvats have since been partially verified by our east European correspondent.

He called collect from the Baltic coast to report on his scrambled telephone conversation with John Adams, kommisar of Chaos Cassettes of Norwich, west of Latvia, the network behind the dissemination of the disc 'The Ideal Beginning' by Warsaw.

"The record is *not* a bootleg! It's just meant to be an underground collectors' item," claimed Adams.

But what of the price, comrade? At £3.50, it seems somewhat excessive, even for previously-unheard embryonic JD.

"I know it's expensive, but it's a collector's item. We only pressed 2000 so that it would remain collectable. It was all done with the approval of the group's management. They did it just the same as they did the Sordide Sentimental deal for 'Atmosphere' and 'Dead Souls' last year. They just did it to show people what early Joy Division were like."

What of the sleeve artwork, a Teutonic drummer expropriated from the original Joy Division 'Ideal For Living' EP on Enigma Records?

"The sleeve? We just used that because it was so good. A lot of Joy Division fans — the younger ones — wouldn't even know that it was like the original sleeve of 'Ideal For Living'."

You seem to underestimate the intelligence of the people, comrade. And you forget that we have ways of insisting on the final word: the three tracks on the EP have been forwarded to the Solidarity quality control committee for a rigorous examination. They failed.

— LECH WALESKA

RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★

RUSH

LIVE IN CONCERT IN ROTTERDAM
Holland, on 14 November
The price of £57 includes

★ Good hotel
★ Good ticket for concert
★ Return luxury coach trip
★ Cross Channel ferry

Depart morning 13 November
Return evening 15 November
£20 deposit secures a place
Mark number of tickets in box A

RUSH SHUTTLE

ROTTERDAM HOLLAND
14 November
Price of £44 includes

★ Return luxury coach trip
★ Cross Channel ferry
★ Good ticket for concert

Depart evening 13 November
Return morning 15 November
£20 deposit secures a place
Mark number of tickets in box B

BOOKING FORM
Please print clearly in block capitals

Name .....
Address .....
.....

No of tickets required A ☐ B ☐
Send Cheques/P.O.s (with an SAE) made payable to
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Suite 1, 8 Hamlet Court Rd, Westcliffe on Sea
Access/B'card accepted Tel: 0702 338651 **(RUSH)**

RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★ RUSH ★

A sound worth tracking down

Tired of reading the same old names, the same old reviews and the same old recommendations? Well we've put together the audio spectacular ... controversial informative, stimulating and fun ... and so it should be!

CUTTING OUT THE RED TAPE!

Ever wondered whether the blank cassettes you buy are all they're cracked up to be? Well we have! We've been testing shop bought samples and come up with some interesting results for you and the manufacturers.

WHAT A PAIR

A pair of KEF Carlton II speakers to be won in this month's issue!

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It's music to your ears!

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW 70p

Play lead Guitar within hours The 1981 easy way to learn modern music, is specially recorded lessons that will save you years of frustrated struggling on your own.

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Solos and modern lead runs are played for you on 60-minute cassettes with back-up teaching books. The guitar course is personally prepared by Jack Wilcock who has 19 years experience of teaching and playing for BBC and EMI record sessions, TV and films.

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MAD EYED SCREAMER/SO UNREAL/
BUT NOT THEM/WILD THING/THUMB
AVAILABLE IN A LIMITED EDITION GATEFOLD PICTURE SLEEVE polydor

Gina gets the (Ford) Pop cut. Pic: David Cario.

Portrait Of The Consumer

Roger Dunford Smith, Hair Stylist

As An Artist

LIKE EVERY CONSUMER, Roger Smith is also an artist in his own right; his craft is hairdressing. Does he agree with recent statements that hair stylists are, as in the Sixties, 'the new pop stars'? "No, but hair does move as fast as music and they're closely related — everyone's grown up with that."

Roger worked long hours with four night jobs a week during his 3½ year apprenticeship. But he found "the training I was given and what I wanted to do were two different things." Through friends, magazines, and observation, he began to develop his own style.

He then went to "a real high street salon where 90% of the clientele were over 60 and there were customers who'd come in twice a week for forty years to get the same set." He learned "setting and back-combing, pin curls and real B-52's stuff." He also learned he couldn't work 9 to 5. So now Roger is a part-timer at West London's Antennae salon (938-1866) "which is for people who want their hair cut but hate hairdressers. The people who work there hate hairdressers too." In his spare time, Roger freelances and studies electronic music and "basic art" via ILEA night classes.

MUSIC LPs
'Closer' and 'Unknown Pleasures' — Joy Division
LP of '60s Spy Movie themes
Tamla-Motown
'In a Flat Field' — Bauhaus
'Not Available' — Residents
All the Velvet Underground

MUSIC—Singles/EPs
'Wheel in the Roses' — Rema Rema
'Release the Bats' — Birthday Party
'SPK' — Surgical Penis Klinic
'All or Nothing at All' — Frank Sinatra
'Jumps, Giggles and Shouts' — Gene Vincent
'These Arms of Mine' — Otis Redding

TV
Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy
Barney Miller
Coronation Street
Defence of the USA
Newsnight
Sgt. Bilko

COMICS
Dick Tracy
Battle
2,000 AD
("Comics I like becuase they're good to read in the tube, in bed and in the bath")

HANGOUTS
"I'd like to try Le Kilt on psychedelic night — the others have more of a dress code on the door and I'm more interested in the idea of an old-fashioned 'happening'. But if I went down there it'd be the same old people drunk and not talking to you and next day you'd see them and they'd have forgotten who you are."

I've tried all the new clubs, but the only person I've met at one and still seen much is my girlfriend. My Mum and Dad met at church but Debbie and I met at a gay club (Cha Cha)."

FILM
Horror films: *"Texas Chainsaw massacre* is my favourite; I think it's the only really scary film."
Old British films: Ealing comedies and war films ("Tho' I'm totally anti-war and anti-nuclear")
Hitchcock films
Dick Tracy Versus Gruesome: "the sort of stuff I see at the Gothick Society, Holborn Library"

GAMES
Space Invaders
Word Association

FASHION: HAIRSTYLES
Psychedelic cuts — "Brian Jones had the definitive model but Johnny Ramone's is good too"
Old ladies' hairdos — "They've got more style than anybody else; they bother over every little detail".
Homemade Hairdos — "I'm totally against in-salon hairdos you can't do at home. Hairdressers are their own worst enemy. they brainwash people into believing you've got to blowdry your hair every day, wash it every two days, that hair that's dry or over-permed or screwed up can't be made to look good. They predict all this crap like every hair has its own place, hair should be in 'good condition' and then of course people come in and want it. Sassoon has dominated hairdressing for ten years and they're very good, but their idea of every hair checking in has been outstripped by more individual attitudes."

FOOD
Kraft macaroni & cheese
Banana splits

DRINK
Tea

JUNIOR: "If we'd all got it right 12 years back there wouldn't be the riots now."

PIC: Jean Bernard Sohiez

"BRITFUNK SAVED ME FROM A LIFE OF CRIME."

TRUE CONFESSIONS TALK-IN WITH MAMA'S BOY JUNIOR GISCOMBE

BY CHRIS SALEWICZ

JUNIOR GISCOMBE is a bespectacled, British-born black in his early twenties. In the Bond Street offices of his record company he has an earnest, almost academic air that seems at odds with the cockily chic figure who stands, legs a-straddle, on the sleeve of his 'Mama Used To Say' single.

There is also an animated, shimmering energy, an explanation of why his first English release — he's had one record out before, in America only — is one of the cream of the new crop of British funk tunes.

The vibes Junior's put out haven't always been so positive.

In his mid-teens, seven or eight years ago, he was riddled with a bitterness and a resentment towards English whites which would often release itself in a profitable spell of pickpocketing up the West End.

Born and raised in Clapham South, Norman "Junior" Giscombe for a number of years didn't really encounter many fellow blacks. Even at the South London grammar school he attended there were only half a dozen kids of West Indian origin.

After he'd been there a couple of years, however, the school went comprehensive, merging with another nearby school. Suddenly out of 1500 pupils, there were 900 black kids, and, after a time, Junior started hanging out with them: "My school reports started to get really chronic. My mother went to see the head teacher, and he said to her, 'Your son was really very good at school. But his work has been getting very bad since he's been going around with all these undesirables.' And my mother said, 'You mean he's been going around with blacks.'

"And that for me was when a really drastic change in attitude came about. It hardened as well when I was chucked out of school after there'd been a big fight there — *I wasn't even at school when the fight happened!*

"But the irony of it all is that the *kids* at the school, both black and white, were really *close.* It was the attitude of the teachers that pushed them apart. Most of the teachers couldn't understand how they could move together.

"Eleven, twelve years ago was a whole beginning: if we'd all got it right then — the pupils, the teachers, everyone — there wouldn't have been these riots in the streets that we've got now."

Junior wasn't into soul music back then. When he got kicked out of school he was moving around the sound systems, around the reggae scene. A lot of his mates were into lifting a wallet or snatching a handbag.

"I was part of that: *I'd just go out and dip!*" his sparkly, South London voice remembers. "It meant that you you could have money and dress up in Cecil Gee clothes and look *well* sharp, and if you went down The Roaring Twenties, you could be standing up there and be looking *keen,* and you'd got maybe fifty pound in your pocket doing nothing, and a load of joints, and a chick could look at you and think, *'Wow,* this guy's really *it!'*

"You *had* to have that gear to live that life. And the only way to get it was to be a pickpocket, because there was no way a nine-to-five guy could look that sharp.

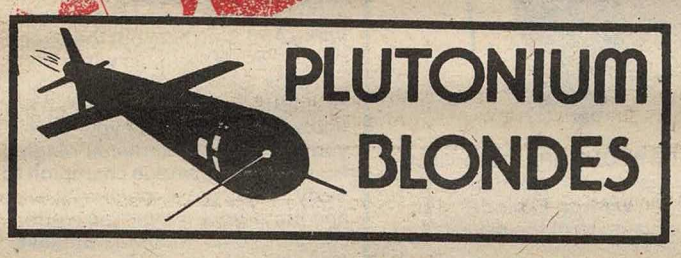
"But I found out after a while that I couldn't *be* that sort of person. Because it wasn't *me.*

"That's how I started doing the music."

With a bunch of his pals who were into similar dodgy operating, Junior formed an eleven man vocal group: "I started it in the sense that *I* wanted to keep *them* off the streets, so that I wouldn't end up inside."

Junior moved out of the regaae scene, he claims, because of the attitudes that are entrenched there: "There is still an anti-white thing, regardless of what anybody's trying to telling you. I *know* that scene — I

CONTINUES OVER



NO NUKES MUSIC are preparing two major autumn tours in a concerted build towards the massive CND march slated for London on October 24th. The latter will be CND's major '81 event and No Nukes plan to use their pan-UK grass roots gigs to focus and mobilise anti-nuclear feeling towards it. At every No Nukes gig coach tickets from the concert site to London will be on sale for the march.

The first No Nukes jaunt will be known as the 'Total Exposure' tour, partly in honour to headliners Poison Girls whose LP 'Total Exposure' is out this week, available through Rough Trade. (It's a live album recorded at a previous Scottish anti-nuclear gig which took place this past July in Edinburgh).

This tour will give fans of the Crass/Poison Girls entourage a chance to see the latter in action solo for the first time in nearly two years, during which they have served as loyal sidekicks to Crass. Supporting them will be Tony Allen, the adept political comedian who comperes London's Comedy Store of a Saturday night. Again, this offers Everywhere Else in the UK *their* chance to evaluate that "new wave of guerilla humour" spawned by the Store and its offshoot the Comic Strip, rather than just read London critics' views of it.

Allen himself has been a staunch anti-nuclear activist for years. "In '79," recalled one No Nukes organiser, "I remember running into him at Torness, when I was busy breaking down a fence into the Inner Compound!"

The second No Nukes tour — also a 21-dater — will feature an anti-nuclear and anti-war musical called 'Freedom Ain't No Bowl of Cherries'. It's performed by an American group of 'guerilla' writers, actors and musicians who have worked together since 1974 under the name 4th Wall Repertory Company. 'Freedom' has been authored and directed by well-known Hollywood and New York directress Joan Harvey, whose documentary about Three Mile Island ('We Are the Guinea Pigs') was named Outstanding Film of the Year at both London and Edinburgh's 1980 Film Festivals.

Local support bands will complete the bill at each site, accompanied also by films and the rADical wallpaper collective's imaginative agitprop music-and-slide shows.

A London warm-up gig for the tours will be held Friday, Sept 25th at the Round House pub on Wandsworth Common's North Side (near Clapham Junction station) at 8.30 pm, headlined by the Papers and supported by Times '81. Tickets are £1; 70p for the unwaged.

RARELY DO THE 'we are winning' stories find much place in mainstream reportage of the anti-nuclear movement, but this week is the 20th in a row that locals in Luxulyan, Cornwall have been able to halt the Central Electricity Board's test drilling for a nuclear power station on their doorstep. Luxulyan Against Nuclear Power was inspired into being by a distinguished group of ecologists resident in the area — including Teddy Goldsmith, editor of *The Ecologist* magazine. First resistor to the actual rigs was farmer Rex Searle who dug ditches across his gateways, blocking entrance to his personal property. When the CEGB were granted an injunction to *invade* Searle's land against his wishes, other locals were incensed to militancy: lying down in front of rigs and chaining themselves to drilling rods. Successful occupation has continued to defer drilling ever since.

The local judiciary ruled that the protest was both peaceful and legal, though this week the CEGB have taken their appeal against this decision to the High Court in London. The CEGB are taking the police to court for failing to make arrests, say anti-nuclear activists, while the police contend that no one has been engaged in breaking the law! Meanwhile, Luxulyan's occupiers — homeowners, housewives and children — maintain adamantly that their opposition is to nuclear power anywhere, not *just* in their own back yards.

Certainly the 4th Wall Repertory Company agree with them; when they play nearby Bodmin on the No Nukes tour, they will be sleeping in overnight with the Cornish occupation team.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

LUXULYAN DRILLING RIG STANDS IDLE

PIC: SANDRA/CORNISH ANTI-NUCLEAR ALLIANCE

ERROL

"Style is having the confidence to fall asleep at dinner with August Darnell."

HOW TO spend £500,000 in a night? How to prove that there's a splinter or a splatter or two of that glorious London-based elitism and irrelevant nightclub infatuation and obsessive cocktail-imbibing and style for the sake of it and ruthless wanting to get on in the world simply to spend it all on a momentary fling lurking and laughing inside your conscientious *NME?*

How to celebrate that insidious contempt for plain people that some viewers see conquering the *NME* more and more each second? Well, loved ones, get half the monsters on the *NME* staff, led in line by your non-returnable lover **Errol,** to spend an evening with the complete man **August Darnell** and his wife **Adriana,** visiting expensive cocktail palaces and pathetically elitist nightclubs, spending hundreds of pounds on utterly, utterly transient pleasures. Put that up your noses. Quite a trip, this deflected or is that reflected glory.

As you know I met August and Adriana off the *QE2.* "That Queen Elizabeth, it's the only way to travel," August told me, obviously being sponsored by the liner at the rate of a free trip per good mention in the media. August, as you know, is approximately the 23rd richest man in the world, but how he gets his money is as big a mystery as how I get mine. I tried to find out, thinking maybe I could help along the way.

"Well, let me tell you, Errol," he revealed nothing, "How I get my money, it will all be revealed when 'Fresh Fruits In Foreign Places' hits Broadway." C'mon, August, that suit must have cost at least a thousand dollars. How do you make your money?! "Hey, you're pretty persistent!" Adriana leant forward and whispered in my ear that August is in fact a pickpocket. Yes, that makes much sense. "Hey but look Errol, all that stuff you mentioned in that column of yours a few weeks back about me living in the Essex Hotel, me leaving the Savannah Band and how I only produced **Funkapolitan** for the money . . . well I tell you if it had been anyone else I would have sued." Well, you sue, August, and we'll split the money!

So **Adrian Thrills** got his very best suit out of the dry cleaners, **Ian Penman** polished his teeth and greased back his hair and prepared to meet his hero for the second time. **Paul Morley** sharpened his contrived wit — the three unwise monkeys and your exotic one were treated at London's Coconut Grove (of course) by August in conjunction with Island Records and is it any wonder Kid Creole And The Coconuts always get such good press? Can you ever imagine **Spandau** or **Ultravox** ever spending a big expensive night on The Town with members of the media?

We drunk literally pints of Virgin's Answers, Ankle Tremblers and Killer Zombies, and I got on with persuading August — when the champagne arrived — to bring the Coconuts over and play in a big marquee pitched in Hyde Park. He told me that he wouldn't be playing outside London — so sorry, readers, so very sorry. Of course over in this country August is taken, rather roughly, I feel, and by the uncouth sort of element, to be a symbol of the so-called new escapism — he told me that back in America he stands for the exact opposite, certain dangerous forces. I knew it all along; he's just as subversive as I am. Morley spilt all the champagne, Thrills stained his suit with cocktails, and Penman fell asleep — although he got a round of applause when he woke up, and was toasted for his sleeve notes to the 'Mutant Disco' LP. Ian's advice to the world is never drink three Killer Zombies on top of a begging stomach and three Carlsberg 68s.

August Darnell's advice to the world is — clear up your troubles with a world cruise on the QE2, it only costs 200,000 dollars. August would also like it to be known — after all this commercial is costing somebody, if not Morley-Penman Inc, a few grand — that his next LP as Kid Creole is a double and will take up the story of August's Carribean Cruise, visiting South America.

Illustrations: Serge Clerc

We got kicked out of Coconut Grove and walked to Club For Heroes. Of course I've been banned from Heroes for showing everybody up. August is horrified. I tell him that I'm regarded as a bit of a commie round these parts. "Oh yeah, I know the feeling, I'm thought of as being a bit of commie in America." We send down a message to **Steve Strange** that we're August Darnell and a party of twelve. Admission could not be refused, of course. Even Penman and Morley were allowed in on the coat tails of Darnell. The sight of Errol and August in a club together causes all heads to turn, including that of **Robert Elms.** Steve Strange started to sweat. August is still fuming that he and I had to pay to get in. "This would never happen in New York."

Pat Paladin is in Heroes, along with members of **U2,** the usual odds and sods — oh and there's **Funkapolitan.** We'd spent all night trying to dissuade August from producing Funkapolitan. Hey, they're only using you because you're a hip name. "What, I'm hip over here?"

August introduces me, with a huge evil grin on his face, to Funkapolitan. I tell Funkapolitan off because I'd received orders from their management not to write anything snidy about them again. They say they don't know anything about that, and I can write anything I like about them. Well, you're a bunch of softies! And how did you get on *Top Of The Pops,* and why did you look so boring? (I've been wanting to say that for weeks). Funkapolitan and I eventually get on famously, although Morley has his troubles.

The end of a perfect day drew close. Adrian Thrills had to take his suit back to the dry cleaners. Ian Penman reckoned he fell asleep in the presense of his hero because the same person who nicked his passport had bugged his drinks. Paul Morley almost had a fist fight with Funkapolitan. I had the classiest hangover of my life. August said "let's do it again!" Was he any good in bed? God only knows. And what does **Michael Zhilka** think of all this . . .

Remember . . . style is having the confidence to fall asleep at dinner with August Darnell. And don't forget, when making your cocktails never put your crushed ice in a jam jar, and never shake your drinks by putting two glasses together. Do it properly.

DOWN TO PHONOGRAM to collect my gold disc for contributions to the success of **Teardrop Explodes,** and to hear a playback of the devastating new **ABC** single 'Tears Are Not Enough' backed by the long-awaited version of 'ABC Soup'. It's out in a month, and ABC have recorded a **Peter Powell** session, so listen listen listen and believe believe believe. ABC are having their clothes made by the man who tailors for **Ken Dodd** and **Bruce Forsyth.** Tears for souvenirs! They'll be promoting the record by appearing at selected discos throughout the land, with singer Martin crooning the single over a backing track. This is very similar to how **Heaven 17** are promoting their 'Penthouse And Pavements' LP — playing ten disco dates in seven days miming eagerly to their heavenly backing tracks. For the tour Heaven 17 will be sponsored by Ricard. Rumour has it that ABC are being sponsored by Raleigh, **Dexy's** by Adidas, **Stimulin** by Lonsdale, **Haircut 100** by Ski Yoghurt, **Eddie and Sunshine** by Moss Bros, **DAF** by Lufthansa, **23 Skidoo** by Ambre Solaire, **Danny Baker** sponsored by Cassio, the *NME* by Island . . .

Talking of Stimulin, and we were somewhere back there, their manager **Perry Haines** has recorded a single 'What's Funk' with members of Incognito and Central Line for release on Fetish. Fetish chief Rod has just played it me over the phone: it is, of course, a hit. Perry Haines is sponsored by Listerine mouthwash.

I AM, of course now planning my night out with **Grace Jones.** She doesn't need to be sponsored by anyone. Her designer/informal spouse / manager / tour director / graphic designer / photographer **Jean Paul Goude** rings me for suggestions for support at her three nights at Drury Lane. I suggested Eddie And Sunshine but the poor things are preoccupied with Ultravox. So if you think that you could support Grace Jones and not make absolute fools of yourselves, if you're a proper entertainer ranging from juggler to bridge champion to nasty comic, get in touch with Island and prove your worth. The world could be yours. **Modern Romance** (sponsored by the SDP), and relations of **Hazel O'Connor** sponsored by **Bernard Manning** need not apply. If you're definition of style is as bad as **Midge Ure** (sponsored by **Rusty Egan)** then you certainly need not apply.

I WAS of course one of the 12,000 who received an invitation for the re-opening of Studio 54 — a light bulb with the 54 logo — but I refused to be foolish enough to actually go. The capacity of the club is 1800, they were expecting three and a half thousand to turn up, and there were near riots by those poor people unable to get in. Under the strained coupling of leading rock promoter **Jim Fouratt** and **Robin Scott** — remember **M,** now called **Rudolph** — the venue is promised to be more underground group orientated. Dance troupe **Torso,** featured on **Adamant's** latest video, were flown out to New York for a weeks residency at the club. Those that wanted to go and who deserved to have to queue up in the rain to get in were **Brooke Shields, Margaux Hemingway, Jack Nicholson, Bjorn Borg, Jackie Bisset, Paul Simon, John Belushi . . . August Darnell** knew what he was doing when he sailed over to England to spend a night with your cuddly pet Errol. He's just rang me from Zurich to remind me that we must do it again. Next week — how to spend a million in a night, and the correct way to apologise to August Darnell for falling asleep in his presence . . .

JUNIOR G.

FROM OVER PAGE

only started going to soul clubs three or four years ago. Unless a white guy at a reggae club is connected with the sound system, it just *ain't* cool for him to be there.

"I'm talking about the actual kids on the street: they don't want white kids to get too close to reggae, because they want it as *their* music. It's killing the artists, mind you, because they ain't getting no recognition."

Junior compares the current British black funk groups like Linx and Beggar And Co with the previous generation of successful UK black acts like Hot Chocolate and Jimmy James And The Vagabonds: "They *had* to play music that was just for a white audience, but these new groups are playing music that both black *and* white kids can get into . . . We all live here, we all come from the same areas, we all know where these guys are coming from.

"Linx *are* doing it properly: they can still play funk and make the kids who go to the underground discos really get down. *And* they can play those uptown sort of pop tracks like 'So This Is Romance'.

"They're cutting right across. Which is what *I* want to do with what *I'm* doing. 'Mama Used To Say' is a lightweight Parliament type of thing, with maybe a bit of Gap Band in there, too.

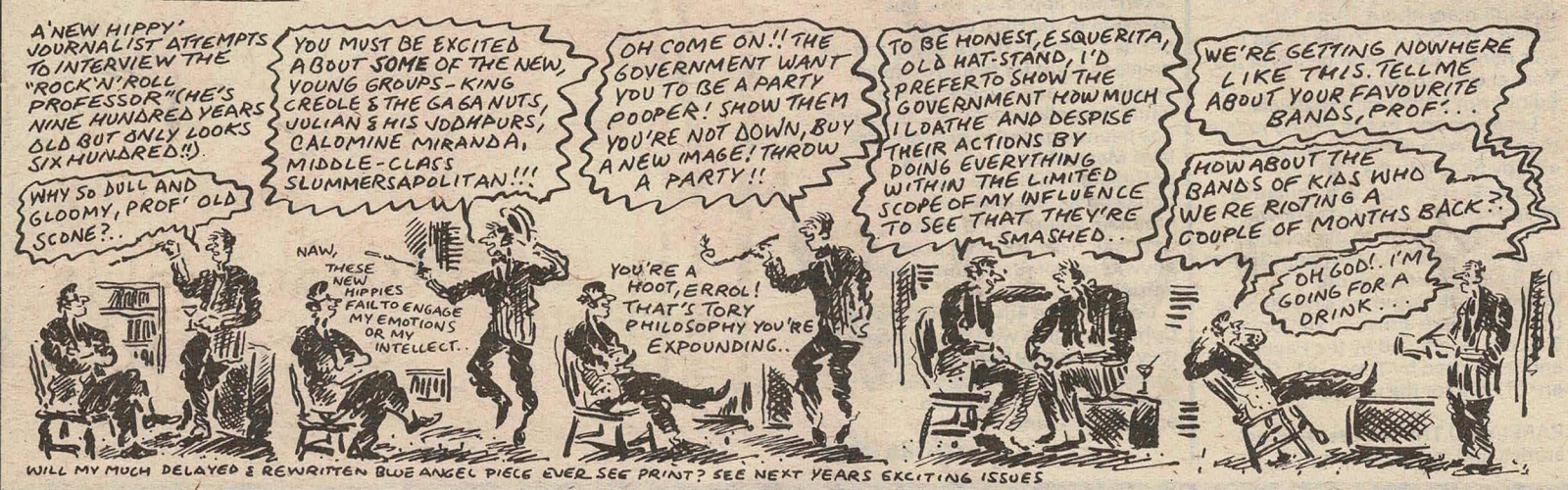
"But it still has a distinctive sound, which is *me.*

"And, you know," Junior adds, "if we can get the funk sound right in this country so that it crosses over to both blacks *and* whites, we can break America right open. Because there you've got twenty million blacks, so you can exist pretty well just on selling to that market.

"But *here* just to survive alone you've got to break the white market. And when we've learnt how to do that here, just wait and see what British funk does in America. And then the whole world."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

Lowry Not Only Rock And Roll


A 'NEW HIPPY' JOURNALIST ATTEMPTS TO INTERVIEW THE "ROCK'N'ROLL PROFESSOR" (HE'S NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD BUT ONLY LOOKS SIX HUNDRED!!)
WHY SO DULL AND GLOOMY, PROF' OLD SCONE?..
YOU MUST BE EXCITED ABOUT SOME OF THE NEW, YOUNG GROUPS - KING CREOLE & THE GA GA NUTS, JULIAN & HIS JODHPURS, CALOMINE MIRANDA, MIDDLE-CLASS SLUMMERS APOLITAN!!!
NAW, THESE NEW HIPPIES FAIL TO ENGAGE MY EMOTIONS OR MY INTELLECT..
OH COME ON!! THE GOVERNMENT WANT YOU TO BE A PARTY POOPER! SHOW THEM YOU'RE NOT DOWN, BUY A NEW IMAGE! THROW A PARTY!!
YOU'RE A HOOT, ERROL! THAT'S TORY PHILOSOPHY YOU'RE EXPOUNDING..
TO BE HONEST, ESQUERITA, OLD HAT-STAND, I'D PREFER TO SHOW THE GOVERNMENT HOW MUCH I LOATHE AND DESPISE THEIR ACTIONS BY DOING EVERYTHING WITHIN THE LIMITED SCOPE OF MY INFLUENCE TO SEE THAT THEY'RE SMASHED..
WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE LIKE THIS. TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FAVOURITE BANDS, PROF'...
HOW ABOUT THE BANDS OF KIDS WHO WERE RIOTING A COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK?..
OH GOD!. I'M GOING FOR A DRINK...
WILL MY MUCH DELAYED & REWRITTEN BLUE ANGEL PIECE EVER SEE PRINT? SEE NEXT YEARS EXCITING ISSUES

altered images

the album

'happy birthday'

Epic

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ALTERNATIVE PRINT

AS PAISLEY and brocade once again pose a serious sartorial threat to tonik and gabardine and psychedelia prepares to oust salsa as the next flavour of the month, *Terrapin* — once the offical broadsheet for international Syd Barrett spotters — makes a timely and garishly colourful one-off re-appearance.

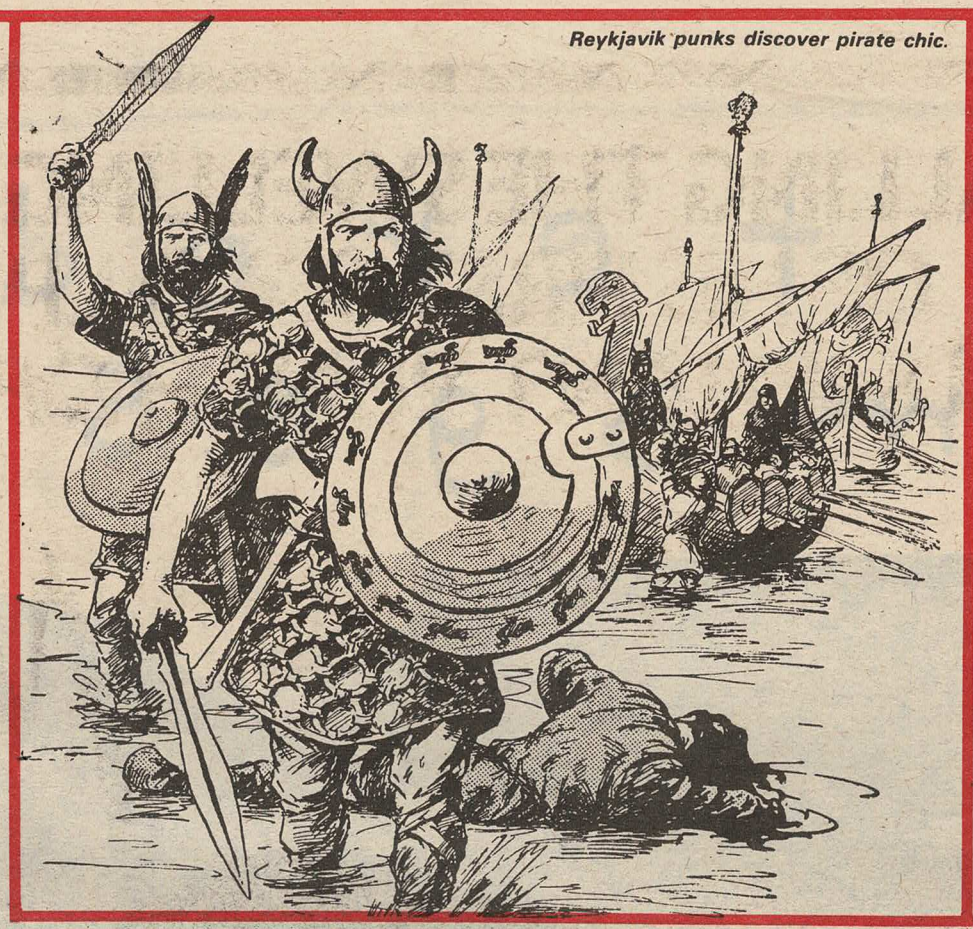
Terrapin — Syd Barrett '67 **(£1.50), a strictly limited edition fanzine put together by famed Sydologist Bernard White, doesn't concern itself with speculating on the whereabouts, activities or physical condition of rock's most enigmatic figure, but graphically recaptures a period when — believe it or not — Pink Floyd were regarded by the Establishment as subversive and a day trip had nothing whatsoever to do with Jimmy Saville and British Rail!**

—ROY CARR

TWO 'ALTERNATIVES' who obviously consider themselves upmarket are now being sold in clear plastic bags — Scotland's *Instant Whip* at £1.50 comes inside a press-top sack and Southampton's *Elemental* (75p) within a more expensive zip-sided case. *Elemental* needs the enclosure as it consists purely *of* elements: mounted colour xerox pics, little bits of coloured paper stamped with designs, a sticker, and a solid grey badge. Other than that, it's all A4 loose sheets with screenprints, slogans, poems, drawings, ads, band handouts, and an unfortunate 'sermon' by Genesis P. Orridge printed on them. From: Rough Trade and/or Virgin shops.

"The essence of all communication is intention" claims *Instant Whip*, but to peruse their pages one might be forgiven for thinking it was fashion. A very glossy production from Radar Promotions, it carries a quote from Sheena Easton on its editorial page (hard to find the editorial among so many ads from hairdressers, models, and make-up persons) and boasts page after page of Scots — one assumes they're Scots — looking silly as pirates, Mohicans, rockabilly rebels, and wimpy Simply Indeterminates. Best value comes from a simple two-page spread featuring a few samples from the Glasgow Art College Fashion Show. Also in the bag *Backlash!*, a much more primitive fold-out info sheet which encloses an EP featuring Significant Zeros, Threats, Victims of What, End Result, and Factory Poems in full flow. Radar Promotions: 3 Dundas St, Edinburgh.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



Reykjavik punks discover pirate chic.

YES, RAGNAR, THERE IS ROCK IN ICELAND

Chris Bohn goes up the Norse pole

IN REYKJAVIK TV shuts off at 11 pm and doesn't turn on at all on Thursdays. One channel and one radio station service the media needs of the nation — but then Iceland has a population of 230,000 to contend with. Trouble is that, as few as they may be, the people's tastes are as splintered and diverse as any where else.

Especially now that the nation's youth have been alerted to new ideas by visits from the likes of The Stranglers and The Clash. In the past two years they've awakened from a long sleep, according to Ainar Orn, a sallow-faced 19-year-old who popped into *Thrills* during a London visit to sell an Icelandic compilation to Rough Trade. He turns out to be a passionate ambassador, bringing into focus a place that was for this *Thrills* foreign department just a blot in the blue somewhere off Scandinavia.

The compilation called 'Northern Lights Playhouse' after a programme pumped out by the American NATO radio station, features a half dozen of new Icelandic groups, like Utangardsmenn, Purrkur Pillnikk (with whom Ainar sings) and Peyr. Some of it s great pugnacious pop — like P.P.s — other parts pointlessly derivative punk. It is mostly in Icelandic, a language that bears a very fleeting resemblance to Celtic, but after that only relates to a 1000 year old Viking tongue. Even the Scandinavians would have trouble deciphering it, but mostly the origins of the music should be enough to excite inquisitive minds.

Though by other standards a half dozen groups doesn't really constitute a renaissance, it's quite a hefty number for an island the size of Iceland, especially as the music scene's been dominated since the early '70s by the same few groups. Quaintly dismissing them as "skin poppers" or "bald poppers", Ainar graciously concedes they might might have had a few ideas once. Now is a different matter.

"We're trying to get rid of them," he challenges, "because they've forgotten what they were trying to do when they started. They're just going around and around following their own tails."

Their songs didn't relate at all to Iceland, while their music took its leads from the US NATO base. Still their popularity, combined with the lack of live venues in the capital Reykjavik, hindered the growth of new groups. The city has only three discos and the odd concert hall. Evidently entertainment doesn't play that great a role in the industrious Icelandic society, but none of this is reflected in the music of the "bald poppers".

"The rat race in Iceland is really heavy, but the standard of living is very good," points out Ainar. "You have to do some work to keep up, you know. Inflation is 50 per cent a year, LPs cost £15 and only 230,000 people keep the whole thing going. But the island is rich in fish — remember the cod war? — and natural things like waterfalls."

One of the first writers to tackle the austerities of life was someone called Bubbi, who sings in Utangardsmenn (Outsiders). He wrote about the 14 hours a day he put in at the fish canning factories and "the tough shit you have to do" recalls Ainar.

"He became a hero, the first since '72, creating mass hysteria. His group became the band of the people."

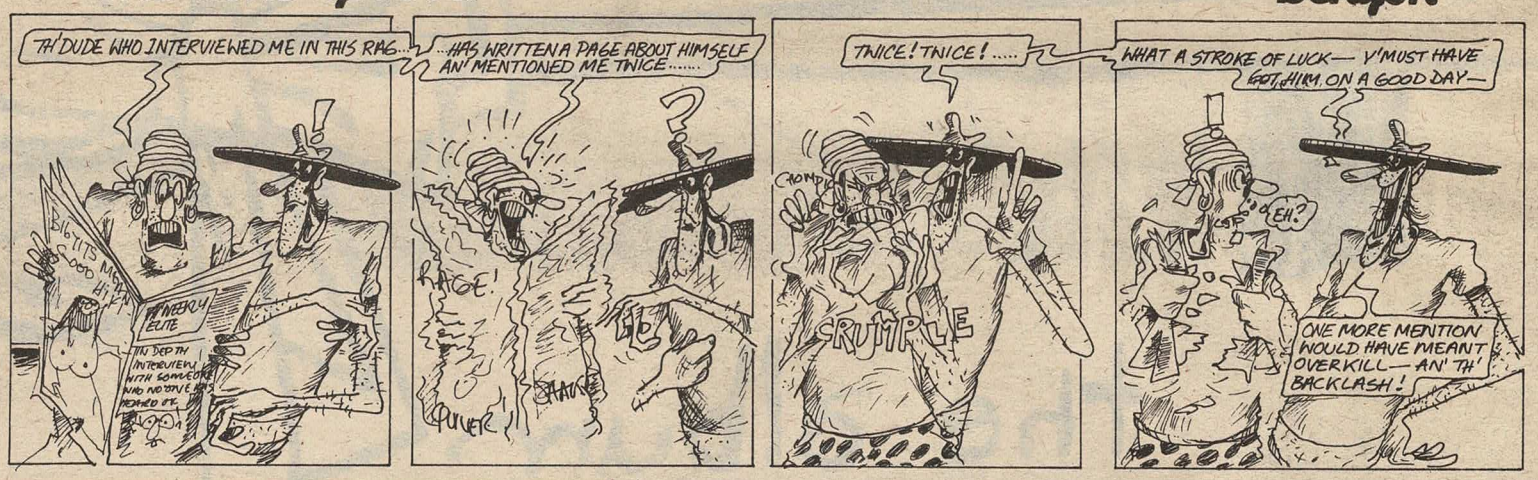
They became an important catalyst in the new music scene and have since been followed by the likes of Purrkur Pillnikk, whose songs, however, take a marginally different line. "We try to get to feelings in people that they don't usually let show here," says Ainar. "An example?" *("I'm so happy/I'm so gay/I'm so merry/I got my pay today/I'm so glad/So much fun/But then,"* his face darkens and drops," *"I can't get to work until Monday!" "*

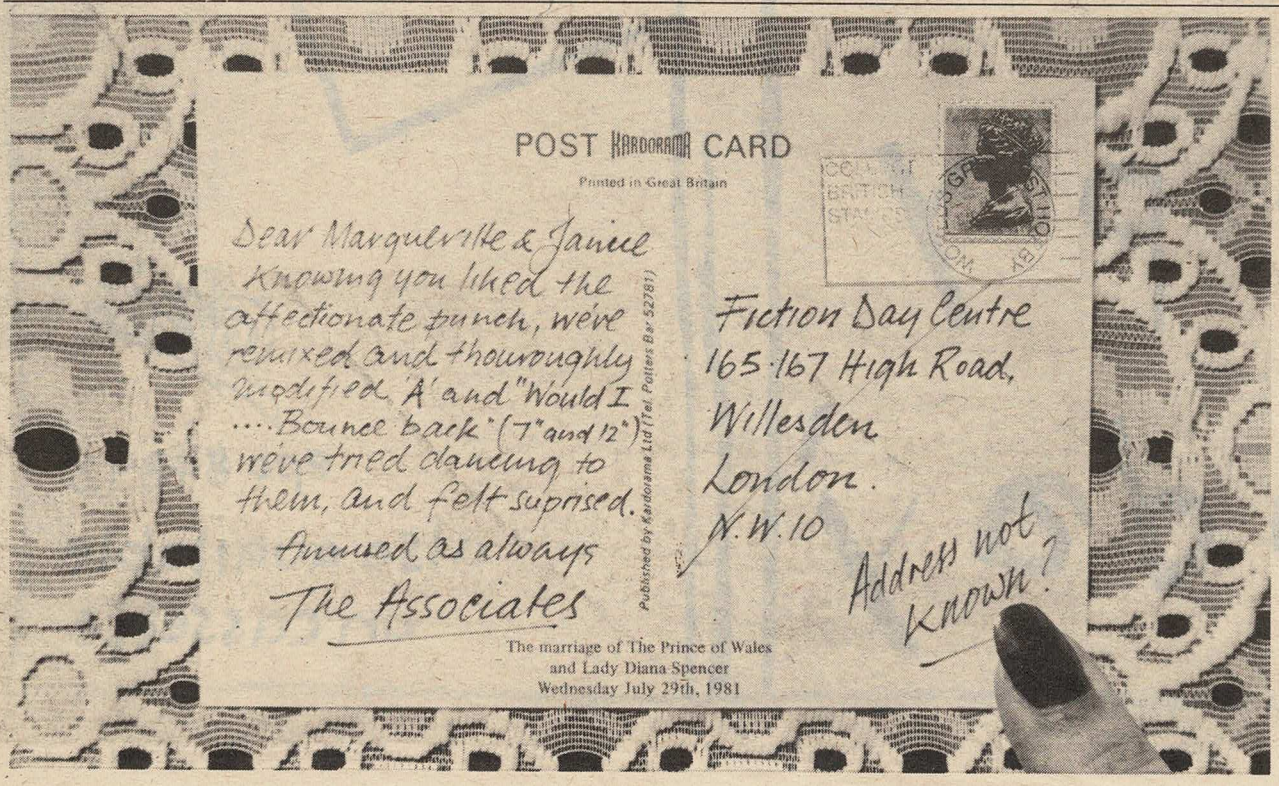
The new pop groups want to open up new possibilities, expands Ainar, break away from the life dulling work cycle and point to a few joys in life. It's not easy: beer is illegal, only a two per cent proof lager is allowed and kids under 20 can't get into discos. But so far they have managed to open up a new live venue in Reykjavik, to release some half dozen records and to sell a compilation to Rough Trade. Not content with that the perky Icelanders already have a second collection planned.

"It will be called 'Eskimos in Disguise'," grins Ainar. I didn't know that Icelanders were Eskimos.

"We're not, but everybody thinks we are!"

The Lone Groover — Benyon


TH' DUDE WHO INTERVIEWED ME IN THIS RAG...
...HAS WRITTEN A PAGE ABOUT HIMSELF AN' MENTIONED ME TWICE.....
TWICE! TWICE! .....
WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK— Y'MUST HAVE CAPT. HIM ON A GOOD DAY—
BIG TITS MORE GOOD HIT
ENERGY ELITE
RAGE!
CRUMPLE
EH?
ONE MORE MENTION WOULD HAVE MEANT OVERKILL— AN' TH' BACKLASH!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Dear Marguerite & Janice
Knowing you liked the affectionate punch, we've remixed and thouroughly modified 'A' and "Would I ....Bounce back" (7" and 12") we've tried dancing to them, and felt suprised.
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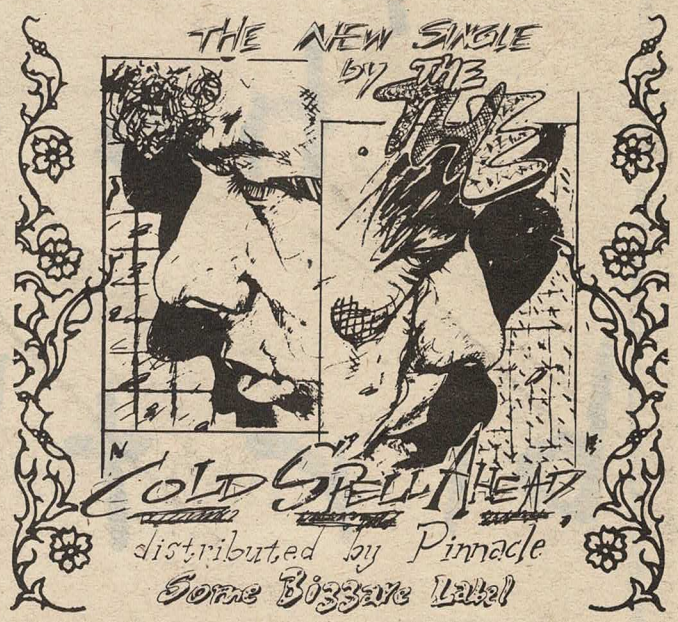
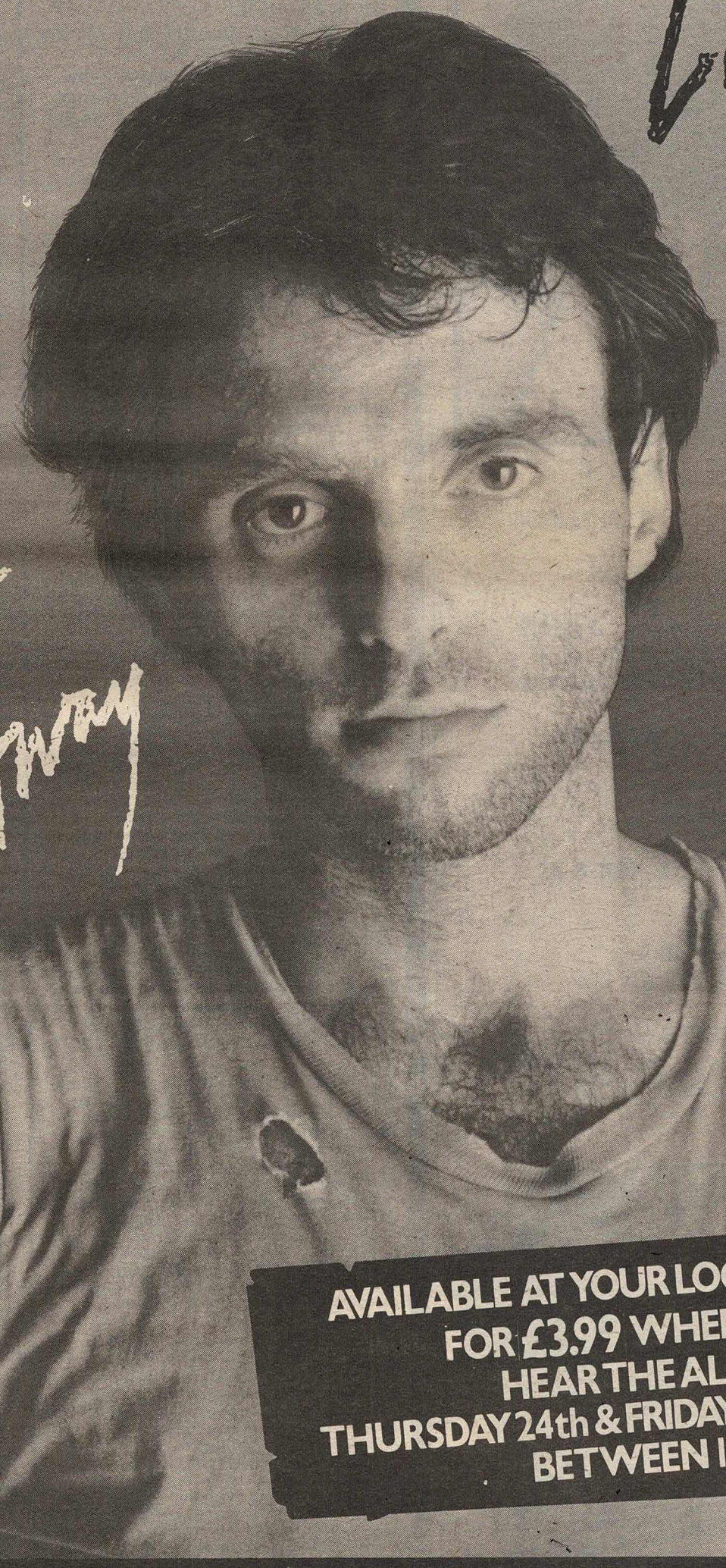
Fiction Day Centre
165-167 High Road,
Willesden
London.
N.W.10
Address not known?
The marriage of The Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer
Wednesday July 29th, 1981



'RECALLING THE SWELLING MELODIC ZEST OF HIS FIRST SOLO LP AND THE TRIUMPHANT PUNCH OF CRY TOUGH'

MELODY MAKER

Nils Lofgren



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- Re-stages **WEST SIDE STORY** as a Style Special
- Gossips about **IAN McCULLOCH'S** Bowie fixation, **JULIAN COPE'S** posh accent and **PETE WYLIE'S** punk alter ego Arthur Hostile in **THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE CRUCIAL THREE**
- Previews the **MADNESS** movie with **SUGGS** and **CHAS SMASH**
- Lifts the lid on **MACHO POWER** in New York
- Wigs out with **DEBBIE HARRY** & **CHRIS STEIN**
- Lets **JULIE BURCHILL** loose on the Rock Book
- Intrudes on an X-rated embrace between **SIOUXSIE & A BANSHEE**
- Shares a quiet interlude with **JAPAN**
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THE FACE

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LANDSCAPE I

"COME AND look at this," John Foxx urges. "I'd like to know what you think about it."

He strolls purposefully through the Tate Gallery past the French collection, the Futurist statues, the surreal jokes and all the other-isms that might have reflected well on his myth into the British section.

We whizz round the dull portraits and lacklustre landscapes enlivened only by Turner's pre-impressionist delight in colour until Foxx sniffs out what he's looking for. He pulls us up in front of a garish, gargantuan canvas depicting a 19th century vision of the apocalypse by the unknown John Martin, in which heavenly bodies peer through turbulent clouds at the earth below opening up to swallow cities and panicking citizens.

"There!" says John.

It looks like a precursor of an action-packed *Marvel* comic centrefold to me, I confess.

"When I first saw it I didn't think much about it either," he answers undeterred. "But look," he presses, pointing out little incidents in the shadows and splinters of light that halo a disappearing city, "there's so much going on — the scope and size of it is marvellous!"

I look again. It looks better. John Foxx's enthusiasm is contagious. He transmits it in a quietly insistent voice softened by traces of a Lancashire accent that tempers the native extravagance of his language.

LANDMARK I

"THE FIRST period I came into contact with music was when the mods had just mutated into things like the early Pink Floyd. I was really fascinated. It was very mysterious, optimistic and very English — nothing American about them — a strange mixture of traditional churchy things, but with young people involved.

"It seemed to open up limitless possibilities then. There was a fresh kind of calmness about it that I loved. I really felt at home there until the scene became jaded, when the dope and drugs came in and people got stoned and tatty and disgusting to look at and people lost interest. And so they should have, and all.

"That kind of feeling, the summery, open air feeling hasn't been in music for a long time, and I'd like to see it incorporated in whatever happens next, which doesn't mean making a pastiche of what has gone before. That optimism and openness is how I feel at the moment and 'The Garden' (his about to be released second solo LP) was an attempt to rediscover those feelings that had been neglected in me for a longtime, too.

"For me, 'Revolver' was the epitome of all that — it had all the freshness and promise of something new that has never been followed up again. But it still stands as something unique."

LANDSCAPE II

JOHN FOXX doesn't hit his stride until we've left the unnecessarily arid atmosphere of the gallery behind us, dodged the tourists cluttering up Westminster and Parliament and settled into a Thameside cafe. In keeping with his present mood, Foxx has ditched the dark image that dogged his Ultravox period and the antique grey suits of the 'Metamatic' Euro-mystery phase in favour of a studiedly casual country combination.

His composure is only slightly disturbed by the nervousness he feels about the reception of 'The Garden'. Though it continues his fascination with electronic pop, this time bolstered by 'conventional' instruments, he's worried that its subordination of the fashionable European preoccupations, which he helped pioneer as leader of Ultravox, to an English sensibility might be out of keeping with the times.

Apart from the title track and 'Pater Noster', this Englishness doesn't manifest itself in anything so obvious as Canterbury styled off-key singing or Kinky quaintness. And it hasn't come about through some sudden misplaced sense of patriotism either.

Instead, it's the result of Foxx's simple discovery of the obvious, that he and many others, me included, had overlooked in the rush for exotic new locations, namely Britain has a natural and synthetic beauty that is rarely touched upon outside folk circles.

"I realised that I had spent a lot of time in other countries," reveals John Foxx, "and I hadn't really got to know England at all. Just by walking around it in a very casual way, I've discovered it as a place and I find some of it very beautiful."

The most direct result of his travels is 'The Garden' LP sleeve booklet of the pictures he took en route.

"It's a kind of composite of the places I'd been to around Britain put together to present the idea of England as a garden..."

The garden is landscaped with ruins in the process of being reclaimed by nature — buildings are overrun with ivy, trees growing through their shells not so much disguising the scars left by the past — be they the monstrous deserted mills around his hometown or the churches destroyed during Henry VIII's period of disillusionment with Catholicism — as converting them into completely different artefacts that can be looked at independent of their original purpose.

Foxx isn't claiming that the composite idea is original and, indeed, even acknowledges its precedents by naming his recent single 'Europe After The Rain' after a serene post-apocalyptic landscape painted by the German surrealist Max Ernst.

"There's a strong sense of decay in England," sniffs John Foxx, "of changing structures, of things falling down and being replaced by whatever. I'd like to see more beautiful things take their place, which is what happens when nature takes over. These things become more beautiful at a distance, when their original function's gone. I know they can represent a lot of human misery, these old mills and even churches to some extent, and some things are too horrific to even think of making use of them."

He pauses and apologises: "I know this is going to sound awfully far away from the whole thing, but ... there's a line I sing in 'The Garden' that says simply *'We fade away, we fade away'* and I was thinking of how the aristocracy had faded away because they could no longer cope with the scale of their ideas and similarly with factories, because they couldn't handle those production ideas any more. 'The Garden' is just my illustration of inevitable change."

LANDSCAPE II (detail)

THE PROBLEM with magnifying aspects of Britain's past into a piece of music is that they can quite easily turn out like those pompous pastoral pastiches we've been trying to forget since the early '70s. Worse, by their very nature they often seem to celebrate the heritage of dead or dying institutions that has hampered progress.

The title track of Foxx's 'The Garden' LP is for him uncharacteristically ornate and only a closer listening reveals the point that Foxx made earlier about accepting these buildings as part of the landscape and not for what they once represented.

"I'm aware of all the traps and I've probably fallen into a few of them," Foxx guilelessly admits. "But I only allowed myself to as some were intrinsic to what I was doing. The garden and church images were very important to me and through them I resolved a lot of things. I felt very good about it, very expansive, and I wanted to feel that in the music. I'm learning to trust my instincts and I can't think about how people might receive it."

Similarly, 'Pater Noster' — an excerpt from the Latin mass slapped to a dancebeat — can be viewed as clever kitsch or surrealism, depending on where you stand. Actually it's a sort of serious joke with a mild nod back to Foxx's catholic upbringing.

"A lot of that kind of music is inside me from hearing all those sung masses I was taken to, sometimes forcibly, as a child. And I'm glad I've been able to separate the music, which I enjoy, from the rest of it. I sang the Latin version because the language is abstract to most people, further removing it from its actual content. Anyway, it's meant to be dance music. I'd love to see people dancing to that in the discos, perhaps wearing the appropriate clothes. Perhaps there could be a special ecclesiastical night out! It would be a wonderful thing to see!"

DIARY OF AN EXXHIBITIONIST

Foxx bringing home the Bacon.

Chris Bohn enjoys a tete-a-tete with John Foxx who has discovered there's a heart and garden to machine music. Portraits Peter Anderson.

LANDMARK II

"DYLAN'S 'HIGHWAY 61' was the one that really got me, nothing has ever fascinated me as much as that album, apart from Kraftwerk and they're not the same thing — they don't even seem to be related, really.

"I tend to like the things that aren't really defined but indicate possibilities, because once things are too defined they just become tedious. Mystery is the one thing that pulls you on, because once the mystery has been mapped out, it becomes useless for anything except nostalgia or to check facts. Kraftwerk do indicate possibilities that may or may not be there and that's the excitement of their music."

LANDSCAPE III

"THE GARDEN' straddles the period of transition between the relative prosperity of the '60s, when people were trained to believe that consumerism was the key to happiness, and the poverty of the '80s, with which comes the sad realisation that the key has been thrown away for the majority.

John Foxx experienced both extremes. He was born into a mining family in Chorley, Lancashire, grew up during those optimistic welfare '60s and, with the encouragement of his parents, took advantage of them. They weren't too fond of him going to art school, though, not seeing how an artist could make a living, but otherwise willed him through his education.

"I was given the sort of choices denied to me father," recalls John. "I was brought up in that period when the world was relatively rich and there was some money about. I was also lucky in that I was lazy but didn't have to do too much work to get through art school, which gave me the time to look at a lot of things in a new light.

"I overlapped that period of optimism, but all the vital props to that kind of society are disappearing, the oil is going and the money is no longer around, therefore things will have to change. But we're now in another awful overlap situation where thousands of people are still geared towards consumerism and to expect a lot of things. But with so many people out of work, there is time to reassess things and people will have to decide how they're going to live in light of what's happening now. It's sad, because there is bound to be conflict."

LANDMARK III

PUNK WAS born with wizened features, a reaction against all the sweet things, like the Rollers, the American thing, the singer/songwriter syndrome. You had the great feeling of possibilities opening up for the first time, but the second part of the punk thing was depressingly conservative and didn't allow any change in itself. It was just people saying what was expected of them, presenting a caricature of working class youth today.

"It was nonsense because people aren't like that at all. They are curious and want to expand into different areas. I'm more interested in what people can do with themselves, rather than them being complacent, saying, 'Right this is me, aged 16, this is what I am'."

LANDSCAPE IV

THE JOHN Foxx first edition of Ultravox were tart post-Roxy Music pre-Roxy Club exhibitionists who provided an unreal antidote to the dull bluesy authenticity of the lull. They pre-dated punk by months, telegraphed a few of its obsessions in advance — but in a different, mostly unwieldy language — and got left behind in the rush. They always seemed to be in the right place at the wrong time — Foxx's torrid rejections of industrialised brutalism appeared a few years ahead of the disturbed waves of Northern Pop to follow — and just when Foxx had synthesized the group and then left them, Gary Numan simplified and popularized all his ideas.

That said, Ultravox's early obscurity wasn't entirely undeserved: The music was often epically overblown, often at odds with the songs' subject matter and only Foxx's passionate singing seemed to link the two. He managed to make something emotional of songs that were plain to the point of crassness — like 'I Want To Be A Machine'.

The third and final Ultrafoxx LP 'Systems Of Romance' was the first to properly synthesize John's vision of the dislocated European-quiet-man-with-a-camera with dignity. It also set the poise and pose of things to come and left the new Midge Urge Ultravox with a legacy of motions they're still living off today.

Foxx himself carried the quiet man persona through his first solo collection of electronic mystery stories 'Metamatic', but during his ramblings about Britain he's rediscovered a sense of harmony with his surroundings, and with it a long dormant optimism.

For once his mood vaguely matches a current trend — namely blind hedonism — except that his doesn't smack of desperation, as do some of today's forced good time musics. Were Foxx's earlier descriptions of alienation nods toward fashionable resignation, or were they something more deeply felt?

"I really went through that very strongly," he replies "I was frightened of things and actually did want to be a machine at one point, because I felt that was the easiest way out and I was despairing of accepting all these strong emotions, which I just couldn't bear to acknowledge sometimes."

On a broader scale: "There will always be a phase of absolute nagativity in cycles of fashion, created by people growing through it. Somebody pinpoints and isolates it and it just becomes the fashionable stance for the moment. It happens every five years, and though it's never the same each time the modes are similar. I think you'll inevitably go through them and it's very right that you should do, to understand those qualities to decide either to reject or accept them."

The difficulty is separating genuine from fashionable feelings, deciding whether the changes are really just a part of growing up or a betrayal of youthful ideals for the sake of an easier life. Or perhaps just a realisation that some dogmatically held belief is no longer applicable. Foxx's 'Quiet Man' creation — once a song, later a magazine story and soon to be collated into a novel — experiences similar doubts.

"There is one point where he meets a younger version of himself," recounts John, "which is about being disappointed in the thing that you produced. If you were 12 or 15 again would you be disappointed with the creature now standing before you? It's a good touchstone, because you're looking at yourself from the point of view of innocence, even if then you were in some ways naive and impractical.

"When you meet any strong ideal you immediately go for it with conviction and joy and it's very difficult to withdraw from after that. So people do things to bolster up their original vision when it's not there anymore, when it's no longer even true. They then become disillusioned because they feel all causes will be like that, and become neutral."

LANDMARK IV

"ENO'S 'ANOTHER Green World' was really marvellous, a bold statement of possibilities except when he began to sing. It was so simple — I like the way he described his music as painting with bold strokes — and beautiful.

"Roxy Music's first LP too brought in lots of new elements that hadn't been heard before. The emotional quality of 'Sea Breezes' hadn't been heard for ages at that point. When you take the adventurousness of the music on that first album they'd gone much further than Bowie — then he was still indentifiable as rock and roll. But Bowie still had an image and presence nobody else could even approach at that point. That was lovely, creating another personality altogether to be the famous person for him."

LANDSCAPE V

JOHN FOXX is a valuable figure to have walking this post-punk, post-modernist, post-manic depressive, post-man / machine, present blindly hedonist pop landscape, if only because he's passed through it all and come out with enthusiasm intact. Not dead, cynical or bearing a grudge. His regenerative pop is wide-eyed and curious, yet intelligent and strong enough to define its own dance.

It might be too formalist for some but ecclesiastical dress remains optional.

Photo Joe Stevens

FLASH IS FAST:

THE SOUTH BRONX lies just across a thin stretch of the Harlem River from Manhattan, but it could be worlds away. Year by year Manhattan becomes more and more an island of privilege, the Bronx a wasteland.

Cypress Avenue, the South Bronx, does not conform to one's image of the typical urban ghetto. It's not crowded and chocked, it's never been industrialised. The street doesn't give you that boxed-in feeling. There is space and sun and air. But the evidence of advanced decay is everywhere. The buildings at the end of the block are abandoned, their windows smashed or boarded up. Garbage and rubble is piled on the sidewalk. The vacant lots that dot the landscape are also strewn with rubble.

Grandmaster Flash lives on this block.

The first thing you notice going into his building is that there's no lock on the front door. To a Manhattanite this is extraordinary. The hallway has some graffiti on the walls, the old lift has seen better days.

Enter Flash's apartment; into a different world. The living room floor is stacked with electronic equipment. The walls are lined with bright memorabilia of Flash's career — a gold record for the single 'Freedom' by

BOB MARLEY

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FLASH IS COOL

Richard Grabel goes into raptures over Grandmaster Flash.

Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, another one for lablemates the Sugarhill Gang's '8th Wonder', a certificate of Honorary Citizenship from the City of New Orleans, an autographed pic of Flash hanging out with Debbie Harry and Chris Stein.

Flash comes out smiling. The king of the Bronx DJs has a soft, slightly raspy voice. He apologizes for his crew, the Furious Five, not being present.

"Don't think I could get them all here this early," he says. (It's 2 pm).

Do they have day jobs?

"No, but, you know, sometimes we hang out, party a little bit, have a little street fun, and it's hard to get up these hours."

We head down to the street for photos. Across the road is a schoolyard, and we stop in front of a graffiti-covered handball wall. Some boys interrupt a lively game of basketball to yell and wave at us. It's clear he is a local hero on his block. Only one young girl seems unimpressed. "Come on, play Double Dutch!" she yells to her friends who've left off jumping rope to stare at us.

"Flash is fast, Flash is cool," you've probably heard it said, on Blondie's 'Rapture'. *"Grandmaster cuts faster . . ."* you may also have heard said, and it's true. *"Flash is the King of the quick mix."*

Flash's crew of MCs, the Furious Five, are also superbad, and their singles, especially 'Supperrappin'' and 'Freedom', are among the best in the rap field. But Flash's quick mix technique at the turntables is something extraordinary, something that nobody else has. It's made Flash and the Five the undisputed champions of the Bronx.

And it's been remarkably captured: on 'The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' (Sugarhill 12"). You should know about this record. It's been called IMPOSSIBLE and IMPORTANT in the Singles column. It's been voted right up there in this paper's half-year poll. It doesn't work like any ordinary dance record. It's a record to slip into a party tape and amaze the dancers, confound all expectations. It's weird, it's a surprise, with its stops and starts, its stringing together sections of different dance hits, its spin backs and crazy rumblings, all of which never miss the beat.

"I DID THAT live in the studio," Flash says of 'The Adventures'. "But to get it locked took a day or two. Maybe I'd set the cue down too soon, and have to stop and go back all over. Or I might cue in too late. Too late, too soon . . . If you listen to it, even down to the spaces where there's no music, where it pauses and then comes in, the timing is absolutely perfect."

The only thing more incredible than hearing 'The Adventures' on a dance floor is seeing Flash in the flesh manipulating three turntables at once while the Furious Five do their vocal trade-offs and smooth jive patter. But the change represented by Flash's quick-mix style met with resistance from disco DJs and dancers when Flash first introduced it.

"It took long enough for people to get into it. People would say 'What's this guy doing?' It was heavily criticized. I'd ask DJs in clubs if I could play for a few minutes and they'd say, 'Naw, you might mess up the turntables, you'll scratch the records'.

"With this type of DJ'ing it does put more wear on the records, because I'm skating back and forth on the record. But I feel that whatever it takes to get the crowd to rock, and come back to rock, and keep coming back to rock, is something that you must do. Um hmm.

"There are those who are not into the quick mix, who are just into the blending, who are used to hearing the music constantly flowing. They hear a space and they say, 'Shit, what happened to the music?' But, when I'm spacing it, when I pull the keys down, you can believe that by the time they put their right foot down I'm on it, I'm on the one."

Along with acceptance, perfecting the technique didn't come easy.

"I started playing with the quick mix back in '75. The problem was, I was relatively fast by picking the arms up and mixing one certain part of a record over and over. It was fast but it wasn't fast enough. So I developed a technique, it took me three years to perfect it, called the spin back, taking a record and making it repeat as fast as you want, without having to pick the arm up. For a long time it wouldn't track.

"It was a thing of going out and finding the correct turntable, the right kind of needle, the right tracking force on the needle, the right mixer, the right cueing system. There were certain things you had to do to the record and the arm and the cue at the same time, and I finally mastered it.

"But that was three years in the making, three years of scratching up records, this and that, breaking stuff, staying up crazy hours of the night, sleeping and dreaming about it and then getting up in the middle of the sleep, turning everything back on and everybody knocking on the door complaining. But I had to get that thing perfected. The MCs were going down, I had a bad crew of MCs, but I had to pull my end too. So then with what they were doing and with what I was doing, wherever we went we would constantly cram, jam, pack the place."

GRANDMASTER FLASH was born Joseph Saddler on Barbardos and moved to the Bronx when he was "very young". His father worked for the Long Island Railroad but had a hobby of collecting records.

"He has a collection that's out of this world," Flash says. "I still can't touch it. He has some old Ventures 78's, closets high full of those things. He was into building amplifiers too, messing around with TVs. That's how I caught on. I used to sneak into the closet, grab some of the records and play 'em. I used to get beat for it, but then I'd turn around and do it again. And I used to take little junk amplifiers, tear them apart and make them work.

"So when I got of age my mother sent me to vocational school, a technical school to learn electronics. I was supposed to be a TV repairman. That was really my thing, repairing TVs, washing machines. Then for some reason, it changed over. I got into DJ'ing, gave a few parties, and they got pretty crowded."

For an innovator who deserves to boast, Flash is a modest fellow. The two things about which he does like to brag are how good the Furious Five are, and how big the crowds they attract are. He makes point of telling me about a show they played in Connecticut where they needed a police escort to get from the venue to their car. Then, when Easy Mike, Flash's assistant at the turntables, breezes into the flat, Flash shouts at him, "Hey Mike, tell him about Connecticut."

"Awesome, awesome," Easy Mike says, shaking his head. "We had to run out of there."

With Flash operating live with three turntables these days, Easy Mike's job is quite important. He gets the records and turntables ready.

"When we started," he says, "we didn't think it would turn into a thing of making records. It was just parties in the street. A lot of people don't understand that rapping didn't come from bands, it came from discos."

"Not even discos," Flash interjects. "From B Boying."

"So that's why we'd rather perform with our turntables. The crowd might not understand it, but we're giving them the image of where it came from."

FLASH'S TURNTABLE magic is pure South Bronx roots, but the showbiz flash of the Furious Five, with their sharp suits, choreographed dance steps and routines, are in the same tradition as black vaudeville and the glory days of the Motown Review, when The Temptations, The Miracles and The Supremes would bundle onto a bus and tour together.

Flash and the Five have played some storming gigs at usually-white rock clubs like the Peppermint Lounge and the Ritz. But their two night stint opening for The Clash in New York was a disaster, with the hard-rock fans throwing things at them and booing them off stage.

"Boy!" Flash says about those nights. "We really weren't prepared for the other side. We rock disco crowds and B Boy crowds but we were never prepared for the punk rock crowds. The Clash came over here, and I guess we must be pretty well-known in England as far as our name is concerned, so that when they came to America they requested Flash.

"We never knew it would be like that. We came out maybe a little too flamboyant, and it didn't go too well. Then the second night we went down there with our regular street clothes, and it went down a little smoother."

How did you feel about getting booed off? Were you pissed off?

"No. Maybe we were a little egotistical. We were sure we could handle any crowd. Then we went out there and oh my God!"

Does the racial aspect bother you, the fact that this was a crowd of white kids being presented with a black music and rejecting it?

"No, it's like this. I'm not prejudiced . . ."

But the kids in the audience were.

"I forgive them for that, 'cause they don't understand it. It's like teaching a baby to talk. It takes a while to learn. Like with this mixing thing, a lot of people don't know about it. I put out 'The

continues page 49

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SINGLES

NEW ORDER: Procession/Everything's Gone Green (Factory). The "soft" and the "hard" sides respectively, according to the little messages scratched inside the run-off grooves. Truth to tell, neither side sounds too hot to me — a large disappointment. Both songs drive along without much at all in the way of conviction or character, and leave correspondingly little impression when they're done.

SQUEEZE: Labelled With Love (A&M). Country style: maudlin, miserable and wonderful. Love it! Dripping with sentiment and gin-flavoured teardrops. Touching tale, purty little tune. Off the LP. Why not buy? B-side's great as well — 'Squabs On Forty Fab', a muddly in the current vogue, eight sure-fire hit-ettes, the group's warm and sincere tribute to themselves.

TOYAH: Thunder In The Mountains (Safari). Yecch! If her last single was special by virtue of its extraordinary silliness, then this one is just pretentious and dull. It's hard to escape the conclusion that Toyah's major talent is for being Toyah, and the sooner she's a full-time Personality who doesn't need to make hit records any more the better for all of us.

BAD MANNERS: Walking In The Sunshine (Magnet). Look out, they've gone sensible. This is Bad Manners at their most pleasantly melodic and level-headed, and while it seems to lack the chart potential of the grippingly horrific 'Can Can', it does bear more than half a listen. Off an upcoming third album, and hands up how many really believed they'd ever come this far?

THE CREATURES: Wild Things EP (Polydor). But *we* know, don't we children? Yes, it's none others than Siouxsie Sioux and Budge Banshee: twin 7", five tracks, drums and vocals only. The sound is understandably stark and spartan, but the material's rich in mystery, menace and meaning — not far short, in fact, of all the stuff you might expect from a regular SATBs recording.

DOLL BY DOLL: Caritas (Magnet). I'd be awful glad if a lot more people woke up to the magic of Doll By Doll. This new single should help — but then, I thought the last one, 'Main Travelled Roads' would turn the world upside down. 'Caritas' is brilliant, all the same. One day, one day . . .

TOM VERLAINE: Always (Warners). The Television mainperson returns with a remixed track from the 'Dreamtime' LP. It's capable, intelligent rock.

BOB MARLEY: Reggae On Broadway (WEA). Decade-old material, overdubbed and finally issued in one of the less popular marketing moves of recent years. Doesn't sound too great to me.

DEVO: Through Being Cool (Virgin): Did you know that 'Through Being Cool' "continues to demonstrate Devo's lyrical wit and short concise musical patterns"? No, neither did I until I read the press release. Then I Listened to the record, and blow me if I didn't agree. It *is* funny, it *is* catchy, and any more as good as this and I'll just have to stop disliking Devo. Their best yet, I say. Mind you, I was through being cool *months* before they jumped on the bandwagon.

LANDSCAPE: European Man (RCA). More synth-etic trickery, bizzy bizzy, dee-dee-dee-dee. Bleep bleep. Data input: we-are-programmed, social control. Cover pic: stand in line, uniforms, blank face, stiff back. You know the drill. Isn't this all the most cliche-riddled drivel? Or am I "missing the humour of the thing"? No doubt, no doubt.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Shaky Sings Elvis (Solid Gold). Definitely not a tacky sub-standard cash-in by the people with the rights to old S. Stevens tracks here! Not a bit of it.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Hanging Around (Albion). Best cut, I think, off Haze's current album — although that's not saying an *awful* lot — being a sturdy version of the classic Stranglers all-time golden great standard we all knew and loved way back when. Ah, nostalgia. Doesn't it make you sick?

APB: I'd Like To Shoot You Down (Oily). While I hold to the minority view that one James Brown and two George Clinton records are enough for anybody's collection — and that, after that, funk gets

Continues over ▸

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

HAMBI & THE DANCE: L'Image Craque (Virgin). It's been a dream of mine for some time now to see Hambi Haralambous (sic) dancing up the hit parade, and this second single — a dream of a song — could even be the one to do it.

Worry not about the funny title: the words and tune combine with ease and grace to move a listener's heart. And with the benefit of a Glossop-glossy production, 'L'Image Craque' really couldn't be more accessible. Get yourself uplifted.

PAUL DU NOYER wishes dreams would come true — and leans into the same picture as Jackie Leven

SINGLES

■ From previous page

over-rated and boring — APB do some likeable things with the genre, in their punky Aberdeen independent sort of way. Why not nip over there one evening and check them out?

MOTOWN MIX: A Tribute To Motown (RSO)
THE HEADBANGERS: Status Rock (Magnet)
FLASH: Keep On Rolling (Epic). The Motown mess: more mutants medleying in matters that shouldn't concern them. Hear a bunch of the finest pop songs of all time reduced to anonymous pap! Destroy on sight. Ditto Flash, whoever or whatever they are, doing for The Rolling Stones what . . . well, doing for The Rolling Stones anyway. As for The Headbangers, I'll give them credit for pretending you can make a medley out of Status Quo material, which suggests a sense of the absurd, if nothing else. I mean, can *you* spot the joins?

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS: Casting My Spell On You (Nighthawk)
VIC MAILE: Not Fade Away (Bronze). Bucketfuls of thump and tons of oomph in Wilko's single, a spirited display of R'n'B-excellence which I rate highly. Bearing in mind, however, that fashion's against him and this style's out of style, success looks elusive until the next

scheduled blues revival. A zoot suit and tropical fruit headgear could help supply credibility in the interim. (Who said reviews can't be constructive?) Vic Maile, meanwhile, producer to all from the Feelgoods to Girlschool, re-works a Buddy Holly song in vaguely modern-ish way. But, like, so what?

GARY GLITTER: Then She Kissed Me (Bell). Good old Gazza, eh? What a trouper, larger than life (now ain't *that* the truth), like he's never been away etc. etc. Here he plays a coy young boy, reliving the tremors of teenage love via the old Phil Spector all-time classic golden great of yesteryear thing. What can you say? It's terrible.

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: River Deep Mountain High (Underdog). Why, if it isn't the old Phil Spector all-time classic golden blah blah blah. Faithfully recreated here (cathedral acoustics an' all) by those meticulous revivalists the Groovies. If this was the p&p). Likewise Peridots: two weird Irishmen with a peculiar line in self-promotion and a quietly attractive single. Fresh and Bonaparte distribute. Investigate? And then there's The Ellery Bop, prime movers behind Liverpool's new independent venture Base Ideas. This is an old-ish track, urgent guitars and panicked beat — short of extraordinary, but okay.

BILLY IDOL: Mony Mony EP (Chrysalis). 'Mony Mony' — yes, the classic Tommy James And The Shondells classic 'Mony Mony' — is the vehicle chosen for a comeback by Billy Idol, the man who looked like Kim Wilde before Kim Wilde did. I think it's absolutely chronic, but what do I know? Anyhow, you can original recording it'd be a triumph. But it's not, so it isn't.

SECRET AFFAIR: Do You Know (I-Spy). They're back! I don't know what Secret Affair look like these days — silver spacesuits perhaps, goatee beards, tropical fruit headgear? — but musically, it's as if they've never been away. 'Do You Know' is *very* Secret Affair. Unfortunately.

ALEXEI'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Pop-Up Toasters (Springtime). Alexei Sayle, that is. Taken from the 'Comic Strip' LP, which is taken in turn from what's still termed Britain's pool of "alternative" comedians. Sayle's great, always (almost). The record's good, once (or twice). You wouldn't want to buy it.

HELEN APRIL AND JOHN DUMMER: Housewives' Choice (A&M). Helen and John's humour might be, well, *dumber* than Alexei's. But allied to a reasonable kind of tune, this good-natured poke at chauvinist slobbery is surprisingly durable. Deserves novelty hit-dom, at least.

KIRSTY MacCOLL: See That Girl (Polydor). No 'Chip Shop' maybe — it sounds a bit like every '60s song you ever heard — but acceptable and nice and other such moderate terms of approval.

SUDDEN SWAY: To You, With ReGard EP (Chant 12")
PERIDOTS: Calm/Open Season (Optional Gods)
THE ELLERY BOP: Hit The Moon (Base Ideas). The *Garageland* revival . . . The Sudden bunch, who speak in a funny, sub-Middle English language all of their own, inhabit a strangely self-enclosed world, and appear quite happy there. The 'ReGard' collection is just a bit too drab, early-'80s progressive, in the mold of you-know-who, but I think that promise lurks. (Find out from Chant at 190 Mayors Walk, Peterborough. £1.40 incl. write to Billy c/o Aucoin Management Inc., 645 Madison Avenue, New York, New York. Here endeth the *Garageland* revival.

BILL NELSON: Living In My Limousine (Mercury)
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Telecommunication (Jive). If there wuz any justice (which, as we know, there is not), 'Limousine' would be the single to bring Bill Nelson back inside the commercial fold. It's an exciting, insistent sort of thing once you know it, full of clomping electronic menace and a strident melody. I tend to like every sixth track Bill records, and this is it. Meanwhile, produced by Bill Nelson (what *continuity* this column has!) is A Flock Of Seagulls' 'Telecommunication'. They are, as their name so clearly suggests, a Liverpool group; their sound is brisk and electro-energetic and the tune is catchy as hell. If you don't like it, you'll probably hate it.

JOHN MARTYN: Please Fall In Love With Me (WEA). Pity the review copy's warped to buggery. Somewhere inside, though, it's possible to detect a song of some beauty — and the presence of producer Phil Collins.

SUGAR MINOTT: Never My Love (RCA). Likeable, gentle swaying, poppy reggae version of ballad to be found on the legendary Casuals LP 'Hour World'. And the B-side 'Jasmine' is very nearly the title of The Casuals' most successful song! Merely "coincidence"? I think we should be told.

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3. Tears On The Telephone — Glen Curtin (Irish import)
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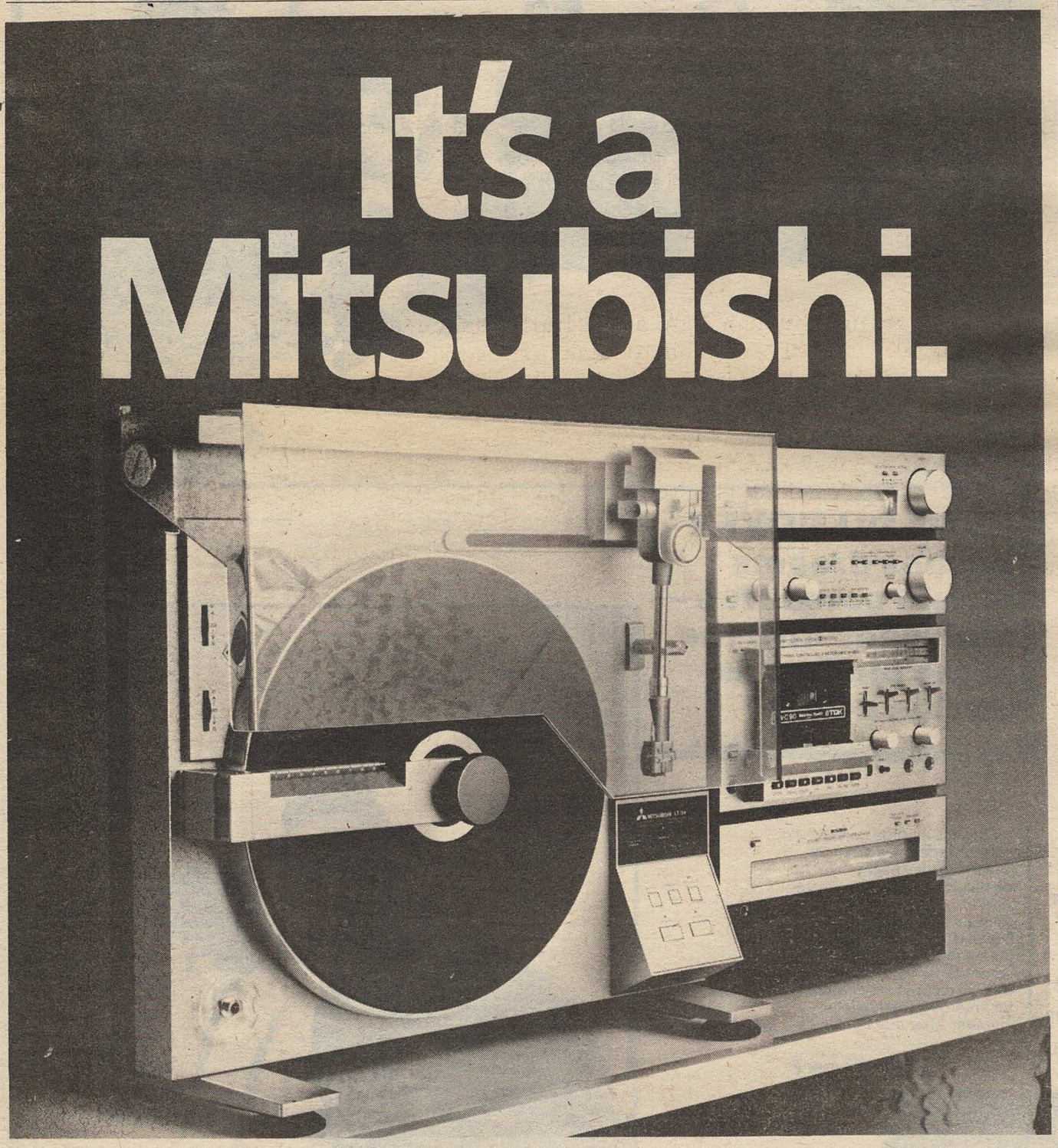

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The Editor,
New Musical Express,
5/7 Carnaby Street,
LONDON W1.

18.9.81

Sir,

I read with interest Roz Reines' Bob Marley article in last week's issue. Whilst fully appreciating that journalists are quite rightly protective towards the memory of Bob, I am surprised that Roz, who considers herself an authority and fan of Marley, should have to rely on misquotes, out of context phrases and sarcasm to draw attention to her article.

The point that I and my associates tried to make with Ms. Reines is that Bob Marley has not yet been fully appreciated or acknowledged as "the father of reggae" by the millions of people around the world who buy music influenced by him. Bob's public image perhaps did not bring him to the attention of the masses, for the qualities that he certainly had - a superb musician, singer and songwriter - undoubtedly one of the greatest.

The records that we are releasing through WEA are simple dance and love songs of superb quality. I believe that these are some of Bob's finest recordings. Indeed, the first single, "Reggae on Broadway", has, at the time of writing this letter, been released in the U.S.A. to critical acclaim and instant radio airplay. I believe that Bob will have his biggest success to date with this material in America and possibly around the world. I feel that the legend and memory of Bob Marley will be perpetuated through his music and that his existing fans will welcome hearing tracks that have not been available before and that also many millions of new fans will be won.

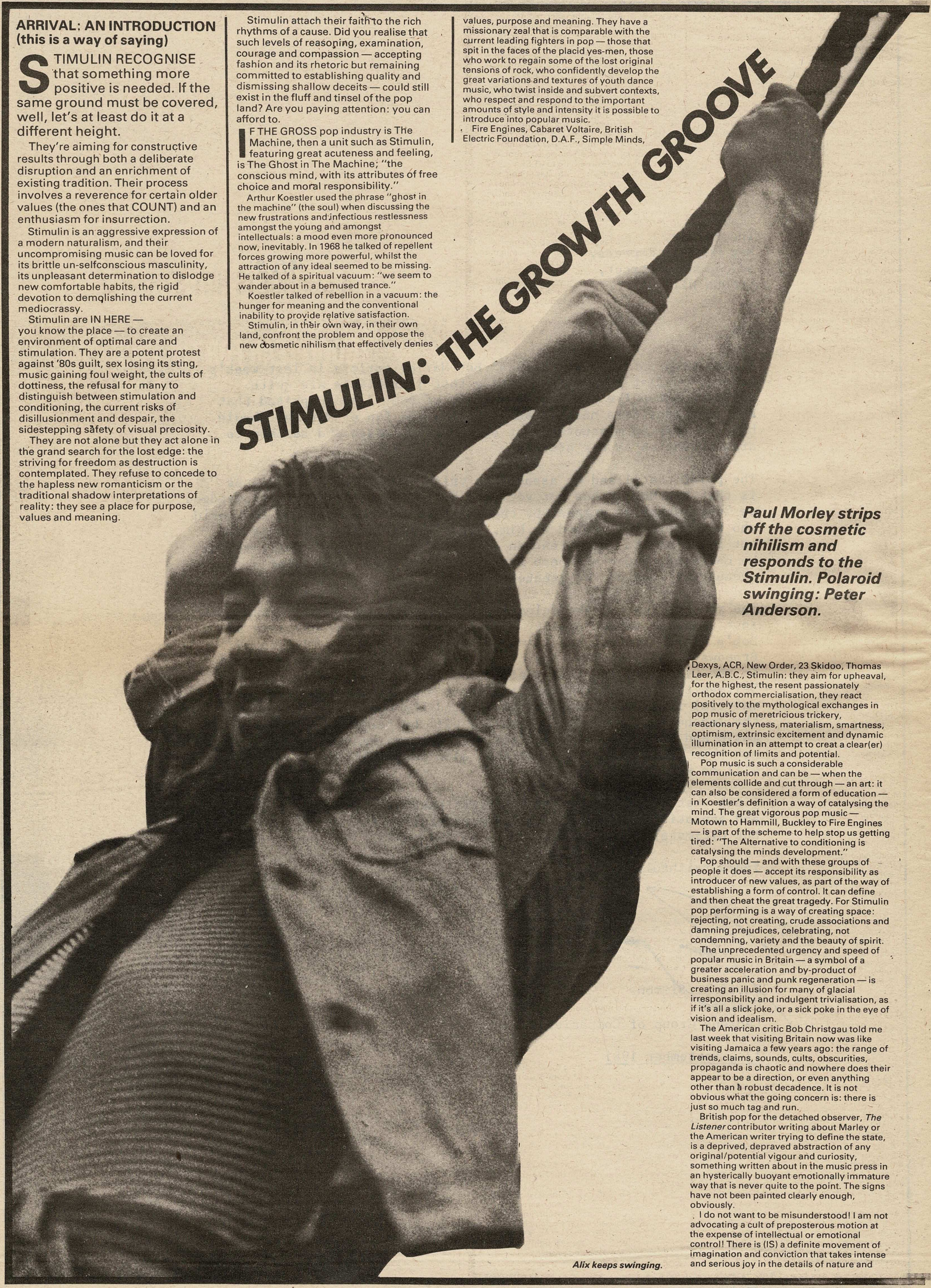
I ask that the industry and the Press pass judgment not on innuendo and sensationalism, which is disrespectful to the memory of Bob Marley, but ultimately where it matters - in the music.

Yours faithfully,

David A. Simmons
Chairman
Leosong Group of Companies

17th September 1981

STIMULIN: THE GROWTH GROOVE



Paul Morley strips off the cosmetic nihilism and responds to the Stimulin. Polaroid swinging: Peter Anderson.

Alix keeps swinging.

ARRIVAL: AN INTRODUCTION (this is a way of saying)

STIMULIN RECOGNISE that something more positive is needed. If the same ground must be covered, well, let's at least do it at a different height.

They're aiming for constructive results through both a deliberate disruption and an enrichment of existing tradition. Their process involves a reverence for certain older values (the ones that COUNT) and an enthusiasm for insurrection.

Stimulin is an aggressive expression of a modern naturalism, and their uncompromising music can be loved for its brittle un-selfconscious masculinity, its unpleasant determination to dislodge new comfortable habits, the rigid devotion to demolishing the current mediocrassy.

Stimulin are IN HERE — you know the place — to create an environment of optimal care and stimulation. They are a potent protest against '80s guilt, sex losing its sting, music gaining foul weight, the cults of dottiness, the refusal for many to distinguish between stimulation and conditioning, the current risks of disillusionment and despair, the sidestepping safety of visual preciosity.

They are not alone but they act alone in the grand search for the lost edge: the striving for freedom as destruction is contemplated. They refuse to concede to the hapless new romanticism or the traditional shadow interpretations of reality: they see a place for purpose, values and meaning.

Stimulin attach their faith to the rich rhythms of a cause. Did you realise that such levels of reasoning, examination, courage and compassion — accepting fashion and its rhetoric but remaining committed to establishing quality and dismissing shallow deceits — could still exist in the fluff and tinsel of the pop land? Are you paying attention: you can afford to.

IF THE GROSS pop industry is The Machine, then a unit such as Stimulin, featuring great acuteness and feeling, is The Ghost in The Machine; "the conscious mind, with its attributes of free choice and moral responsibility."

Arthur Koestler used the phrase "ghost in the machine" (the soul) when discussing the new frustrations and infectious restlessness amongst the young and amongst intellectuals: a mood even more pronounced now, inevitably. In 1968 he talked of repellent forces growing more powerful, whilst the attraction of any ideal seemed to be missing. He talked of a spiritual vacuum: "we seem to wander about in a bemused trance."

Koestler talked of rebellion in a vacuum: the hunger for meaning and the conventional inability to provide relative satisfaction.

Stimulin, in their own way, in their own land, confront the problem and oppose the new cosmetic nihilism that effectively denies values, purpose and meaning. They have a missionary zeal that is comparable with the current leading fighters in pop — those that spit in the faces of the placid yes-men, those who work to regain some of the lost original tensions of rock, who confidently develop the great variations and textures of youth dance music, who twist inside and subvert contexts, who respect and respond to the important amounts of style and intensity it is possible to introduce into popular music.

Fire Engines, Cabaret Voltaire, British Electric Foundation, D.A.F., Simple Minds, Dexys, ACR, New Order, 23 Skidoo, Thomas Leer, A.B.C., Stimulin: they aim for upheaval, for the highest, the resent passionately orthodox commercialisation, they react positively to the mythological exchanges in pop music of meretricious trickery, reactionary slyness, materialism, smartness, optimism, extrinsic excitement and dynamic illumination in an attempt to creat a clear(er) recognition of limits and potential.

Pop music is such a considerable communication and can be — when the elements collide and cut through — an art: it can also be considered a form of education — in Koestler's definition a way of catalysing the mind. The great vigorous pop music — Motown to Hammill, Buckley to Fire Engines — is part of the scheme to help stop us getting tired: "The Alternative to conditioning is catalysing the minds development."

Pop should — and with these groups of people it does — accept its responsibility as introducer of new values, as part of the way of establishing a form of control. It can define and then cheat the great tragedy. For Stimulin pop performing is a way of creating space: rejecting, not creating, crude associations and damning prejudices, celebrating, not condemning, variety and the beauty of spirit.

The unprecedented urgency and speed of popular music in Britain — a symbol of a greater acceleration and by-product of business panic and punk regeneration — is creating an illusion for many of glacial irresponsibility and indulgent trivialisation, as if it's all a slick joke, or a sick poke in the eye of vision and idealism.

The American critic Bob Christgau told me last week that visiting Britain now was like visiting Jamaica a few years ago: the range of trends, claims, sounds, cults, obscurities, propaganda is chaotic and nowhere does their appear to be a direction, or even anything other than a robust decadence. It is not obvious what the going concern is: there is just so much tag and run.

British pop for the detached observer, *The Listener* contributor writing about Marley or the American writer trying to define the state, is a deprived, depraved abstraction of any original/potential vigour and curiosity, something written about in the music press in an hysterically buoyant emotionally immature way that is never quite to the point. The signs have not been painted clearly enough, obviously.

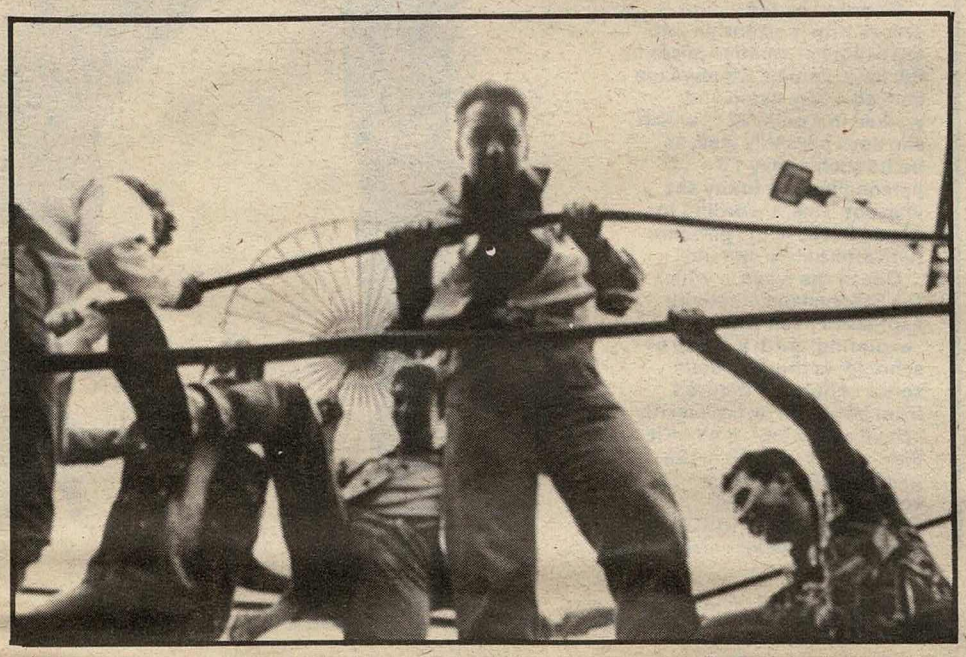
I do not want to be misunderstood! I am not advocating a cult of preposterous motion at the expense of intellectual or emotional control! There is (IS) a definite movement of imagination and conviction that takes intense and serious joy in the details of nature and

growth, that can be separated from the tender trivialising forces of trend. The movement treats pop as a vivid and timeless structure of style and uses that in tense combination with a definite moral purpose.

THE MUSIC of Stimulin, as with Cabaret Voltaire or Fire Engines, is based in punk as a representation of decoration and provocation — this spirit of punk will inspire every new departure in pop just as it could be said ragtime has inspired every new departure in jazz, remembering that the energy of the original twisting of sensibilities can never be depressed.

Punk's value is that it stripped away debasing tendencies and repressive attitudes so that for those who can see clearly they would never exist again. And this new movement, the happening that does exist however much it is disguised by surrounding triteness of trend and boast, uses punk's basic force as a motivation to open mindedness and so uses the techniques and intentions of a multitude of musics — funk, jazz, avant garde, everything that at its heart contains the vitality and ecstatic language that rock lost through too many literalist interpretations.

The primitive-exotic music, intolerance and inner resource of Stimulin, DAF, ACR and their rough partners in tough action is the moving light in the present fog of literalism, in fact. Bursting everywhere in metaphysical space, they stand out, they are THE present



Left to right: Toby Young, Roger Hilton, Alix Sharkey, Justin Langlands, Tony McDermott and John Schofield.

performances to take note of precisely because they are animated by deep feelings. They never evade the issue, they play for the soul and don't need to rely on plastic effects or drowsy manifestos. Their unfinished entertainment is transformed by grace, depth and temptation.

Compared to this the friendly Blue Rondo, Ultravox, Spandau, Duran are mere distractions who claim too much and evade the complex systems. (Kim Wilde, Depeche Mode etc confirm that even now there is a real place for the innocent, and the role of Zelation, Grace Jones etc is yet another story to cultivate that is not at this moment directly relevant.)

There is something happening, but if its insistence on balancing its lust for life and catalysing aspirations with a good deal of regard for sex, dance, fashion, colour, rockless sensuality, reckless enjoyment, irreverent arrogance offends the literalists then . . . so be it. It is confusing, but not so confusing that a little perception and flexibility can't sort it out. Somewhere between the puritanical practise and the hedonistic gullibility, there's the striking likes of Stimulin. A fusion of spirit and flesh, madness and cool reason, permanence and change, of drama and discussion . . breaking down the walls of heartache.

Surely some revelation is at hand . . .

ADVENTURE: A CONSIDERATION (this is a way of proving.)

SAT AROUND a flickering fire in a flat in Fulham are Friday's fighter representatives of the fervent unit Stimulin. Executive organisers Chris Prince and Perry Haines, vibesman John Schofield, bassboy Tony McDermott, trumpetlord the right honorouble Toby Young, sex object, vocalist, guitarist Alix Sharkey: elsewhere but present in spirit there's Tony the roadie, percussionist Justin Langlands and drummer Roger Hilton.

Togetherness — it's tensions, it's tonic — is a central-line power in Stimulin's drive. They fight amongst each other to get it right.

"Out of all the heavy discussions we need to have we always become a stronger unit and there's a bit more passion between us. There is a lot of love and respect between the band because we're all upfront about it. When people don't have that clear honest communication then they're just strangers sitting in a room for moments in time, and that seems to be a shameful waste when you're trying to create some incisive group activity."

Stimulin — let's not be coy, I've dealt with the doubts — play a FUNK music streaming with soul, steaming with force, creaming with raw desire, dreaming when it wants to. They're happy to explain.

"We wanted," says Alix with a voice so deep it's dirty, "to play a furious dance music with a lot of soul. Live we're a funk band for sure, but when we record we'll be a soul band. There's a big difference. We wanted to help put real passion back into music, to use the funk, the hardest black American music, as a tool. We knew that it was something to USE.

"But it has to develop into something else or it's trivial. It's no good going through known forms without trying to expand them and it's our own particular desires and experiences that will be involved in that expansion, our particular commitment that will give it true shape."

Alix's cold eyes pierce into you as he speaks, a javelin penetration of determination. This is no plain stroke being pulled. Stimulin are not pottering about.

"Sometimes," says Tony, basically, with a proud Oldham accent, "you can get very self-conscious about what you're trying to do. Originally we decided what we felt was wrong with funk and missing in disco — may be soul and militancy — and we saw what we could add to it considering the other types of music, including punk, that we'd been into and from that point we tried to build a new music. We knew what we didn't want rather than what we did want — like we didn't want the usual lead guitar. We fell flat on our faces to begin with. We immediately kidded ourselves that we could play funk and tried to move into further extremes without even proving to ourselves that we could play funk.

"Now we've just about done that and we're going to take it to those further extremes."

STIMULIN HAVE preferred to concentrate on deeper feelings, and have only fretfully flirted with the transparencies and presumptions of fashion. They've been sorting out their funk policy and soul certainty for nearly a year, wanting to use foolproof funk as the basis of their speculation out of a fundamental enthusiasm for its hypnotic insistence, sexual immodesty and nervy conduct.

Funk to Stimulin was not "last week's thing, it was a challenging way to find the way through." They've watched bemused, in various shades of hipness and unfavour, as funk became the part of fashion and fistfulls of groups grappled with the form and found favour with record labels. Tireless Perry Haines momentarily fumbled.

Committed to Stimulin's going concern and frustrated as others nicked acclaim he arranged a show at London's Sundown and invited teething tribes of journalists, record companies and new celebrities.

"I just wanted to spread the word a little too quickly."

The show was on April the first.

"I still don't know who the joke was on. Us or Them."

Stimulin were everything they shouldn't have been: soft centred, laboured, limping. The fashioneers and the company detectors turned away in distaste faced with Stimulin's inaccurate impotence and unexpectedly neutral appearance.

The failure worked for them, strengthening Stimulin's resolve, emphasising what the true commitment was to: not the industry but discovery.

Theirs is the growth groove. Stimulin didn't want to disappear with the tide of trend, they wanted to last.

Perry: "It's like at the Sundown we got billed for a heavyweight bout against the record industry and against all kind of prejudice and we got up there but we hadn't done enough training. We got caught a right hook. But we've had the guts to carry on fighting, getting ready to hit back good and proper."

CONTINUES PAGE 61

A CHANGE IS NOT STRANGE

GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES
THE NEW SINGLE FROM

ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRACTIONS

BEAT
XXI7

Bubbling Babs Windsor: "You what?"

BLONDES HAVE MORE FAME

PAUL RAMBALI ROOTS AROUND FEMALE COMEDY

"WHEN I FIRST met her she was all tits and bum. Am I allowed to say that? All beep and bum!" Barbara Windsor hid a shy grimace on the sofa next to husband Ronnie. "You didn't seem to mind," she giggled saucily. "No. And I wasn't the only one!" Ronnie replied.

Barbara's mum bubbled with pride as she recalled the infant 'Carry On Girl', whose career in her mind was a matter of genetic imperative, and not just the obvious one . . . "Even before she was born I could feel her kicking inside!"

Barbara virtually emerged singing and dancing from the womb, a talent mum was determined to nurture. "It hurts me when people talk about her bosom . . ."

Barbara is matter of fact about her bosom. "I'm 44. My figure won't last forever . . ." She was set to play the part Beryl Reid immortalised in Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane*, in a revival directed by Kenneth Williams. But she collapsed from nervous strain on the first night, and it was back to the bosom of Pantoland.

Why she collapsed was the subject of the programme, *Fame* (BBC1, Thursday), about fame, or in this case infamy, and how the famous or infamous cope. Barbara's husband had just been acquitted of murder. She had to sell her jewels to pay for his defence. Some that she had kept for sentimental reasons were stolen the night before *Sloane* opened.

An indiscretion on Ronnie's part with a blonde in Spain (the irony of which Barbara chose to ignore) put the couple back in the headlines, with the tabloids determined to cast her in the role of the brave, bouncy little Cockney trouper (and martyr to her cad of a husband) — a role she seemed to accept in private but found difficult in public.

She and Ronnie had their ups and downs like most couples, she told a plague of reporters . . . *so why don't you go away and bother them.* But she was too polite and too much the trouper to say it. Later, she reluctantly acknowledged the cliche: fame had a price. And her first night back in Pantoland was a sell out.

ON THE OPPOSITE side of the showbiz coin the previous week there was the rather less endearing spectacle of Pamela Stephenson coping with her creativity. *Behind The Scenes With . . .* (BBC1, Thursday) purported to examine the Stephenson enigma in all its many and varied flowerings.

"I wouldn't want to be regarded as an actress," said La Stephenson with a parting pout. "I'd rather be thought of as a comedienne." (She actually said comedian, or perhaps, more liberated yet, comedien.) Which is all very well except that for the preceeding half hour she had failed to be at all funny or even just modest, and would appear to want to be thought of as primarily a star.

I blame her scriptwriters, or the public, or both. Pamela Stephenson and the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team are the result of the vacuum principle common in the entertainment industry whereby if there is no genuine talent on hand then any passing mediocrity will be sucked into the gap. *NTNON* made most of the right noises but few (aside from some Atkinson monologues) original ones.

Flattered by the programme's attention into exposing her creative juices in full flow, Pamela Stephenson danced, sang, acted and walked in a park, all of which she does passably well, as befits such a sexy TV personality. But funny she was not. This, according to Alexei Sayle, is the problem with alternative comedy.

One of the ways in which the Stephenson creativity expressed itself was by "exploring" with a group of schoolgirls the way their sense of humour differed from boys'. An unnecessarily schismatic premise, since it didn't much, except in the particulars. But a new comedy series called *Revolting Women* (BBC2, Friday) nonetheless arrived to

Pamela Stephenson makes with body talk for hard of hearing viewers.

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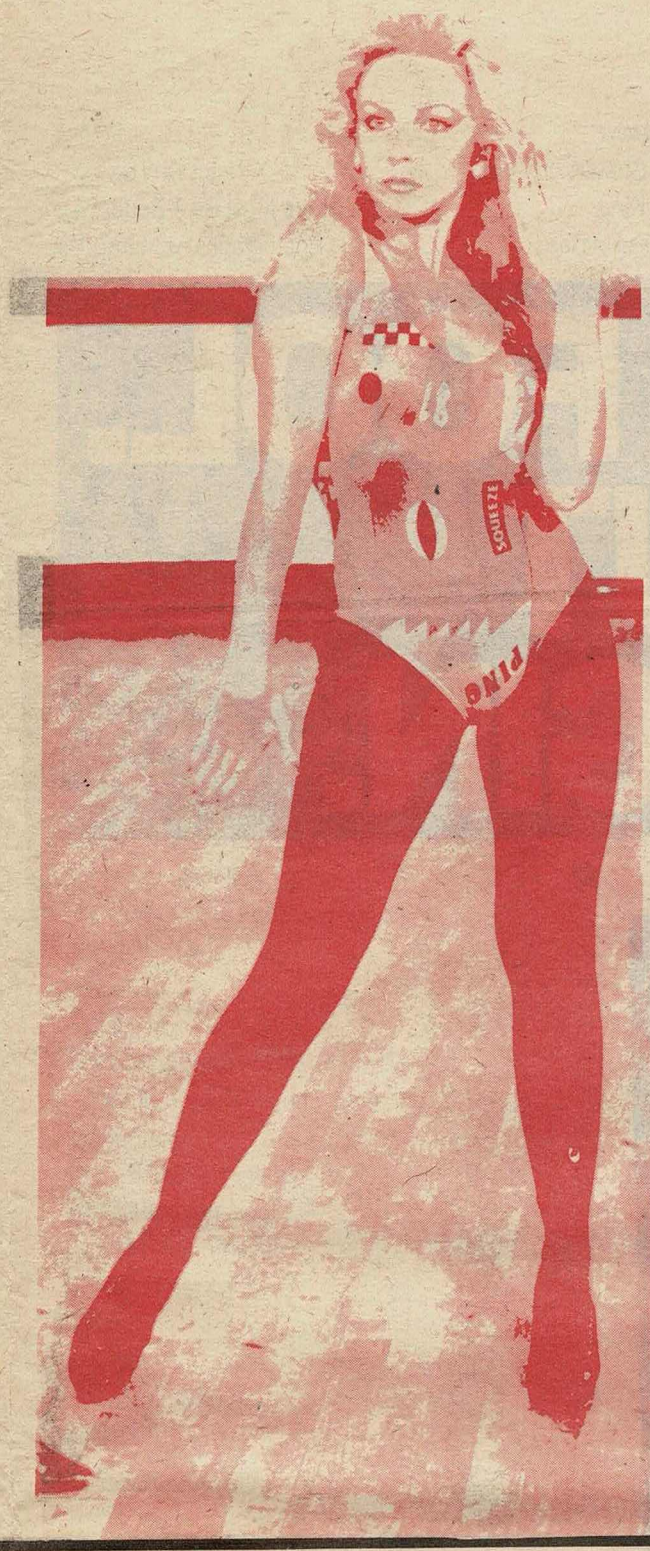

DANGEROUS VISIONS

bridge this sexual gap. Revolting Women are four comediennes and one comedian, none of them remotely sexy.

The humour was grounded all too heavily in leftist politics, and satirised mainly the stereotype Unliberated Woman. This is probably as insulting to Unliberated Woman as jokes about female stereotypes told by males would be to the Revolting Women. However I suppose you can't have a joke without some kind of butt. But it would be much smarter and a lot more up-to-date, since Liberated Woman is in the ascendant anyway, to make her and her anxieties the butt instead, as Claire Bretecher (the funniest woman I can think of) does in her *Sunday Times* cartoons.

In the interest of science, I append two of the jokes (the only two) that my girlfriend audibly laughed at. The first was a sketch about the trauma of not having a fresh pair of knickers on when rushed to hospital after an accident. (This, apparently, is what girls are told might happen if they don't change their underwear every day!) The second was an example of elbow-in the rib female vulgarity: "Britain's first sperm bank opened today. Five donors were expected but three came on the bus and the other two missed the tube."

. . . *This* is what separates the comediennes from the boys? Relax Les Dawson, your genitals are intact!

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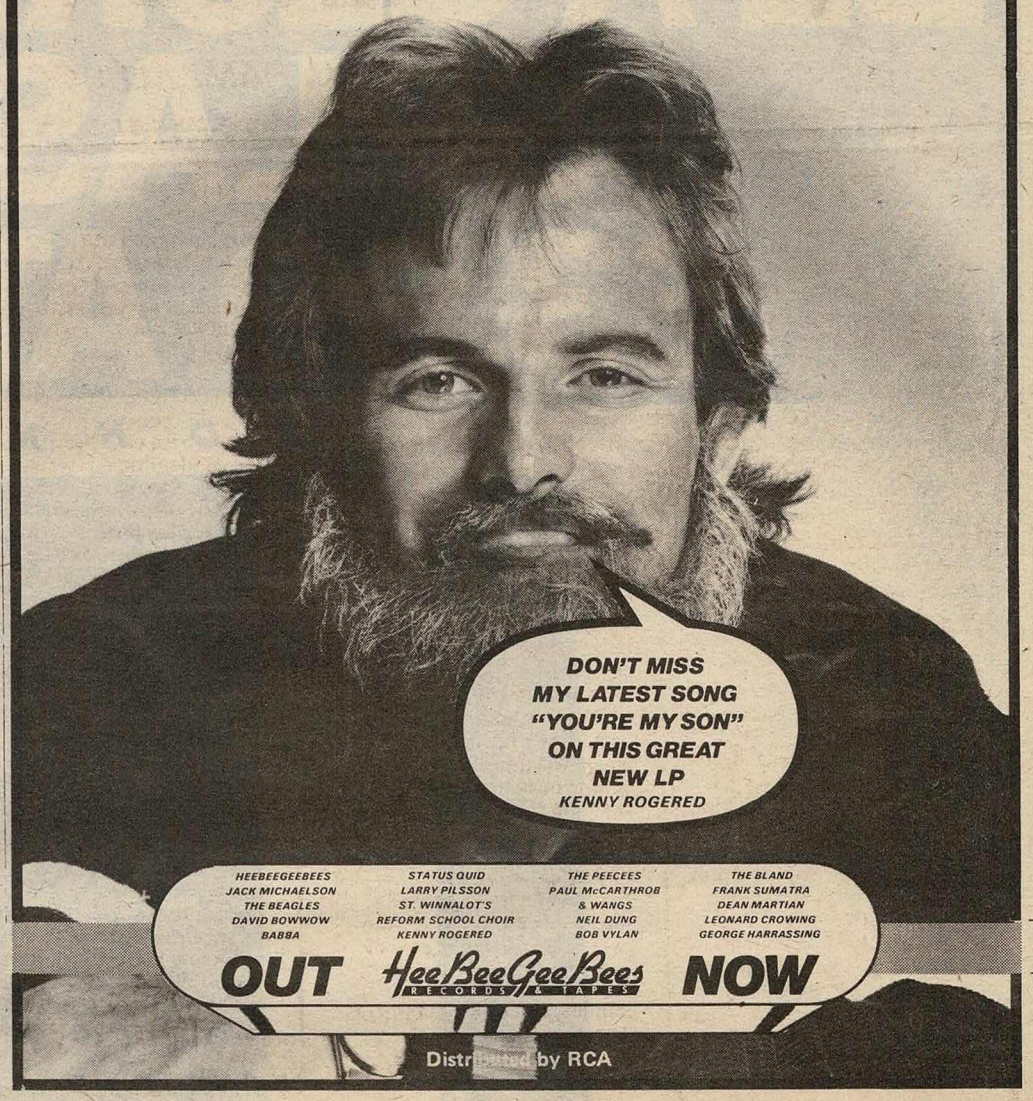

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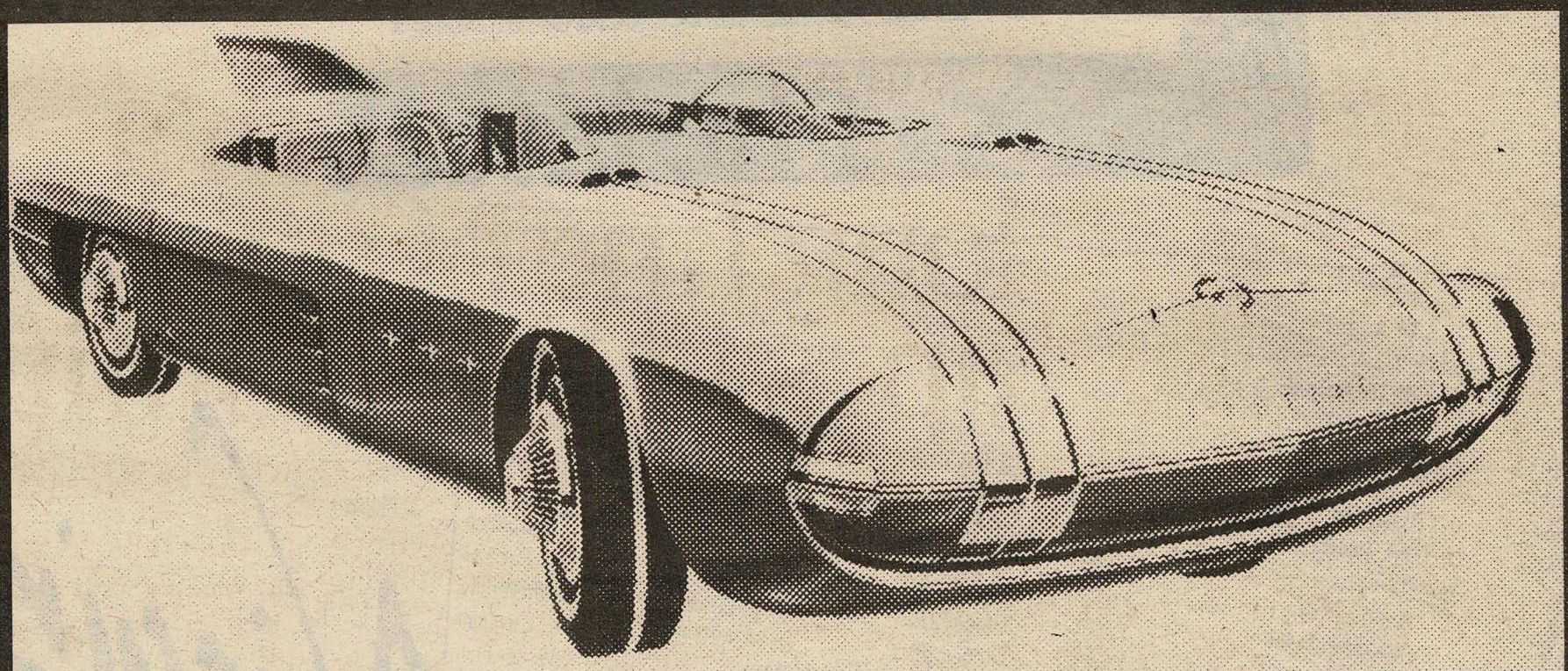

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October 27	LANCASTER	University
October 28	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
October 30	POOLE	Wessex Hall
October 31	AYLESBURY	Friars
November 1	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
November 3	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
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NEW YORK SPECIAL

While Paul Rambali's busy escaping the place (below) Ian Penman makes do with fond memories as he re-assesses Martin Scorsese's magnum opus, now on release in its original version for the first time.

Robert De Niro as Jimmy Doyle, a man with a horn in New York, New York and (right) with the object of his desire, Liza Minnelli, barefoot in the rain.

HAPPY ENDINGS

New York, New York

Directed by Martin Scorsese
Starring Liza Minelli and Robert De Niro
(United Artists)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK is a song and it goes like this: *"These vagabond shoes are longing to stray / And step around the heart of it..."* It's also the musical Martin Scorsese made between *Taxi Driver* and *The Last Waltz;* a mild financial and critical disaster, it was promptly banished to that failsafe purgatory for camp excesses and cult success, the late night circuit. Thus somewhat disowned, *New York, New York* was rumoured to have shed half of an intended four hour stretch, and what remained was further reduced between first and second runs.

Now, out of the blue, comes the 1981 revamp, with some 25 minutes restored to the architecture of the film — including the infamous (15 minute) 'Happy Endings' finale. Although it's a dreadful cliche — benefit of hindsgiht 'n' all that jazz — *NY, NY* suddenly seems to make a lot more sense. Hinting at a crucial perspective on the career - course of the Scorsese-De Niro machine (monster?), it bares visible marks of the transition from the rough hewn *Taxi Driver* to *Raging Bull's* every which way success.

As a teenage cineaste, I saw *NY, NY* twice in one week at my local Odeon, but retained hardly any memories — it had nothing like the effect of *Taxi Driver.* Scriptwriter Paul Schrader has recently said of *Taxi Driver* that it is "a very rich piece of juvenilia, but it is juvenilia. It is an adolescent, immature mind, struggling to identify itself." *New York, New York* is a more complex and ambitious movie — not only does it lack the straightforward mythic power of *Taxi Driver,* it sets out to reassess the nature and nurture of that power: it's Scorsese being more grown up about things. The key here is undoubtedly that 'Happy Endings' sequence, in which Scorsese has the most pugnacious — and hilarious — bout with the Hollywood sign - system, the manufacture of romantic movie mythology and his own besotted relationship with it. It's about reconciling fantasy with reality, and the real-life happy ending is *Raging Bull,* for the time being.

'Happy Endings' also serves to productively tie together all the different levels of *NY, NY* itself: musical - history from hard-time jazz alleys up to a pre-rock 'n' roll Tin Pan precipice; film buff's scarlet study of Musical Fantasy; unconscious religious odyssey and reliable love story.

Re-viewing it recently as one of the punters in a packed (New York) house, there was no question of response to the open - ended seduction — I was taken without a struggle, and left to wonder how such a sharply conceived piece of *commercial* cinema was ever regarded as a dodo. It's a lovingly exploitative film — exploiting to the hilt the kind of expectations traditionally associated with the type of film it is (about): sweeping you off your seat with all the big build ups, tear jerks, fast talk jokes and aesthetic jolts in the songbook.

Seeing as how 'Happy Endings' does account for the main bulk of retrieved footage, you have to query just where all the difference is coming from . . . and after it's all over feel brilliantly teased, lusting for a full four hours of the action.

NY, NY is a wonderland of artificiality in terms of clothes, sets, make-up — everything is slightly exaggerated, dazzling in its overdone aesthetic correctness. It's a New York shot entirely in Los Angeles, a Hollywood heaven where the backlot pavements are permanently shiny from the rain but no one ever gets caught in a downpour. (At a guess, it only rains because God likes to see the reflections of those corny red-neon signs).

But if the location is unreal, the love action is something else again: very much a Scorsese opera, with De Niro as the sap. Saxophonist Jimmy Boyle shares characteris-tics with De Niro's other Scorsese roles — always simmering and ready to scald, one misogynistic step away from romantic misfit — and at times comes uncannily close to his Jake La Motta performance; so close you'd swear it was the same man(nerism). Liza Minnelli is Francine Evans, the gurl he first runs into at a VJ Day celebration in the Waldorf Astoria. Boyle sports an outfit won in a crap game, including a horrific Hawaiian shirt and a pair of truly vagabond shoes (see August Darnell's current footwear for further edification). The collision of his burning desire and her burning indifference is magic, and fully bears being stretched over the first 25 minutes or so of the film (although it's easy to see now how a version deprived of the balance provided by 'Happy Endings' might look scrappy).

" If you were a gentleman

■ *continues over*

HAPPY LANDINGS

Escape From New York

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Kurt Russell, Lee Van Cleef, Ernest Borgnine and Donald Pleasance (Barber International)

THE IDEA is something of an American joke; New York has become a prison, with no warders and no rules. The city has finally been over-run by criminal violence, and a wall has been erected along the Jersey and Long Island shorelines to contain it. The subway graffiti has spread like a jungle vine up the World Trade Towers and the Chock Full O'Nuts is now chock full o' rats.

Into this prison, America's maximum security compound from which there is no such thing as a reprieve, crashes Airforce One with its cargo, the President of the United States. It's brought down over New York as a political gesture by the People's Liberation Front of America. But the President (Donald Pleasance) survives, and it's up to the chief warden (Lee Van Cleef) to get him out. Warm up the helicopters. Forget the Choc-Ice.

With the whole movie business seemingly falling over itself to lay bouquets on *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* ("The movie Hollywood was born to make!"), John Carpenter's new action suspense fantasy will probably miss out on some of the running, despite being made with a fifth of the budget and five times the savvy. *Escape From New York* also boasts three of the screen's most watchable old buzzards (Ernest Borgnine besides Van Cleef and Pleasance) and one of its most striking locations (New York City gone to hell). With a combination like that, even Steven Speilberg couldn't go wrong.

Within minutes, Lee Van Cleef is characteristically scrutinising the barrel of a gun as he calculates the odds involved in handing it over to a newly-convicted criminal named Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell) and sending him in to rescue the President in exchange for a pardon. Plissken is a disaffected ex-soldier, with allegiance to no-one but himself. Lee Van Cleef, doomed to re-live *For A Few Dollars More* but doing it at least with dignity, has to coolly pre-empt a possible double-cross. A minute bomb is injected into Plissken's bloodstream, set to go off in 24 hours, when the President is due to make a crucial broadcast. If he brings him back by then, the bomb will be neutralised, if not . . .

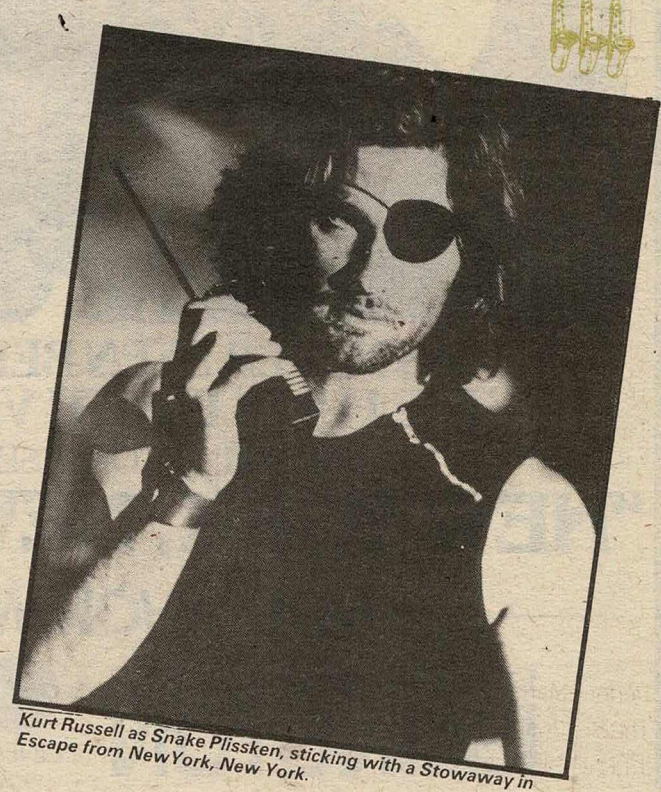
The minutes tick by in nerve-racking digital silence. The tension is wrought with deadly quartz accuracy. New York City Jail is crawling with punks, vampires and inhuman vermin (another American joke); the inmates have organised themselves into a vicious piratical gang with the Duke (Isaac Hayes!) as their leader, and they're holding the President hostage. Cabbie (Ernest Borgnine), a New York cab driver (this is something of a New York joke) saves Plissken from a pack of vampires who live in the subways: "You shouldn't be hanging around 42nd Street at this time of night!" Kurt Russell doesn't stand a chance.

Escape From New York is a fast, cynical, expert thriller with its tongue never far from its cheek. John Carpenter made this combination work before in *Halloween,* the first and by far the best of the recent rash of films about terrorised females, which was obviously tongue-in-cheek (at least I hope it was) because only the promiscuous females in the film were terrorised. *Escape From New York* has the same kind of humour about it: enough for it not to be an insult to your intelligence, and just enough to stop you choking on the suspense.

Its one serious mistake is using someone a little too hunky and handsome for the part of Snake Plissken instead of giving it to Lee Van Cleef. Its one comercial error may well be the fact that it doesn't come to an entirely all-American conclusion.

But don't let old-fashioned values like that put you off. *Escape From New York* is worth every penny of the £2.50 it costs to go and see *Raiders Of The Lost Ark.*

Paul Rambali



Kurt Russell as Snake Plissken, sticking with a Stowaway in Escape from New York, New York.

■ from previous page

you'd leave," pleads Francine. "Do I look like a gentleman in this shirt?" counters Boyle, reasonably enough, protesting that a minute or ten of "small talk" won't do the girl any harm. "Can it get any smaller?" she snaps. One of the great screen romances, surely.

But — triumph of the wile — they get together eventually. Boyle flees an army of debts run up under the unlikely pseudonym of M. Powell — Desk clerk: "Sure, buddy, and I'm E. Pressburger!" — and tracks Francine down on tour with the Frankie Hart Band (great cameo from Georgie Auld as the disillusioned leader). Hart quits, seeing "parking lots and skating rinks" where theatres used to be, and Boyle leads the band more successfully until Francine gets pregnant and things start to go sour.

The disintegration of their marriage follows, illuminated by De Niro's Method and Scorsese's New Trestament. The birth of son Jimmy signals the end of their life together: as with Scorsese's other would-be fathers / husbands — Charlie in *Mean Streets,* Travis in *Taxi Driver,* La Motta in *Raging Bull* — union has proved to be an insurmountable demand. To paraphrase the religious poet Rilke: *every saint is terrible.*

Francine goes on to mega-stardom, with slightly unconvincing shades of Liza Minnelli's mum along the way. Her first major movie showcase is *Happy Endings* in which she plays a bored cinema usherette who is transported into the production number of her dreams. This is a real cinematic tour de force, a gorgeous cocktail of parody, tribute, technique and symbolic flourish — a completely over the top jumble of choreography and colour. Scorsese's tongue finally cleaves to the roof of his mouth: *"All I see are happy endings / On a silver screen . . . / The life I lead is less dramatic / Not remotely . . . cinematic."*

Boyle — now a moderately successful club owner — meets up with his ex-wife at a party in her favour ("I saw *Sappy Endings,*" he smirks affectionately) and tries to engineer a reunion. But, for the time being . . .

New York, New York is a timely tune — whatever the reasons behind its re-issue. For one thing, the film's nostalgia now looks well ahead of its time. (The '80s for you: I'm talking gobbledegook about nostalgia being ahead of its time!) The slick, slack - suited youth of today will certainly have to go some to better *these* patterns of pastiche.

I could ramble on for ever. *New York, New York* is full of perfectly realised cinematic moments — Martin Scorsese lavishes a perverse amount of affection on every aspect of his films — and deserves the mass audience it was made for.

New York, New York is a song: longer now, and sweeter too.

Ian Penman

City Of Women

Directed by Federico Fellini
Starring Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Prucnal and Bernice Stegers (Artificial Eye)

A MIDDLE-AGED Italian male sits opposite a dramatically sensual woman in a train. He has an unsuccessful lecherous encounter with her in the toilet and is lured by her across a field into the den of lions: a large hotel bursting at the seams with a feminist convention in full swing. Our hero, who goes by the unlikely name of Snaporaz, runs the gauntlet of female aggressors in a variety of exaggerated postures and eventually escapes into the mansion of Katzone, male chauvinist pig sine equal, who is throwing a party to celebrate his 10,000th conquest. Snaporaz meets his wife at these jollifications and retreats into a helter-skelter fantasy of past loves and ideal women before being finally brought up in a feminists' court and sentenced to death by machismo.

Sound familiar? Who else could operate in such a quagmire of overblown symbolism and still deliver a film that flows with exotic grace — Federico Fellini (for it is he) is stuck inside a camera with the Roma blues again.

City Of Women is Fellini's lightest film since *Amarcord;* without the overwrought pantomime of *Casanova* or the fluctuating dynamism of *The Orchestra Rehearsal* (made for TV) it is one of his most enjoyable excursions to date. A series of disgressionary tableaux, or divertimenti, on the confusion of sexual roles from an Italian man's point of view, the film offers no real insight into male / female role playing but rather distorts the games people play with a deliberate and naive sense of voyeurism.

The narcissisistic quotient is pretty high too and to this extent Mastroianni has consistently provided the director (most successfully in *8½*) with an idealised version of himself. Snaporaz stumbles through the film like a child who's not only lost his ball but is rapidly forgetting how to play with it.

And the landscape is pretty familiar: a few grotesques, fairground images, exaggerated, physicalised concepts (the movie masturbation scene in the giant bed is a hoot) and most of all, his love for the ripeness of life. Fellini uses film like a kaleidoscope and is one of the few directors to put dream and fantasy in its proper context — neither as explanation nor enlightenment but simply as a continuing mystery in life. The movies would be a sorrier place without him.

In the cold light of day, *City Of Women* seems an absurd concoction of half-baked concepts, second-hand ideals and vulgarly grotesque imagery; in the tenebrous warmth of the cinema it seems an appealingly rich confection that oozes humanity like whipped cream.

I know where I was sitting when I saw it. **Neil Norman**

National film critics, having their flabbers well and truly gasted by the new Fellini. The NME man is 10th from the right.

The Milky Way

Directed by Luis Bunuel
Starring Laurent Terzieff, Paul Frankeur and Delphine Seyrig (Artificial Eye)

IF LUIS BUNUEL weren't so funny, his films would be listed among the blackest and most bitter ever made. Then, humour and misanthropy often go well together — say hi! to noted U.S. surrealist W. C. Fields — and in Bunuel's grip they're expertly coordinated to viciously rip away the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie or to expose the church's various contradictions.

His anti-clerical missives are usually his hardest and clearest and they invariably cause a scandal when they're allowed into rigid Catholic societies. But to a non-sectarian society such as ours *The Milky Way's* fine dismantling of the church's dogmas is perhaps a little too esoteric for the mass (no pun intended) public — as an ex-Catholic I found some if it a little obscure. Whatever, it's always very funny when it is not always immediately comprehensible.

As with all Bunuel's films it's best to give yourself up to his peculiar logic and accept along with his characters the unlikely as everyday occurrences. *The Milky Way* pitches two tramps on a modern day pilgrimage from Paris to a holy shrine in Spain and en route they experience first hand incidents of the church's hypocrisy.

Bunuel takes a wicked delight in turning the church's own teachings on itself, setting up historical moments or scenes from the new testament to demonstrate its fallibility. Agnostics go away confirmed in their scepticism, atheists in their disbelief, ardent believers outraged and the rest of us entertained. In the end nothing is really resolved but plenty has been revealed.

Chris Bohn

*(**The Milky Way** has been revived after 12 years on the shelf and is showing at London's Camden Plaza.)*

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FRESH JUICE SWEET DREAMS

IT'S A WARM day in Camden Town so David McClymont and Edwin Collins come to meet their drummer Steve Daly and myself wearing 'lanky shorts', brightly coloured Blackpool shirts (like Hawaiian shirts only less exotic) and goofy sunglasses. James Kirk, the fourth member of Orange Juice, sports a light Boer war-era khaki get-up which is creased with at least eight very pronounced horizontal folds.

"I think James is trying to emulate Charles Hawtrey in *Carry On Up The Jungle* today," confides cockerel cropped singer Edwin.

Along with bassist David, James makes up the silent half of Orange Juice keeping quiet while Edwin and Steve trade off an endless supply of batty, disposable and sometimes only vaguely humorous repartee. But this can serve to make his infrequent and bizarre contributions to the conversation some of the most comic elements in the whole Orange Juice farce. It's a charade of mimicry, deprecation and naivety which the group enact in interviews, packaging and live presentation as a buffer against the known and the unknown threats of the music industry and media limelight.

Choosing to ignore the directions of photographer David Corio and his girlfriend the group bring us on a romp through Camden Town trying to reach the chosen photo location of the canal and the lock. They look a tatty but affectionate bunch, more toying than cloying, a set of suitably happy-go-lucky adventurers.

After some confusion and delay we finally arrive at our destination, and as the group go across the bridge to get their snaps taken I sit on the dock with the group's young manager Mark Wilson whose amiability is tinged with an uppity and recalcitrant streak. In that respect he's similar to Alan Horne, founder of Postcard Records who sired and released the first four Orange Juice singles.

At the moment Mark is in the process of steering the group away from Postcard's cottage industry into the world of mainstream pop manoeuvres by signing to Polydor, a journey that will require caution and firmness.

"In a way I still have all the ideals of independence and I'm sorry to be leaving Postcard. I don't want to criticise the people at Rough Trade but there comes a stage when it's just not worthwhile staying on an independent. We can't reach enough people and we're all completely broke. It's no fun not having any money and being unable to go out."

ORANGE JUICE ARE putting the finishing touches to their epic, stunning, versatile and surprising debut album and their ineffable fifth and greatest single. Their version of Al Green's 'L.O.V.E.' is gorgeous and truly unfurls the clear eyed soul-wise pure pop sensibility which has only come in glimmers in their previous outings.

Edwin agrees that Orange Juice haven't realised their full potential: "I don't think there are many good pop bands in Britain, and I don't think we're a good pop band either so far we've only made mediocre independent cult records. In retrospect I don't really like them, I just like what they've aspired to. But I'm really pleased with the album."

Orange Juice are set to become one of the principle modern soul bands, like Dexys Midnight Runners, only they are sanctifiers and smoochers rather than rebels and testifiers. Of course it's a talent that has always been there in the band — their last single 'Poor Old Soul' had the stroke of the genius, 'There There My Dear' meets mock opera — all it needed was care and sincere intention; a realisation of their own worth and a concerted divination of their favourite listening. The group stress the importance of producer Adam Kidron, not only in helping them achieve the elegance and professionalism that their music required but also in coaxing them to follow their hearts.

Edwin: "Meeting Adam was one of the best things that ever happened to us. We expected someone who'd live up to his popular image of being the Phil Spector of the brown rice set but he wasn't like that at all. He turned out to be a really effective catalyst because he's a real soul aficionado, so he encouraged us to go in that direction.

Gavin Martin pretends to like Orange Juice. The key aura captured by David Corio.

"But it's not soul like Spandau Ballet because all the records we like are pure rubbish soul pulp like Tavares, George MacCrea."

"You'd better come clean, I will not be a party to your scheme."

IN MANY WAYS I found interviewing Orange Juice like interviewing Dexys; admittedly there was relentless gaiety rather than a stony stubbornness, but it was an approach which makes it similarly hard to define the group's position and outline their attitudes. They deadpan a lot; in a recent interview they told a journalist that they did everything to please the music press, and this was printed as fact.

Edwin: "There are some things I just can't take seriously and interviews is one of them. If you reach the standing of an individual like Dylan or a group like The Beatles where you have a serious mass audience and you become a political figure, then you have to think about what you're saying. But I don't think we should come on with any of the heavy philosophical stuff. I mean, I have got ideas about the world and politics but I've just forgotten them at the minute.

"We're also exceedingly cynical, throughout this interview I think it'll seem like we're real pessimists and down on everything. But I am pretty disillusioned with most of the music scene so onstage we take the piss out of the music press and all these groups who are *exploring interesting new avenues and stretching the fabric of contemporary music*' — all those terrible cliches that they get away with. I don't like the way Spandau Ballet think that they've got a monopoloy on hipness, and the music press, so they don't appear fuddy duddy, go along with them and swallow their bullshit."

James perks up: "I like Sky's approach to music, they've got a very good sound and they put on a good show."

You've been to see them?

"No, I just saw them on *Pebble Mill At One* one afternoon."

The others fall about laughing but James can only offer a tentative smile, the hand stays over his mouth and he blushes brightly.

THE ORANGE JUICE story began about 1978, Edwin and Steven forming The Nu-Sonics, a 17-year-old's attempt to court the intimacy and idioms of early '70s disco and '60s Stax and Motown into the rough and ready immediacy of punk.

Edwin: "I never really liked The Sex Pistols because they were a heavy metal band. But when the White Riot Tour came to Scotland The Buzzcocks and The Subway Sect appealed to me because they were on our level of technique and I could relate to what they were doing.

"I'd rather hear songs about boys and girls being in love as opposed to universal love or political messages. It's very hard to sound convincing when you write songs like that."

The group went through a lot of frustration and periods of introspection and self-criticism, resulting in the inevitable name change.

Edwin: "We thought we'd like a fresh start and there's nothing fresher than Orange Juice. Well, we knew all those connotations of it being really fresh and natural but basically we just liked drinking orange juice and the name seemed pretty weird."

Steven: "It's really funny when you hear all the big time guys in the record industry and they have to say Orange Joose, it sort of brings them down to our level."

When the group turned up for a rehearsal at their former bass player's house one snow-swept Christmas Eve to hear he was somewhere else, paralytic on the floor at his office party, Edwin decided to draft in the hick from the sticks who'd just arrived in Glasgow to attend college.

"David came up to college and one day he was banging around on this old guitar and he seemed to be able to play anything, so I decided he must be a natural muso. Honestly Dave — and I'm not patronising you when I say this; some of the bass playing you've done on this new album is really inspiring. I'd say it was at least on the level of Gaye Advert."

Orange Juice were around when Alan Horne formed Postcard Records at the beginning of last year under the ambitious handle of 'The Sound of Young Scotland' and while there they released four singles, toured with The Undertones and sold about 80,000 records. Their pristine pop is only now beginning to flourish, to court the frankness and firmness of Edwin's songs. Touring with The Undertones left its mark on them, especially the group's popularity over a broad mass of punters and styles.

"I don't want to knock Rough Trade, what they do is very laudable for groups at a certain level. But it can be hard to escape the independent ghetto."

He mimics a Southern English accent: "It's always the same type of people, they come to your gigs and go up

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to you afterwards and say, 'Yeah — amazing gig tonight. I like the Teardrop, saw the Bunnymen here last week — great! Ra.ra ra ra'. Now I don't want to criticise those people but I think people might mistake us as being part of that clique when we're not."

Back with a vengeance much in vogue. My friend — the harlequin, the rogue."

ARE YOU NERVOUS about signing with a major?

Steven: "Well yes and no. There is a bit of apprehension because we've never had proper jobs before."

Edwyn: "We're naive and irresponsible — and that's only the good points."

Steven: "It was really funny, we went to see the lawyer the other day in this big plush office and he gave us each a glass of wine. It was OK at first but after the second glass I looked over at James and his face was all red. We started to giggle and the lawyer was telling us to leave all these things down — it was like being in the headmasters study."

Orange Juice will not be scrutinised, will not make excuses or explanations for what has been called anything from an 'androgynous' to an 'amateurish' presence onstage. They are pop idealists and media populists, more Monkees than monks itching to laugh at the self obsession and preciousness of the pop world — not at all anxious to attack it strategically and seriously: the soul-spin on the reverse of Dexys. Where it all comes clear — motives, methods and intentions — is on record. Width, wit and wisdom; turning private thoughts into public emotions and vice versa, always shaping and reshaping, expanding and enquiring. On the new album they've got backing singers, horns and strings (ex-hero John Cale plays viola on 'L.O.V.E.'.)

"The horns on our record aren't really dynamic like Dexys. They're muted, if you just listen to the record casually you might not even notice the horns. I want our records to sound convincing. People have said Orange Juice are superficial and twee, that just isn't the case at all. If you listen to our album it is really intense."

Are Orange Juice outrageous?

Steven: "Well, we are attention seekers and grabbers, and we annoy a lot of people as a result because they've got preconceptions of what a rock band should be like."

Edwin: "James is the quiet, sexy member of the group. Steven is the Jim Morrison type figure, he does tend to go too close to the edge. But The Edge started hitting him with his guitar so he doesn't do it anymore."

Steven: "Yes, very good Edwin, you should write in to the *NME* crossword."

I GO TO see Orange Juice a few days after the interview at the West London recording studio where they've just been putting the finishing touches to their album. I'm amazed at how good their version of 'L.O.V.E.' is and between takes Edwin and I get talking about our favourite records. I happen to mention that following a recent robbery I've just replaced an old copy of 'Otis Blue' and it's never off my turntable.

"I never really liked Otis Redding but one night, for one reason or another, I had a really vivid dream about him. All these black dudes — the

sort you see in a BBC series with the big sharp suits and wide brimmed hats — came to my door and told me to come with them.

"So I came outside and got into this big Cadillac and one of them said to me, 'Do you know who this is?' I thought — Otis Redding but it can't be because he's dead, but it was. Anyway we drove to Edinburgh Playhouse and he went onstage and played with The Jacksons, it was the best concert I've ever seen. So I really like Otis Redding now."

To paraphrase H G Wells, Orange Juice are haunted by something that sheds light on things and fills them with longing, there is no shyness to deal with the grave or the beautiful. Close your eyes and imagine an anglo-soul dream. Imagine the sticky pop culture grasping the ethereal magic of The Supremes, Tavares or All Platinum. Imagine Vic Godard if he'd met his match rather than Bernie Rhodes, imagine Lou Reed if he liked going round junk shops instead of junk dealers, or The Buzzcocks and Jonathan Richman in excelcius.

Imagine all these things, where fantasy becomes an extension of reality and think of Orange Juice. A chance for the new, to make it possible to make sweet dreams come true.

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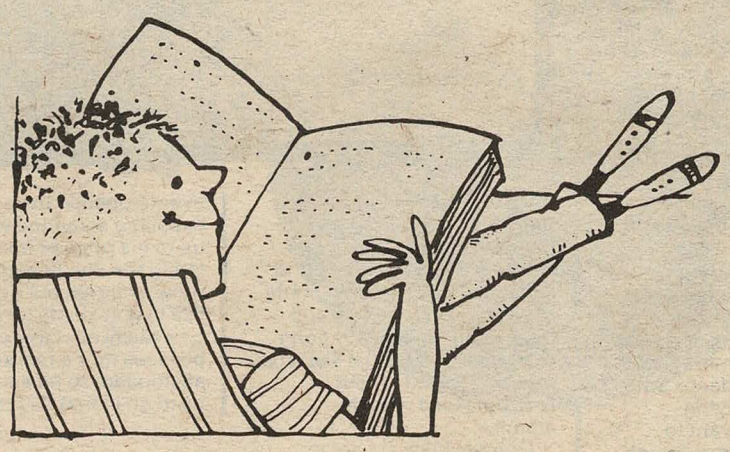

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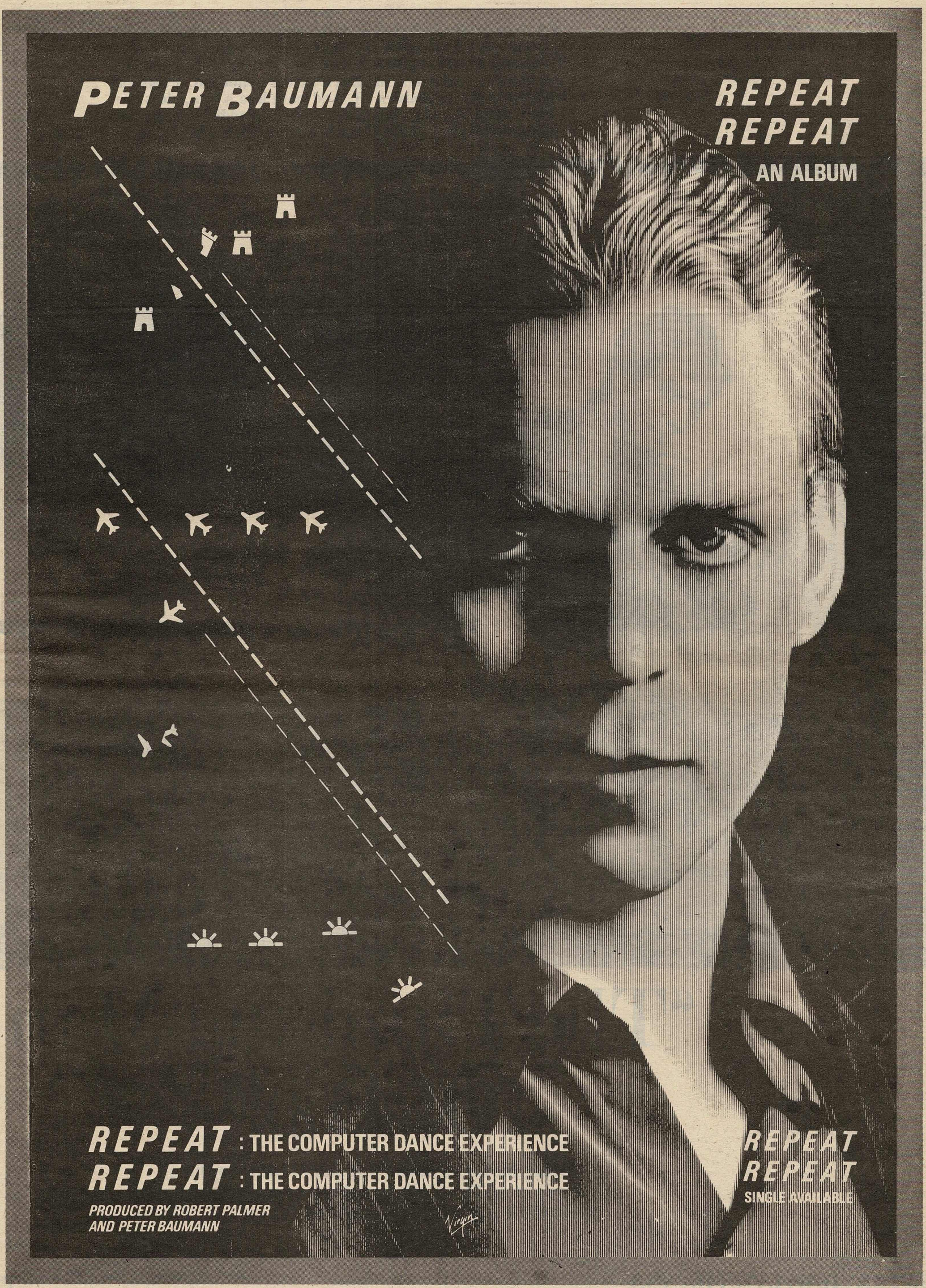

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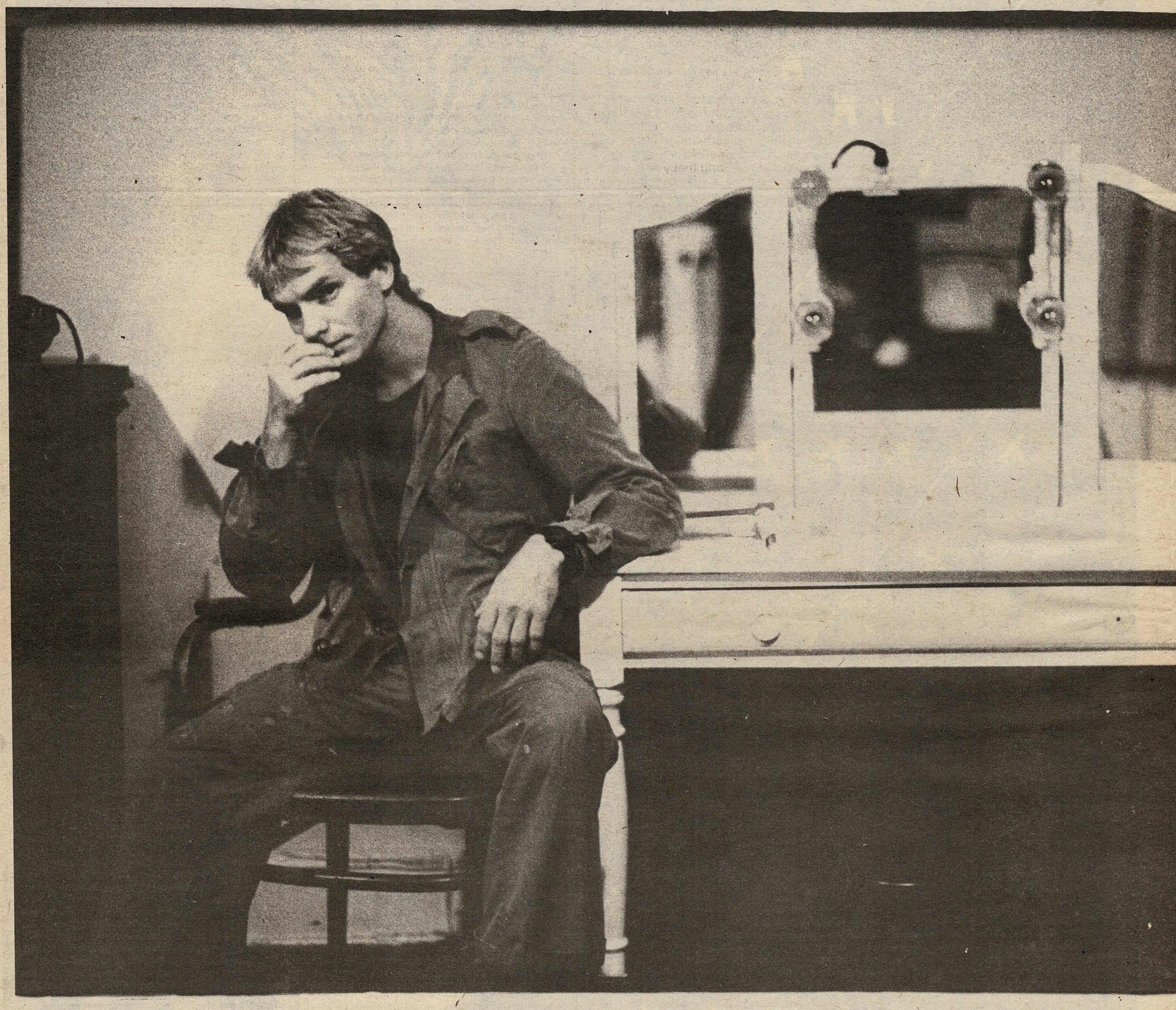
"I'm very aware that now, at this stage of my career that the image should be subversive. In the past, it's been three jolly minstrels. I think we did it rather well. We can still do that, we can still turn that charm on. But it's more important, artistically and creatively, to vanish a bit. And leave it to Adam, bless him. I'm very against the stereotype of the drug-addicted rake, the nouveau playboy, that old myth. I'm much more into . . .

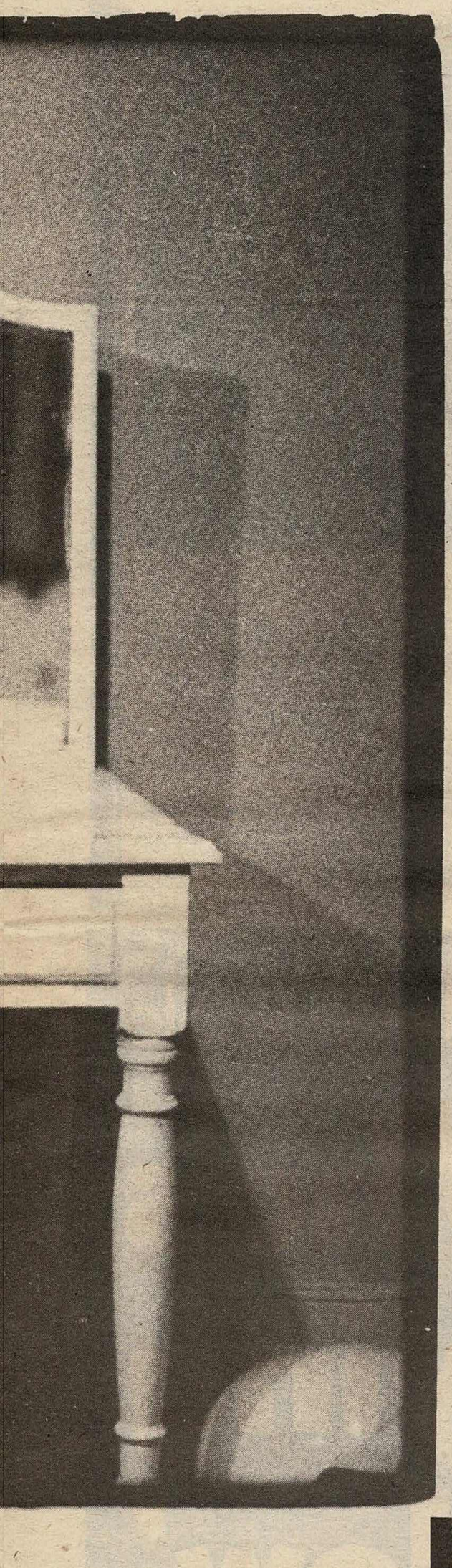


"The Thinking Man Of Pop!"

Sting indulges in the pop art of philosophical thought as The Police soak up some culture and show their academic roots on their new LP, 'Ghost In A Machine'.

INTERVIEW: LYNN HANNA

PH



PHOTOS: PENNIE SMITH

BELFAST IN black and white with grey rain falling on the urban wasteland of a community at war. A lorryload of soldiers stare bleakly at the sodden streets, at the harassed attitudes of the hurried shoppers, at the frozen atmosphere of Irish fear.

Wiry kids with rumpled jumpers and torn jeans and no choices walk the town with the purposeful scowl of children going about children's business in a country hacked about by hate and bigotry.

Sting's face fades in and out of a soft, fuzzy focus as a small boy hurls a stone at an army truck with his full, unformed force; a tot turns to the camera cradling bits of brick in both his hands, a funeral cortege glides beneath the glowing image across the small screen . . .

This is a side of Sting that you'll probably never see, a video made for the new Police single 'Invisible Sun', unsuitable for *Tiswas* and banned by *TOTP*.

While I'm watching it in a record company office, having first been shown "by mistake" and under orders the doctored version made behind the group's back, Sting rings.

"I wanted to be sure they showed it to you," he says.

Sting was brought up a Catholic and his wife is from Andersontown in Belfast Catholic country. Before fame and marriage when he visited her parents, he felt so uneasy being English he affected an Irish accent at the bus-stops.

Sting the chameleon changes his colour . . .

DO YOU see Sting rampaging around a classroom, sitting at the teacher's desk and averting his eyes from schoolgirl thighs? A sensual shudder: don't stand so close to me. Sting leans towards the camera and strips off his shirt . . .

Sting is a past master of myth and imagination and he uses the press to project pieces of his personality.

"I'll be anything you want," he says earnestly during the interview.

Scared of decadence, and of not recognising the signs in his own reflection, he values the chance of a less subjective view. Sting's also far too shrewd not to know that the nature of the musical motion means what sells well tonight can look dreadfully dated by tomorrow morning and however he occasionally disclaims his fame, his competitive streak keeps him aiming perpetually one pop step ahead.

"I think generally we've been underestimated both as people and musicians. Pop music has lots of possibilities that aren't often realised. It's a useful form, it has a function, it obviously serves some need. Therefore it's up to intelligent people who are good at making music to be interested in the form, and I think in the past few years we've had some very good people involved in it."

How do you relate The Police's intelligence with your status as national male sex symbol number one?

"That was imposed on me really — and it's not an unpleasant imposition. Every time the *Sun* prints a picture of me it's Sexy Sting. I don't go round to people saying, Hello, I'm Sexy Sting. It's not something I personally manufactured. I'm not saying I'm unattractive, I think I probably am. I make myself try and look as attractive as possible, it's just a natural human response to your environment. But it wasn't something I did, it was thrust upon me. The sex symbol thing is a bit of a joke really. In a way it got in the way of any serious ideas we may have had. But you don't think of it at the time, you just sort of accept it.

"We were criticised at one time for playing music for 14-year-olds, as if 14-year-old girls were some sort of sub-species. But why not? They like that sort of thing and they deserve to be played to, or titillated. I don't dismiss that. I've no shame about it.

"I like being photographed. I like the image side of it. At the same time, I'm very aware that now, at this stage of my career, that the image should be subversive. People should be surprised and puzzled. It shouldn't be so obvious. In the past, it's been three jolly minstrels. I think we did it rather well. We can still do that, we can still turn that charm on. But it's more important, artistically and creatively, to vanish a bit. And leave it to Adam, bless him.

Do you feel any responsibility as a pop star?

"Yeah, I do. I'm very against the stereotype of the drug-addicted rake, the nouveau playboy, that old myth. The 'wild men of pop' can all get lost as far as I'm concerned. I'm much more into the thinking man of pop, they can do far more.

"I think there's a responsibility to live a reasonable life, not to live to excess, which is what most of our pop stars do with drugs and sex. Basically you have at your disposal the hedonistic pleasures of a Roman Emperor. You have enough money to spend it all on your own gratification. That's very tempting sometimes. Sometimes the pressures force you that way. But you do have responsibilities. People *look* at you. They say, he's made a lot of money, look at how he lives, that must be pretty cool. It's not, it's irresponsible. It's wrong. That's why there's no faith in anything any more, because the people who are up there have blown it.

"I'm not saying *I'm* not going to blow it. Maybe the demolition man in me will come out. But at the moment I'm in control, a family man, and I'd like to keep it that way. I've no shame about being respectable and reasonable."

What do you do with your money?

"Not much, frankly. I don't think I've got it! No, that's not true. I'm rich. It accrues somewhere else and the accountant phones me up and says what are you going to do about this? And I say, oh, I'll get back to you.

"The only real tangible thing about it is, if I want to buy a suit, I don't have to worry about it because the money's there. I don't have a huge collection of vintage cars or anything like that. I just have the things I want, a piano, a nice guitar and a tape-recorder. I love books, I've got a lot of books. I haven't got great investment plans, or a helicopter, I'm not going to fly round the world. Maybe I'd get more imaginative with it if I had more time. I think of it as a very transient thing. It's all very well having banknotes up to here, but when the bomb drops it's worth fuck all."

BACKSTAGE AT London's Theatre Royal during one of the Amnesty International benefits, Sting the natural charmer swaps small talk with the succession of celebrities who drift in and out of the communal dressing room; the raddled, fey, soft face of Donovan, the effervescent Phil Collins, and amiable member of Whitesnake.

"*Sounds* is your paper isn't it?" Sting asks him slyly.

Downstairs by the stage in the atmosphere of a super-glamorous school panto, I catch a sudden, startling glimpse of John Cleese practising gibbering movements in front of a mirror in preparation for his sketch with Pamela Stephenson. Sting is casually eyeing up Sheena Easton.

This time last year Sting was writing the superior pop muzak of 'Zenyatta Mondatta', immersed in commercialism and beset by the problems of making mega-buck product for a recession industry.

"A year ago we were shackled by the industry. I was fascinated by commercialism. I was also very trapped by it. I saw the entire industry waiting for an album. It was the only album that sold last year apart from Michael Jackson; there was nothing else.

"While I was writing it I was getting messages from the record company saying retailers were waiting for it. I had this impression of thousands of people, cogs in a great system, waiting for this album and I was sitting there struggling. And I got caught up in it, frankly. I'm not offering excuses for 'Zenyatta Mondatta', I think it's a reasonable pop album and I'll defend certain songs on it. It had some good moments — it had some really terrible moments!"

You've always seemed a sane pop star, the sort who knows how to use success instead of letting it use you.

"To a certain extent I was manipulated, used by it. I got very tired, that was the worst thing. I got old.

"I enjoy attention, I enjoy performing, I enjoy writing, but the pressures on you are immense.

"Some mornings I wake up in a cold sweat and think, fuck, I'm famous. I'll walk out onto the streets and people are going to know who I am. Even if I don't do anything any more, people will always know who I am. If I fail, it'll be, you know how *he* used to be. I think, Jesus Christ, I'm a target and I get really paranoid about it. I just long for anonymity again.

"It's a bit of a nightmare actually and it's becoming increasingly nightmarish. I try and live a normal life. I've got a semi-detached house in London. I don't live in a country mansion or anything. I've got neighbours. My kid goes to a state school, it's as normal as I can make it. But still I get the feeling of being watched. I like being watched when I'm working, I love it. But doing the shopping, taking the dog for a walk, it drives me mad.

"'Zenyatta Mondatta' was an experiment in commercialism; we buried ourselves in it and it worked. Now we can do what we like, that's the key. We're not saying we're not going to be commercial anymore. We are. But our main concern now is pleasing ourselves."

THE FOURTH Police album, 'Ghost In The Machine', from which the 'Invisible Sun' single is taken, is loosely based on ideas from a book of the same name by Arthur Koestler. In sound, it's fairly standard Police pop, more soul orientated than in the past, with Sting playing sax on some of the tracks.

"I'm just playing old James Brown riffs, I'm not doing anything original. But I'm dead pleased with it," he says.

The concept of the LP is radically different from anything the Police have previously attempted; psychological and philosophical theories distilled by Sting into short sketches that exist on their own terms as pop songs without having to be directly related to the source of their inspiration. They are also interspersed with more straightforward love/dance stances.

Koestler's book is an attack on the systems of Behaviourist psychology that have dominated academic research. Based on a study of rats and pigeons who have been trained to react to their environment in a predictable pattern, the behaviourist psychologists have attempted to transfer their findings with animals to the study of human responses by concerning themselves solely with external actions.

Talking through a succession of cough sweets in preparation for his later performance, Sting still retains the faint authoritativeness and explanatory style of a former schoolteacher.

"The reason we have to attack Behaviourism is because it's been used by totalitarian regimes as an easy way of making people conform. A robot fits into big ideas much better. Whereas a thinking human being, a complex spiritual being, which is what we are, is out of place.

"You only have to look at the kids on the streets, they're becoming de-humanised. A gang of skinheads can be machines, hateful. And it's not their fault, they're being used."

Koestler suggests a flaw in human genetic make-up as the cause of human frailty, a fundamental mistake in our evolution.

"According to Koestler there are two brains. Well, there are three, but for our purposes there are two. There's the old brain that the lizards have which involves fear, hunger, aggression, sex, the beast in us. The other brain is quite a recent addition and involves abstractions, things that transcend the body. Unfortunately the two brains are entirely separate and there's no communication between them. Therefore there's a kind of schizophrenia. One side is looking at the stars and wanting to transcend the human condition, and the other side is grovelling round looking for the next person to rape or beat up.

"I think he's right, that's what's wrong with us. He does offer a solution which is a bit extreme, but I think he does have a point. I won't tell you what it is or it'll spoil the book."

Sting has recently re-read *'The Ghost In The Machine'* after first being influenced by its ideas five years ago. To some extent the Police album is also intended as an advert for the book.

"In the record I have ideas put very simply which are parallel to the ideas put very coherently over hundreds of pages. 'Spirits In The Material World' says there's no political solution to what's happening to us, it involves transcending our condition. 'Demolition Man' is the beast, he can't help himself, he has to destroy. That's part of me, I'm actually very destructive, I can also be creative, but that is half of me. 'Re-humanise Yourself' is a parallel idea to Koestler's that we're becoming dehumanised through work systems, through political systems, through convention."

'Hungry For You' is in French, "because it's filthy," says Sting. "And French is the language of love."

"If one person reads *The Ghost In The Machine* because our album has the same title, then I think it's a good excuse to have called it that. They're ideas that gestate, and now I'm at the stage where technically I can write songs that I would have found really difficult two years ago. I now feel capable of writing objective songs and I *think* that's an improvement.

"That's not to say that I can't go back and write very personal songs, but my concerns at this moment aren't whether I have a number one record this week, or whether we sell ten or seven million, or whether we're the biggest group in the world.

"My concern really is whether there's going to be a world *left* for us to be successful in. Michael Foot was right, everything else is trivial and childish. The real issue is whether we're going to survive as a race."

IN THE POLICE'S position, it's inevitable that a sudden change in pop policy will be viewed with some suspicion. In particular, chosing to deal with the delicate, emotionally charged issue of Ireland could leave them open to the most damning interpretation of motives.

There's a fairly fine balance between natural evolution and blatant opportunism and there's room in the pop range for plenty of purposes; for using a privileged position in the commercial mainstream with imagination and a bit of bravery, for expanding the pop scope or for losing integrity in a stern, blind struggle to keep a lead.

"I think any intelligent group realises that to change is to survive. No group wants to destroy itself or become unpopular — that's madness. So you say, well, we have to present ourselves in a different way to be listened to. It wasn't hard, there was no scratching of heads. it was very clear in my mind how we were going to do it, like it's very clear in my mind how I'm presenting myself to you now. But it's not phoney, I don't want you to get the impression that it's phoney.

"The stance of 'Invisible Sun' is a normal kid in Belfast torn between systems of violence, between the army, the IRA, the UVF, different flags. We're all after some sort of fairness in society. And if there isn't another way between blowing people up, starving them to death, torturing them, imprisoning them, then we're finished. I'm just saying there *has* to be another say, let's look for it. Because the real victims are those kids that you see on the film, and they're real kids, they're not actors.

OVER

STING CONTINUED

"I know a bit about Belfast and I've lived in Ireland for about a year. My wife knows people in the Maze, and we talk long and hard about politics in that area. So it's not me sitting and watching television and just writing a song. It's something I feel deeply and I think something has to be said."

Do you feel The Police context or the pop medium is a good way to convey these sorts of things?

"Well, I've always said in the past that the pop song is a very poor medium for political thought. It's very good for polemic, but that doesn't get very far. I think real political thought, sophisticated political thought, is very hard to put in a song. I find the politics of a lot of so-called political groups juvenile. It's real sixth form stuff. They've never read *The Wealth Of Nations,* they've never read *Das Kapital.* It's the equivalent of sloganeering. It achieves nothing.

"My songs are apolitical. I hate politics, I hate politicians, I hate the mess they've made of the world."

Sting uses his vote, in a negative way, he says, for Labour, for what he considers to be a just party, for Foot not Benn, and he's just turned down an invitation to support the SDP.

"I've got a kid, a four-year-old, and my wife's pregnant again. The chances of my children leading a normal life are miniscule, largely because of the amount of weapons we've got stored up and flying around and because the people that are in power are stupid, the people who elected them are also stupid.

"We need to solve the problems of ignorance, I think that's the disease that's ruining us, that and fear. We're afraid of the Russians, the Russians are afraid of us. If you're in Belfast, you hate Catholics because you're afraid of them and they're sub-human and they stink. If you're a Catholic you're afraid of Protestants for the same reason, and you live only streets away. It's just putting people in slots and sticking labels on them and saying, you're different to me. It's a ludicrous situation."

Do you think in terms of 'Ghost In The Machine' having any practical application, or do you consider that's naive?

"It would be pretty pompous if I turned round and said this album is going to change the way people think. However, you have to chip away," he replies equably, "you have to give something. I have a medium at my disposal, a forum, if you like, in which to discuss ideas. I'd be untrue to myself if I didn't *try* to say what I believe in, in that medium. I don't know how far you can go, to a certain extent it's all rhetoric. There's a line in one of the songs that says *"the words of politicians are merely the rhetoric of failure"* and I don't claim that much more for my own rhetoric, except that I have no other choice but to say what I believe in now. I'm free of shackles, so I think I can do it.

"It won't change society, of course it won't. But what I would like is for people to read the book, because I think it has some great ideas, very simply and coherently put, which the songs give a glimmer of."

ASK Sting about his future plans and he's likely to reply in terms of the possibility of the neutron bomb. However, at 29, one of his stated great ambitions is to grow old gracefully.

"I think there's nothing worse that appearing on *TOTP* if you're over 35. I find that shocking, really sad. It's not dignified and I want to retain dignity. I'm very proud."

Sting the pop star has also been consolidating his career as Sting the aspiring actor. Since his success as the cool top mod in *Quadrophenia,* he's been reading through scripts at the rate of one a week.

"Most of them could have been written by this table, they're as stupid and incoherent as that," he says.

So far Sting seems to have shown a fortunate taste in choosing roles. He turned down a part in *The Jazz Singer* and the offer of playing the villain in the latest James Bond fantasy *For Your Eyes Only.*

"I've been pretty lucky. I went to see the James Bond film in New York and it was so boring I walked out. It's sad because the James Bond movies as a genre have been very entertaining, I've grown up with them. I loved *Goldfinger* and all that. To see the arse-end of the series was very sad. I was just thanking my lucky stars I wasn't in it."

He's just finished a play called *Artemis '81* for the BBC which is due to be shown in December.

"It's three hours long, very erudite, very dense — and a lot of people would say it was very pretentious. I don't know what it's like. I've no idea. I think it could be very good.

"Then again, I could be awful. It's very hard to tell. When you're onstage the way the ritual is set up, you get feedback. On a film set you say a line and the director says, cut, and there's not thousands of people saying Yeah! Really great! There's no audience and I find that scary."

Next month he starts work on a feature film of Dennis Potter's celebrated *Brimstone And Treacle,* originally written three years ago as a play for television and banned three days before transmission because the BBC considered its content too nauseous. Sting describes it as a modern morality play in which he portrays a disturbed young man who may, or may not, be the devil.

"It's a very prestigious job for me to get. I'm really looking forward to it. It's a British film too, which is important."

"It would be pretty pompous if I turned round and said this album is going to change the way people think. However, you have to chip away, you have to give something. I have a medium at my disposal, a forum, if you like, in which to discuss ideas. I'd be untrue to myself if I didn't *try* to say what I believe in . . ."

Have you thought in terms of doing more things outside The Police?

"I don't know. But why not? Yeah. The thing I used to do maybe ten years ago was stand up in folk clubs and sing on my own. Now you go out there and it's terrifying. I can't work without stage fright. It's like a drug, it's like driving a car fast. I do like that feeling."

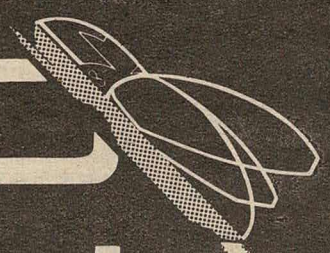
STING ON stage at the Amnesty concert takes the solo role that Pete Townshend has performed previously, singing 'Roxanne' and 'Message In A Bottle' unaccompanied to a solidly appreciative establishment audience only lightly touched by the rest of the pop whirl, leading the cast through the final massed chorus of 'I Shall Be Released'. In the surroundings of this prestigious society charity show, Sting looks poised at a different starting line, keeping a cool charisma exploiting the possibilities of his flexible state of stardom; beginning to cross boundaries.

Which side of Sting would you like to be remembered?

"I'd like my son to remember me, that's as far as it goes. I'd like the songs to survive. Apart from that I haven't thought about it. I'd like to be remembered as someone reasonable, a reasonable bloke."

Sting the survivor . . .

JOURNEY



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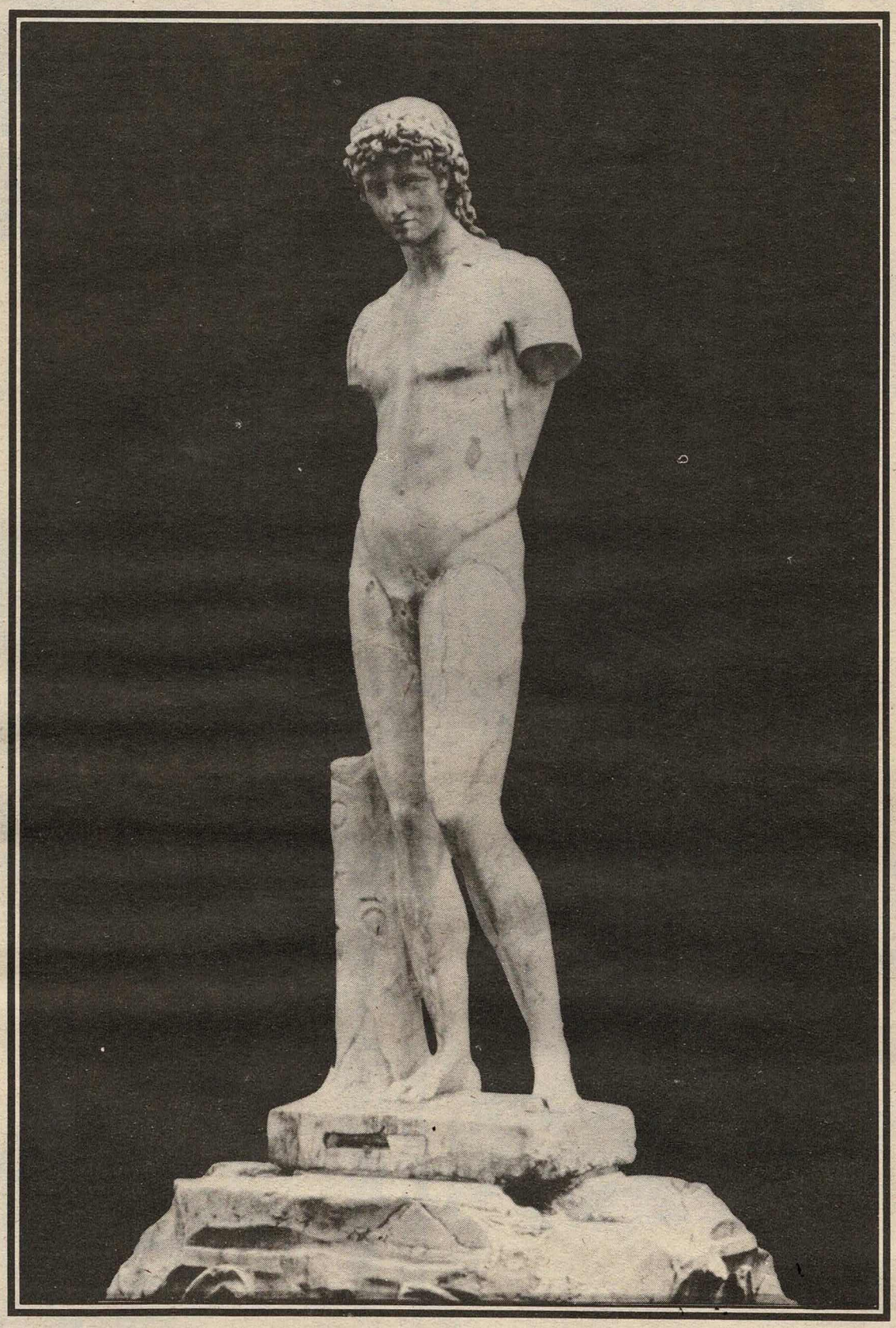

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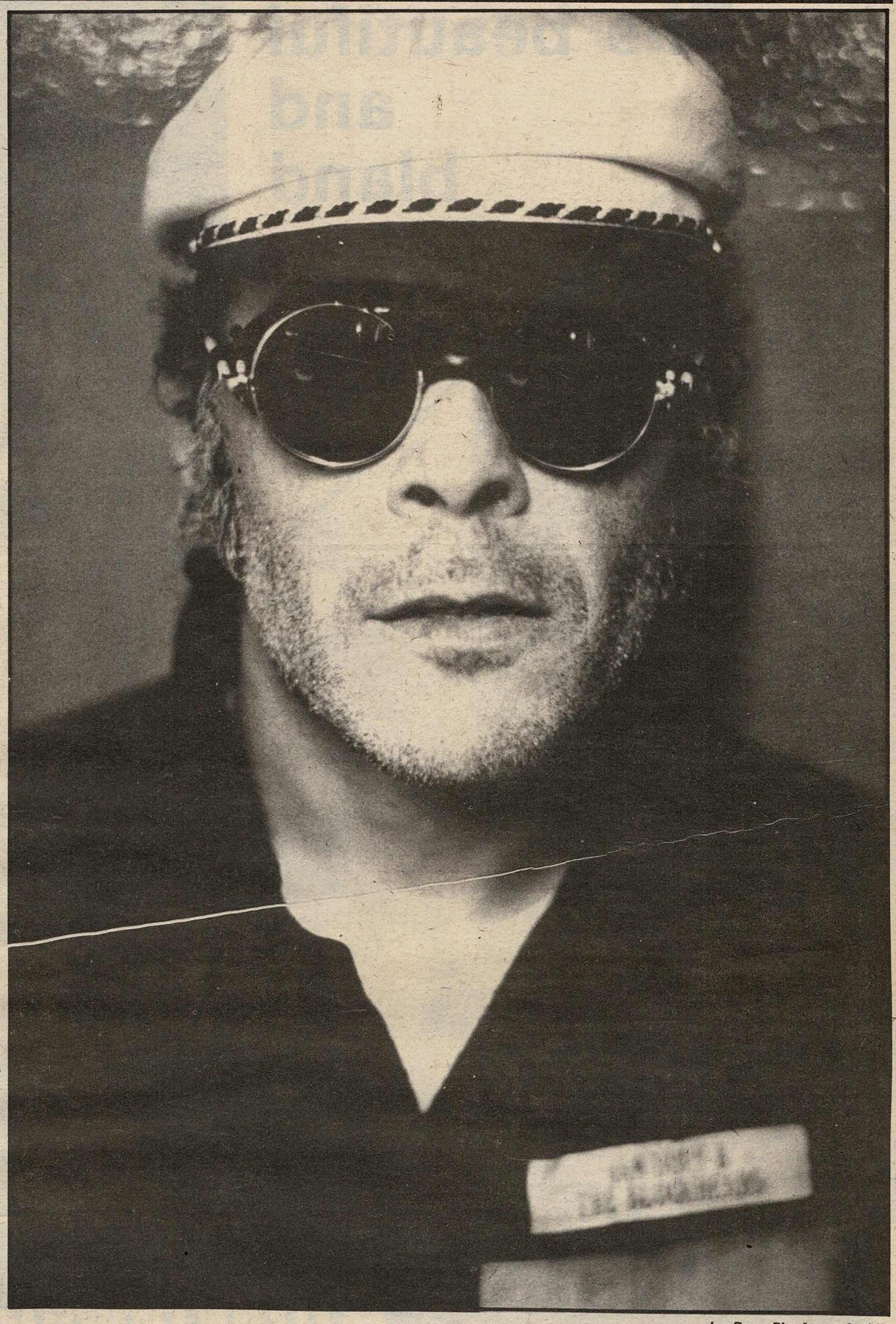


Ian Dury. Pic: Anton Corbijn

IAN DURY
Lord Upminster (Polydor)

THE FIRST Ian Dury LP without The Blockheads, an attempt to retrace and recover the snazzy, sleeked allure of 'Do It Yourself' which was somehow lost on the erratic 'Laughter', 'Lord Upminster' is a holiday album recorded in the Bahamas during April and May of this year utilising the might pioneering strength of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare and their well patronised Compass Point studios.

Dury is something of a pioneer himself — a strong minded individual, a talented wordsmith and a figure whose popularity, thankfully, is attracted because of interests and abilities stretching far past the usual rock hot-trot. It's a pleasure to see sincerity and resilience of the sort he has shown in abundance over the past few years rewarded without having recourse to steamy myth or sticky image making.

'Lord Upminster' with Chas Jankel back as producer and musical director, Nassau as its backdrop (interesting to note that 'junior Blockheads' Madness chose the same location to make their new album) and Sly'n'Robbie flanking and wrapping up the bouquet is a chance for Dury to ride on the torrent of the contemporary pulsebeat where he'd previously only flirted with it, connected by way of his own style and pace. He is the meeting between internationalist musical grafting (previous successes ranging from Grace Jones to The Wailing Souls), big league standard pop composer (Jankel's 'Ai No Corrida' establishing him in that bracket) and Dury's homespun Cockney warmth and frankness. A chance to dance your way into the fun-seeking adventure of The English Man Abroad.

Alternatively a holiday album is a chance for relaxing, for meditative lolling and lazing in the balmy surrounds — which is what happens far too often for comfort on this record. Dury plays the 'lay back any further and you'll fall over' game *very* close. A penchant for maudlin sentimentality is never far from the surface and overlapping into melancholy it sometimes suggests a homesickness for the familiar mundanities of old Blighty. Lines like *"Dear tishy I'll meet you on Battersea bridge/Dear bunny come back to our hutch"* in 'Red (Letter)' seem to confirm reports of Dury, disgruntled with his efforts, on the verge of leaving the Bahamas only to be persuaded to stay by Sly 'n' Robbie.

'Funky Disco (Pops)' — each song has a bracketed subtitle — opens the album in a passable enough manner, sort of a pedestrian 'Rhythm Stick' meets The Jacksons 'Blame It On The Boogie'. It's hardly a dance trance but it's a suitable introductory footloosener, broadly setting the style for most of the album with a pared down but clearly and cleverly stated and sated technique. It's an approach which after the confused bluster of 'Laughter' should reap jackpot dividends from Dury's songs but throughout his reunion with Jankel proves to be a plain, low key affair. 'Red (Letter)' is a rollcall of lovesick Valentines from the Personal column — hangover teasing, breakfast time listening. 'Girls (Watching)' is almost contemptful as it reels off the crassest cruising cliches imaginable — a very inferior 'Don't Stop The Music' as performed by Bits and Pieces aka Shakespeare and Dunbar on the recent Island cassette compilation 'Hot You Hot'. Side one closes with a sleepy dirge called 'Wait (For Me)'.

The effect is vaguely depressing. Dury seems to be about to make a bond with something special and then falls short of his intended target, he trys to have fun with his music but the effect is laboured. The celebration is very mild, the yearning is barely fathomed and the music is far too slight.

Side two shakes up and wakes up to the challenge at hand and Ian proves he is still himself — spry, indignant and funny. A maverick clown and a mad poet, there is however still the suspicion that his true quality and feeling does not come through as well as might be expected had both the songs and the venture been more fully formed and planned.

The suppleness, the faith and genuine love which dominates Dury's best music is well to the fore on 'The (Body Song)' — a good sturdy growth of words into and around melody. Along with 'Trust (Is A Must)' it's the only song that keeps the summer spirit in its sights, bathed in optimism and dipping into a tingling delightful whirlpool it seems to be an instinctive response to the environment. To wit: *"The flesh we've got beneath our skin is what we keep our feelings in/It's the body song, the body song/Manipulation has its charms/For fingers hands and also arms."*

While 'Lonely (Town)' harks back to the infuriatingly patchy side one — a sort of deaf pauper's 'Heartbreak Hotel' — 'Trust (Is A Must), has to be one of the greatest songs Dury has ever committed to vinyl — It goes POW POW and PUMP PUMP THROTTLE FUNK (with a capital F) — a hearty party dance board. Chas Jankel comes into his own with a pestilent guitar riff which recalls the metal barbed claustrophobia best exemplified by Carlos Alomar on Bowie's 'Young Americans'. 'Trust' is very much a must — cantering drums on hot coals, it jabbers and froths and foams along with its crazy funk theory, to be admonished while dancing and juggling three fresh oranges; *"Trust is a must, trust is a must/Trust is a must — You must have trust/ . . .Friends are the trend, friends are the trend./Friends are the trend — the trend is friends/ . . . Escape is a jape, escape is a jape/Escape is a jape — keep you japes in shape."*

'Spasticus (Autisticus)' is the single and it closes the album. That 'Trust' would have made a better single I'm in no doubt and although 'Spasticus' splits the whole combination wide open with a corrosive fibre to the music, an obvious companion and comparison piece to 'The (Body Song)', I'd side with those who find it embarrassing and needlessly insulting. It's a song which ill fits the Dury of Corrymeela patronage, charity work showbiz success and survival.

I've played around with volume, listening procedures, states of intoxication and critical criteria but the fact remains that the new Ian Dury LP has little to commend it, perhaps even less to condemn it. 'Lord Upminster' is a flawed album. It lacks an overall strategy and ribald rhyme and rib tickle. It treads water, marks time and moves — a bit, but hardly ever far enough.

Gavin Martin

Condition — 'wobbly'

THE HUMAN CONDITION
The Human Condition
(THC cassette)

A STEP FORWARD or just a step to one side? For those who remember that far back, the Wobble/Animal/Walker project's rejection of superficial commercial values will come across like rock's earlier painful separation from pop at the turn of the '60s. For a while then the friction worked fine — right up until it became apparent that rock's supposed freedom meant the lassitude to play stiff riffs for a lot longer than three minutes.

When they first started playing around London a few months ago, The Human Condition had a vitality and spirit of exploration that recalled those brief but glorious moments before rock fossilized. For the most part they had the discipline to get away with the limited vocal-less trio format: Walker's marvellously frenetic drumming provided a momentum and filled the gaps between Wobble's increasingly complex bass rhythm/melodies and Animal's wayward and unpredictable guitaring. They communicated a positive sense of joy as they jumped off the springboards they were setting up for each other.

Though the questing spirit is still here, it shows dangerous signs of flagging. This cassette, recorded live two weeks ago at the London Collegiate theatre and rushed onto the streets, begins well with a jarringly emotional instrumental, which scats along on layers of percussive noise low bass rumbles and yawning guitar, and after that the noise is soon rationalized into more conventional riff and release patterns that rely too heavily on the dulling impact of pointless repetition. Their early fluidity has solidified into something functional and perfunctory, though its purpose — beyond the musicians' personal enjoyment — is difficult to discern. It is not indulgent as such — it's too straightlaced for that — just a bit aimless and lost.

The Human Condition is not hopeless yet, but unless they rediscover and relocate their original intention, the adventure will be sadly stillborn.

Chris Bohn

The beautiful and bland

BETTE BRIGHT
Rhythm Breaks The Ice (Korova)

THE PASSIONS
Thirty Thousand Feet Over China (Polydor)

SHEENA EASTON
You Could Have Been With Me (EMI)

I'D LIKE to like Bette Bright (ex-Deaf School). I like the thought of a British female singer burrowing her way back to the '60s, via '70s reggae and disco touches, with the intention of coming over as thoroughly '80s. But it just doesn't work, in spite of Clive Langer's and Alan Winstanley's production — which is particularly good on weighty drums and forceful but unobtrusive guitar. All the craft (check the rich intro to 'Thunder And Lightning') can't hide the fact that Bette, however soulful (eg her version of 'Shoorah, Shoorah') or inspired (eg the dramatic 'Hold On'), has identity problems. Maybe some of these are caused by high hopes: the vocal style of 'Tender Touch' obviously invokes Diana Ross, while the ultimate effect is of sad thin pastiche.

This song, like others which Bette has written with Langer, won't exactly be returning to haunt the consciousness. The same could be said about the producer's own solo album last year whose strong pop sound aroused great expectations but delivered something else, a sketch, a ghost song. Bette Bright herself ends up looking a little enigmatic: a strong individual without a face.

The Passions are enigmatic, not because of anything intriguing about them, but because it seems impossible to have been around for over two years and still be so . . . faceless. A lot of the fault lies in Barbara Gogan's sweet chorister voice: whether it's a lack of feeling or sex conveyed, the result is the same — insipid.

The band will always be better on plastic than in their dreary weary live shows, and 'Thirty Thousand Feet Over China' does have some powerful rhythm section work and does carry two semi-funky tracks ('Small Stones' and 'Skin Deep') which have nice electronic and guitar touches. The facelessness persists, though: who are this lot, what are they saying, to who, and how passionately? There's no answer; the band don't communicate the private emotions or heighten the pop-rock moods which they play with: 'Runaway', 'The Square' and 'Alice's Song' must be three of the most inconsequential tracks of the year. What makes matters worse is that the production bounce lent by Nigel (The Police etc) Gray only draws attention to the ongoing mediocrity. Bette Bright's 'Rhythm Breaks The Ice' is never that monumentally banal.

Sheena Easton's facelessness is a global affair: she's a star. I suppose she thinks that she's come a long way since she hopped down from Scotland, decked herself out in a boutique in Chingford and sang about suburban love, because now, as the sleeve to 'You Could Have Been With Me' reveals, she's into leather pants and pouting looks: sex kitten in the urban bright lights.

In fact, Sheena is so determined to be sophisticated (from songs about tube trains to songs about James Bond, from talent show doll to multinational singing moll) that she's been Stateside to get a Big Production. She even prowls around big adult themes, purring one minute, clawing the next, alternating ballads and more uptempo MOR soul material.

However, image consultancy or not, it's the same old Sheena — and the most strident, ludicrously grating voice in the business. Technically she can change register, hit notes, and dip and climb, but the outcome is

Bette Bright

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Dangerous Acquaintances (Island)

FAST COMPANY, slow daze . . . Marianne Faithfull was once merely an incandescent 'inspiration' to the men and the merchandisers of rock. Now she has become one of the most idiosyncratic and infuriating women in modern music.

Idiosyncratic thanks to the posh, parched, cocaine-clogged rasp that is her voice — nakedly and defiantly ugly when stretching out over a vowel; croaking and cracking as phrases break down into syllables; stumbling into her songs like a precariously long cigarette ash tumbling over.

Infuriating because behind the wayward and exploitative character of her current musical career she remains one of the most intelligent, literate women one could hope to speak to in association with 'rock'.

'Dangerous Acquaintances' is Faithfull's follow-up to '79's 'Broken English' and in most ways it proves even more calculated a package. The legendary sexual force is enshrined by Clive Arrowsmith's cover shot — Marianne full face with wet hair and slick, slightly parted lips. And title for title, line for line, almost every song veers into the same simplistic tunnel-vision: that the states of mind and assumptions associated with the Rolling Stones era and brand of rock (money solves problems; mobility equals escape; sex should serve as a weapon; there's a drug to sate every demand) are 'dangerous acquaintances'. Hardly an insight — especially when encapsulated in lyrics like *"Believe in what you hear/Concede to what you fear."*

Relentlessly banal lyrics are a major obstacle here, but even they have to rank behind a mix so appalling that it makes some of the UK's best session men sound like hacks. Gone are the angry, churning

undercurrents and thick bubbling synthesiser with which Stevie Winwood gave depth and mystery to the title track on 'Broken English'. Enter in its place something approaching the thin, tricksy, tinny vaudeville which props up Grace Jones (Barry Reynolds receives co-credits on six out of nine members here). Faithfull is stranded — left reaching for notes and pace while the backing churns along behind, resigned and declining ('Sweetheart'), or plunging desperately into her lowest register as if vocals were merely a zipper over cleavage ('Intrigue' — a theatrical-Gothic reprise of the Stones' *"can't always get what you want"* lament decorated with a horn section and embellished by cafeteria-style organ).

The hissing MOR shuffle of 'Easy in the City' leaves Faithfull grappling with mindless lyrics meaninglessly upbeat; 'Eye Communication' (like 'Strange One') is cluttered with leftover Stones-age conceits *("Spaced out chicks, love potions and good wine")*. For Beauties Sake' — like 'Sweetheart', reggae-tinged — combines ambivalence about the lover who *"stepped inside my soul"* with real puerility: *"In your circle you hold complete sway/Can you imagine not getting your own way?"* Most of the time it might as well be the telephone book Ms Faithfull is singing.

At the heart of this crass stuff, the arbitrary nouns and sloppy, contradictory sentiments, is a hint of what might have been . . . the album Faithfull *could* make. An album where the Dangerous Acquaintance is woman herself, Marianne herself mirrored in decent writing with some genuine melody which might enslave the listener into a fascination for the malleable, uncaring, revengeful, amoral, mortal, and — even in her isolation — entirely beautiful human creature. It exists complete in this album's poetic update of As Tears Go By', entitled 'So Sad' and sung frankly and fearfully in the folk idiom where Faithfull is really comfortable. And it's reflected in two other successful cuts: 'Tenderness' *("It's not as simple as that . . . I ain't chosen . . . Tenderness")*, at one time the LP's title track, and 'Truth Bitter Truth' — an operatic, maudlin and powerful statement about carrying one's indecision forward into age, grief and loss. Audible or not on the rest of the album, Faithfull's intelligence is such that anyone intrigued by those secrets which are in the keeping of women will want to hear these three tracks.

Cynthia Rose

Joan Armatrading

Sheena Easton

about as life-enhancing as a BBC expletive-deleted bleep-out. It's the cold agonising croon-howl of someone who either hasn't lived or can't convey what they're singing about. Sheena Easton is faceless, but she leaves a definite after-effect — like Meg Richardson's eyes or Maggie Thatcher's speeches.

Paul Tickell

JOAN ARMATRADING
Walk Under Ladders
(A&M)

HOW LONG could Joan Armatrading go on in the vein of 'Love And Affection' and 'Show Some Emotion', using expansive phrasing to revel in introspection, a kind of female Van Morrison strung out between rock and reggae rhythms? Probably for ever: soul-searching has its formulas too.

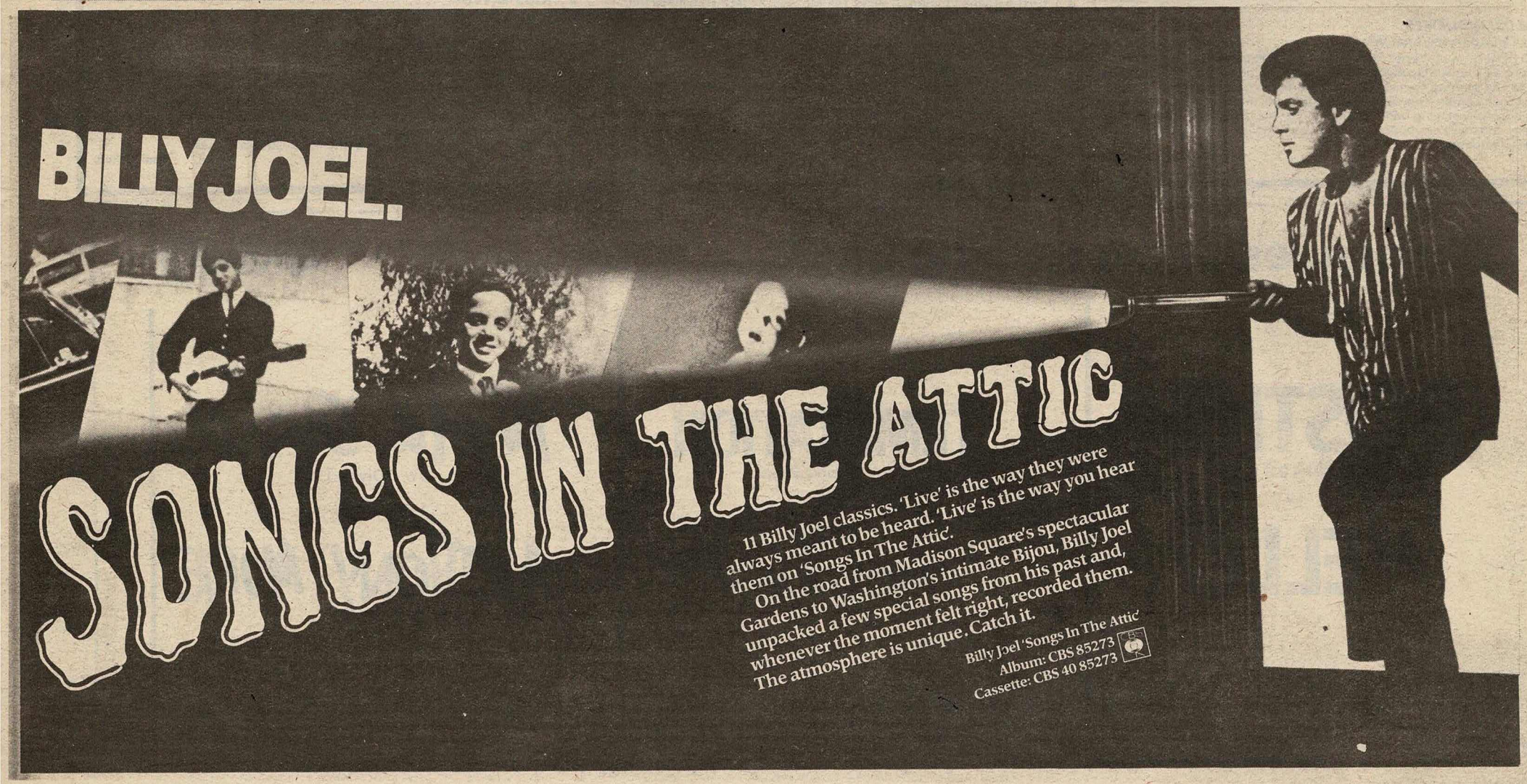
On the surface the new album looks like a change of direction with Steve Lillywhite being brought in to give the '70s star an '80s production. But that's more safe than it's logical: here comes a 'new wave' producer who's also proved himself with established artists like Peter Gabriel. Joan's formula doesn't change, just the arrangements. Tightness and discipline replace taste and tension, and the voice goes along with that as well: the vocal elongations on 'I Wanna Hold You' are clipped, and the intro to 'No Love' might almost be Leo Sayer getting shrill. 'I'm Lucky' is like Barbara Dixon on funk.

Of course, these songs have their touches, bestowed by the warming colours in the voice — Joan's signature as opposed to formula — but there seems so much more room for being bolder and more daring. Synth from Tom Dolby and guitar from Andy Partridge, together with Sly and Robbie gracing one track, don't amount to a thorough renewal. The basic unit of musicians used on the album canters into an impeccable AOR groove.

Only occasionally is there a shake up. 'Eating The Bear' has a witty go at male violence with Clark Peters singing a gruff basso profundo part, and the ska feel to the song puts you in mind of ex-Selecter Pauline Black. 'At The Hop' is actually a rocker, but the vocals are mixed well back, making the track significant only as an interlude: this is Joan doing her rock number rather than rocking upfront. She has to watch her sensitive image, you know.

Still, 'Walk Under Ladders' will do its job, and private spaces and rooms all over the country will find consolation — probably most of all in a track like 'The Weakness In Me' where love is a wet, rainy affair before it's passionate. Music makes time stand still, but that's all this album does: unlike the best pop it doesn't at the same time provide the illusion of something happening. There's no such buzz in Joan Armatrading; however nice and unassuming she is as a person, she perpetuates the smug singer-songwriter sensibility. I'm not very interested in introspection as the better part of vanity.

Paul Tickell.


BILLY JOEL.
SONGS IN THE ATTIC
11 Billy Joel classics. 'Live' is the way they were always meant to be heard. 'Live' is the way you hear them on 'Songs In The Attic'.
On the road from Madison Square's spectacular Gardens to Washington's intimate Bijou, Billy Joel unpacked a few special songs from his past and, whenever the moment felt right, recorded them.
The atmosphere is unique. Catch it.
Billy Joel 'Songs In The Attic'
Album: CBS 85273
Cassette: CBS 40 85273

ARTHUR BLYTHE
Blythe Spirit (Columbia import)

SWING swang swingin' is Mr Blythe's *raison d'etre*, and his fourth outing for Columbia is another solid swagger through the many possibilities of the new jazz. Arthur's idea is big-hearted, aimed at the hips as much as the head. Very easily partaken.

The first side features the group recently in London, plus Abdul Wadud's cello as brawny front line partner. 'Contemplation' opens on a typically fluent Blythe tune over a very jumpy backbeat; this is a rhythm team that finds new ways to move, Bob Stewart's tuba a different option of rare individuality. Here and in the creamily light-headed 'Faceless Woman' alto and cello are both expertly interpretive, coiling, leaping and rattling the ribcage of the melody until something interesting comes out. 'Reverence', though, is almost all Blythe, the altoman's latest thoughts on the blues set to swing around a gentle see-saw motif.

Side two is more diverse. A snorting tear-up on 'Strike Up The Band' seems like pure hokum, and Garner's 'Misty' (using the 'In The Tradition' rhythm section?) Well, it always wins a sucker (me) over, though valentine sentimentality isn't really Blythe's thing — nor is the unexceptional dirge of 'Spirit In The Fields'. Then everything's brought back home in the gospel finale of 'Just A Closer Walk With Thee'. Blythe and Amina Myers on delirious Booker T organ sashay through the church like giddy paramours; Stewart plays the joshing bystander. It'll be scandalous if CBS don't release this over here; they won't have a better record all year.

Richard Cook

Arthur Blythe. Pic: Anton Corbijn

While Blythe swings Japan are sagging . . .

JAPAN
Assemblage (Hansa)

David Sylvian

GOING by this compilation I'd like to think that the Lewisham dolly boys have failed to break big in Britain not because of bad timing and packaging (too glam for punk, not glam enough for last winter's knickerbockered onslaught) but because they've declined artistically: Japan, band in the setting sun.

The songs on "Assemblage' (which carries a conscience—striken sticker: "5 tracks never previously released on album") run from 1978 to 1980 and it's the earlier ones which score. The single version of 'Adolescent Sex' is almost a great song, an old queen medley of Jagger, Bowie and NY Dolls set to a bold arrangement wich carriers a sort of funkydelic perverted soul visionary uplift. Elsewhere Japan tend to get trapped by their own arrangements which are clever but ultimately derivative. Didn't anybody whisper to David Sylvian at the time that 'Stateline' from '78 is pure David Essex '73 or that 'Rhodesia' from '79 is, in the wake of The Police and any Tom Dick and Whitey on reggae, dull syncopated muzak with intrusive guitar?

I bet that Japan are too strong-willed to do anything but go their own sweetened way. They *know* they're clever and here's 'Suburban Berlin' closing side one to prove it. Let them be wilful, because this cut is nothing more than Steve Harley on pomp and its arrangement a luscious but frigid collage where the instruments glide past each other and never hit it off. The band don't play, they compose: no wonder the middlebrow music critics of *The Observer* and *Sunday Times* love them.

The second side has even less to offer. David Sylvian takes his polaroid into the hall of fame and comes out with Ferry: the still 'Life In Tokyo' is the sound of Roxy being done to death by Moroder, its disco break is unseemly — a fart in a mortuary.

Versions of 'All Tomorrow's Parties' and 'I Second That Emotion' reveal Japan at their most (com)posed, and they seem to feel that their splendid isolation is terrific. And nobody more so than Sylvian: his phrasing shows a complete inability to shape a song, develop a melody or sing a bloody hit. It's the loneliest voice in the world: pose without style, pop-rock consciousness without passion.

Paul Tickell

. . . and Bristol marks time

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Recorder Three (Recorder Three)

YOU MENSA TYPES will guess that there's been two previous packages from this Bristol-based project, the target being to weld a record with a magazine into something new and nicer than they would have been alone. Professionally produced, and earnest in its outlook, this bundle delivers 22 sides of print and one LP record. The latter features music by locals Essential Bop, and Afro-Caribbean dance and music group, Ekome; a partitioned narrative by the wantonly unusual P B Davies; and three prestige items from Big Bob Fripp and a pair from The Thompson Twins.

The slightly cosmetic efforts to blend the plastic with the print are a daunting Fripp interview, some enjoyable, wide-eyed woffle from the Bops, and a grinding by The Twins of their favourite, audience involvement axe. The most useful piece of blurb is that on Ekome, which provides some of the context that a virgin ear will need.

Also in the 'magazine' are scholarly discussions on the finer points of modern suicide, and the media manufacture of paranoia; a descriptive overview of the St Pauls riots; and a lengthy review of an International Arts Festival in Rennes.

The whole is an ambitiously catholic presentation with some rather heavy reading, which fails to jump the giant pitfall of being simply *bitty*. It's fine that they don't fawn on their less marvellous local groups, but some distinctive local identity would give them some continuity. The writing especially suffers, as it's too antiseptically academic to be a voice from anywhere in particular. The Recorder project hasn't yet decided what it is, and it shows. It should be more subjective, get more excited and come in smaller, tastier slices; and more often; and its rather bland politeness sells its fine ambitions short.

Dave Hill

T REX
T Rex In Concert (Marc)

DREADFUL recording of a dodgy concert does a disservice to the memory of the dearly loved dead Bolan. 'Ride A White Swan', 'Debora', 'Hot Love', 'Metal Guru', 'Get It On', 'Telegram Sam' lie submerged somewhere between the sludgy sound and lackadaisical stage versions. Not a record for the fan who is preserving far sweeter memories and for the most part sadly lacking the inimitable Marc magic.

Lynn Hanna

RIKKI SYLVAN
The Silent Hours (Kaleidoscope)

IN THE aftermath of The Last Days Of Earth, the pampered survivor Sylvan takes a predictable contemporary course into blips, bleeps and grey neurotic indolence, to the sound of irreverent hilarity from the more sceptical bunkers of resistance.

Dave Hill

THE DELINQUENTS
The Delinquents (Live Wire)

SAD REALLY. A no-hoper band from Austin Texas paying lipservice to rock'n'roll's most ridiculous period — greasy high school types guzzling Cokes and scoffing French fries, tinny Farfisa organs, surfing, 4/4 beats and beach parties. This record is underplayed, underwritten, undeserving and hopefully staying underground. Mind you, if you like your music brassy and naive as opposed to brash and innocent then you'll just *lurve* The Delinquents.

Gavin Martin

LIGHTNING STRIKES

DANNY ADLER
Gusha Gusha Music (Armageddon).

A MAJOR drawback to this album is the sleeve, a sketch of Danny Boy sporting a moustache which is every way as dodgy as Midge Ure's. That apart, only 'R.I.P.', an incomprehensible attack on the macho posturing that made America (great?), delivered in Wayne County vocals, and 'Gusha Gusha Women', a sassy Tex-Mex Bo Diddley, rise above the predominantly innoffensive tone of this LP. It's one for those people who made Roogalator a cult.

Piers Thompson

TRONICS
Love Backed By Force (Alien)

THE LP opens with various lamenting *Dr. Who* noises interspersed with dying cat howls and the sound of eerily muted local church bells. The intense atmosphere is climaxed by vocal masterpieces such as *"we had it on, we had it on, we had it on, we had the TV on"* The best bits are those the Velvet Underground devised, which you'll find in undisguised form on their own LPs.

Leyla Sanai

NRBQ
Kick Me Hard
Tiddlywinks (Rounder Records Import)

THE New Rhythm And Blues Quartet have been playing dance-oriented, good-time rock and roll for 12 years now and these two LPs, recorded in 1979 and 1980 respectively, are as good an introduction as any to the relaxed variety of the group. Cool jazz, skiffle, R&B, R&R, rockabilly, swing — they encompass just about every musical form with an uncontrived artlessness that complements their sense of humour. 'Kick Me Hard' is loose and lazy, much of it being the result of a spontaneous get-together or recorded live at parties. 'Tiddlywinks' is a little tighter and harder and while neither is 'essential listening' the latter, like the game, has an unfading charm: it's fun to play the plastic once in a while.

Neil Norman

ROSE TATTOO
Assault And Battery (Carrere)

I WANT to see Rose Tattoo live: they have a lot of feeling and energy and get on with it. The trouble is that 'it' is the ponderous HM beast, and four psychedelically tattooed Australians and a lead singer who sings like Rod Stewart and looks like a bald OAP dwarf aren't going to be able to lift it. Their show of strength and strutting (a mixture of Free, Faces and Whitesnake) isn't helped by the band pretending that they're ten years younger than they really are and glorying in the same old rock'n'roll-juvenile-crime-wild-in-the-mean-streets cliches.

Paul Tickell

You can resist everything but:

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by
YELLO
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c/w 'Diving Girls'
by
ANTHONY MORE
AVAILABLE 25th September DUN 16

DISTRIBUTED BY VIRGIN RECORDS

Leeds event overcomes jinx of mass drop-outs

THE BILL for this weekend's two-day "Daze Of Future Past" event at Leeds Queen's Hall (September 26-27), the last festival of the year, has finally come together. After weeks of uncertainty and hassles, as the result of numerous withdrawals, the much-changed line-up ultimately took shape on Tuesday.

The main problem has been with Sunday's bill, which has seen several big-name acts agreeing to do the show, then subsequently — for a variety of reasons — pulling out. Only this week, The Cure, Killing Joke, Heaven 17 and OK Jive joined the list of defectors.

But the situation suddenly improved when CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, who dropped out a fortnight ago, agreed to return to the bill — and as *NME* closed for press, the co-headliners were confirmed as THE GANG OF FOUR.

Also newly set for Sunday are B Movie, The Bollock Brothers (who are effectively the 4"be2"s minus Jimmy Lydon) and The Past Seven Days. And they join the remaining acts in the line-up: The Professionals (Cook & Jones' band playing their first major show), The Revillos, Inner City Unit and Miles Over Matter.

Saturday's bill is unchanged from last week's announcement, except that Naked Lunch have now been added to the line-up. So the full running order is Echo & The Bunnymen, The Cramps (who fly in specially for this UK one-off), Bauhaus, The Thompson Twins, Theatre Of Hate, Wall Of Voodoo, Altered Images, Way Of The West and Naked Lunch.

The first of the big names to pull out was Japan, as they were all behind schedule in their recording commitments. They were quickly followed by American outfit X, who were due to play Leeds as the climax of a British tour, but the visit was called off a fortnight ago. The Cure and Heaven 17 were announced last week, but both opted out a few days later — the former because they've been booked for a tour of France, and the latter for reasons unknown. The final blow came when Killing Joke were forced to withdraw, as the result of the injury sustained by drummer Paul. And among supporting bands, The Weathermen said they couldn't play the show because they are "re-grouping", while Alternative TV have apparently broken up.

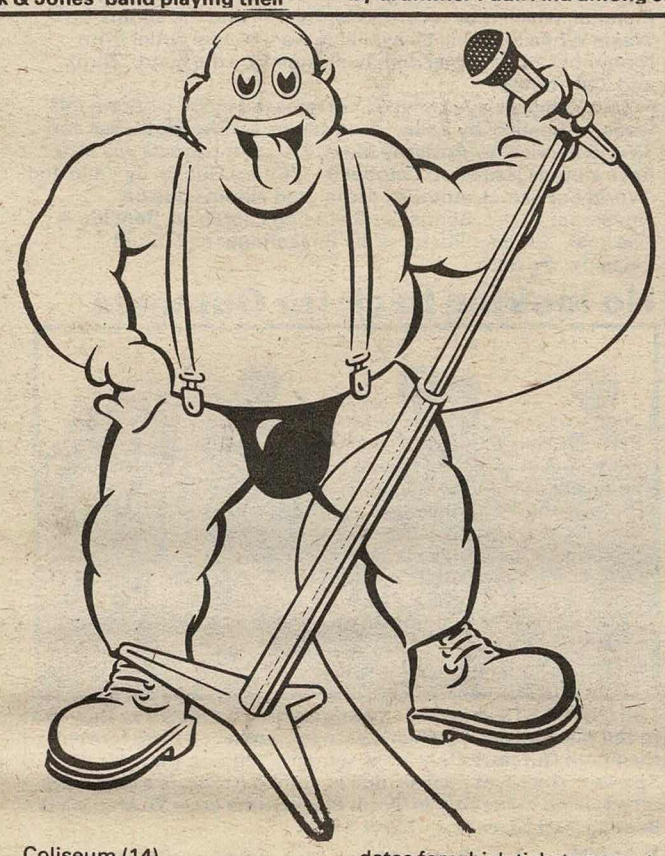
But it now seems that, in the old show business adage, "it'll be all right on the night" — and no further upheavals are expected in the bill announced this week. Tickets are available at £6 (per day) or £10 (for the weekend).

● Killing Joke had hoped they would be able to appear at Leeds, despite Paul suffering a cut tendon in his hand. But it appears that, while in surgery, a nerve was strangled with stitching — and this caused numbness and a slight paralysis, making it impossible for him to play. By way of consolation to their fans, the band now plan some British dates in late October.

TOUR NEWS

CLASSIX, GANG OF FOUR SET

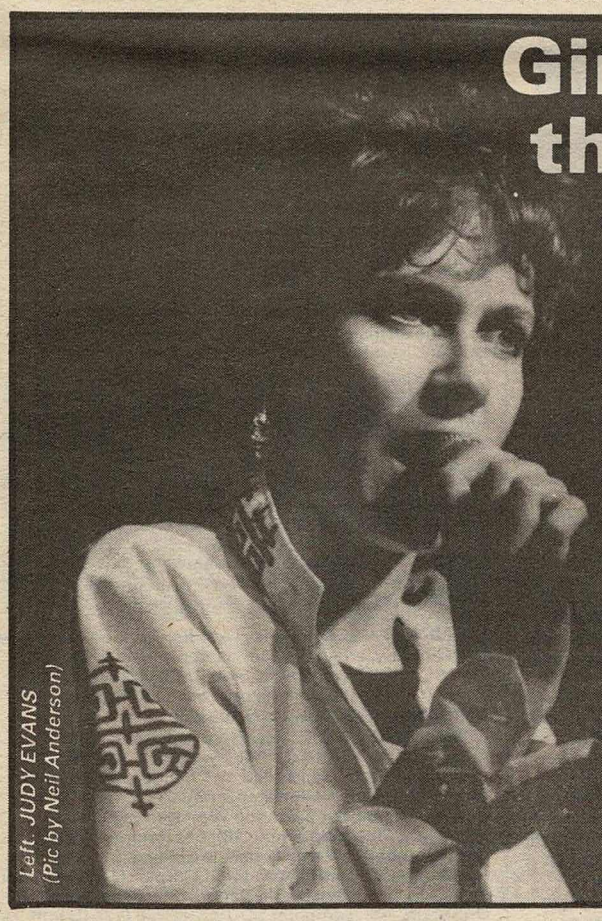
Gosh, it's Manners on stage



BAD MANNERS begin a new set of dates in four weeks' time, including a major London show at the Hammersmith Odeon, and running through to mid-November. It ties in with the release of their upcoming Magnet album 'Gosh It's . . . Bad Manners', from which the single 'Walking In The Sunshine' has just been issued.

They play Birmingham Odeon (October 22), Manchester Apollo (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Aberdeen Capitol (26), Glasgow Tiffany's (27), Edinburgh Odeon (28), Bradford Tiffany's (29), Liverpool Royal Court (30), Reading Top Rank (November 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2), Exeter University (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Sheffield Lyceum (5), Cambridge Corn Exchange (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Brighton Centre (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (12), Southampton Gaumont (13) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14).

Ticket prices at most venues are £3.50 and £3, though there are some slight variations. They are on sale now for all dates except Bristol, where the box-office opens on October 6. And there are two dates for which tickets are not available from the venue box-offices — for Glasgow, apply to Virgin, Lost Chord or the Apollo; for Cardiff, go to Spiller's or Virgin of Cardiff, or Derek's of Swansea and Port Talbot.



Left: JUDY EVANS (Pic by Neil Anderson)

Girls doing their best

GIRLS AT OUR BEST set out early next month on their first headlining UK tour, concentrating mainly on the college circuit, though gigs are also open to the general public. The tour coincides with the October 2 release on Happy Birthday of their debut album 'Pleasure', which will be followed two weeks later by a still untitled single. Supported on all but four dates by Dislocation Dance, they visit Sheffield Limit Club (October 8), Liverpool Edgehill College (9), Leicester Polytechnic (10), Weymouth Dorset Institute (14), Portsmouth Poly (15), Bristol Trinity Hall (16), London School of Economics (17), Wolverhampton Poly (21), Leeds Poly (22), Salford University (24), Durham University (28), Aberdeen University (30), Glasgow Strathclyde University (31), Fife St. Andrew's University (November 1) and Edinburgh University (2). They they're off to America.

WEAPON OF PEACE GO ON SAFARI

WEAPON OF PEACE, who recently signed a long-term deal with Safari Records, undertake a lengthy tour to coincide with the release of their first single for their new label — titled 'Jah Love'/'West Park', it was produced by Bob Lamb of UB40 fame, and it's out this weekend. With more dates still to be added, the schedule is:

Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool City College (Friday), Birmingham University (Saturday), Salford University (October 2), Bradford Palm Cove (3), Norwich East Anglia University (4), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (5), Scarborough Tiffany's (6), Sheffield Poly (7), Coventry Poly (8), Loughborough University (9), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (10), Canterbury Kent University (13), London Kensington Imperial College (14), Reading University (16), Portsmouth Poly (20), Glasgow Cinders (22), Newcastle Poly (23), Sunderland Poly (24), East Kilbride Queensway Hotel (26), Huddersfield Poly (28), and London City Poly (29).

Raincoats, Revillos in headliners

THE RAINCOATS emerge from hibernation to play a few UK dates towards the end of next month, after returning from a European tour. They're at London Barking North-East Polytechnic (October 22), Norwich East Anglia University (23), Manchester University (24), Leeds Tiffany's (25), York TA Centre (28) and London Holloway North Polytechnic (30). The Manchester and Leeds gigs are co-headlined with Pigbag.

The band have also slotted in a last-minute show tonight (Thursday) at London University Union, in the first day of a three-day festival for Chile and El Salvador. And they can be seen performing two songs in BBC-2's *Something Else* on October 16, when the drummer is Richard Dudanski, though the gigs will feature This Heat's Charles Hayward on drums.

THE REVILLOS, just back from a successful tour of the United States and Canada, are playing a number of dates next month to promote their newly released single 'She's Fallen In Love With A Monster Man'. After appearing in this weekend's "Daze Of Future Past" festival at Leeds Queen's Hall, they headline at Kingston Polytechnic (October 2), Southampton University (3), York TA Centre (7), Manchester Deville's (9), Glasgow Strathclyde University (10), Aberdeen University (13), Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (14), Manchester Polytechnic (29) and Sheffield Polytechnic (30).

Mask of Bauhaus

BAUHAUS are going out on a 16-date headlining tour, to tie in with the release of their second album — titled 'Mask', it's issued by Beggars Banquet on October 16 in a gatefold sleeve, and retails at £3.99. Dates are Reading University (October 22), Sheffield Lyceum (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Guildford Civic Hall (25), Birmingham Locarno (27), Manchester Fagins (28), Glasgow Night Moves (29), Lancaster University (30), Liverpool Royal Court (31), Brighton Top Rank (November 2), Bristol Locarno (3), Cardiff Top Rank (4), Hull Tower Ballroom (6), Nottingham Rock City (7), London Hammersmith Palais (9) and Portsmouth Guildhall (10).

Passions erupting

THE PASSIONS begin a major British tour this weekend, aiding promotion of their new Polydor album 'Thirty Thousand Feet Over China'. They visit Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester Poly (Saturday), Aberystwyth University (September 28), Preston Poly (30), Coventry General Wolfe (October 1), Stafford North Staffs Poly (2), Bristol University (3), Bath Tiffany's (6), Uxbridge Brunel University (7), London Middlesex Hospital (8), London Mile End Queen Mary College (9), Norwich East Anglia University (10), Sheffield Limit Club (11), York T.A. Hall (14), Manchester Poly (15), Oxford Poly (16) and London Victoria The Venue (17). Support act is Boys Will Be Boys. Their ten-track album contains their recent hit single 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star' — and there's a bonus track on the cassette version titled 'I Radiate'.

Here & Now & everywhere

HERE & NOW have fixed the first 15 dates for their 'Mindstretcher Tour', which will see them doing the rounds in a double-decker bus, while their equipment travels by 1923 dustcart! They play Southampton Mountbatten Theatre (September 30), Canterbury Technical College (October 2), London Islington St James Church (3), Slough Studio One (4), Winchester Art College (5), Bristol Trinity Hall (6), Exeter University (7), Retford Porterhouse (12), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (13), Edinburgh Nite Club (14), Paisley Technical College (15), Bury The Derby Hall (18), Bradford University (19), Manchester UMIST (20) and Hereford Market Tavern (23). All college dates will be open to the general public, and further gigs — plus support bands — will be announced next week.

GARY GLITTER is playing his first series of dates since his summer big-top tour. Those so far confirmed are at Manchester Polytechnic (October 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (2), Birmingham Polytechnic (3), Luton Cesar's (4-6), Nottingham University (7), Glasgow Strathclyde University (8), Edinburgh Odeon (9), Middlesbrough Plus One (10), Bradford Tiffany's (13), Sunderland Close Encounters (16), Cardiff University (17) and Sheffield Lyceum (30) — and we're assured that there are many more to come. As reported, his versiom of 'And Then She Kissed Me' has just been issued by Rell Records.

LIZZY TOUR RE-SCHEDULED

THIN LIZZY have postponed their autumn tour, announced six weeks ago, and it will now start a fortnight later than planned — and with a different running order. Reason is that they have re-structured their entire set and, as they've been busy finishing their new album and fulfilling overseas commitments, they haven't had enough time to perfect their new show — so the dates have been changed to give them more rehearsal time, as they are anxious to maintain their standard, specially after a year's absence from the UK circuit.

The re-scheduling means that two further dates (St Austell and Coventry) can be slotted in, and a third night added at Hammersmith Odeon. The revised itinerary is: St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (November 11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Poole Arts Centre (13), Brighton Centre (14), Manchester Apollo (16 and 17), Leeds Queens Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21), Liverpool Empire (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (25, 26 and 27), Southampton Gaumont (30), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (3), Dundee Caird Hall (4), Aberdeen Capitol (5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Coventry Theatre (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Preston Guildhall (12) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (14).

Existing tickets reman valid for the new dates, and further tickets are available now from box-offices and usual agents by personal postal application — cheques should be made payable to individual venues. Prices everywhere are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 — except at Cardiff and Leeds (all at £4).

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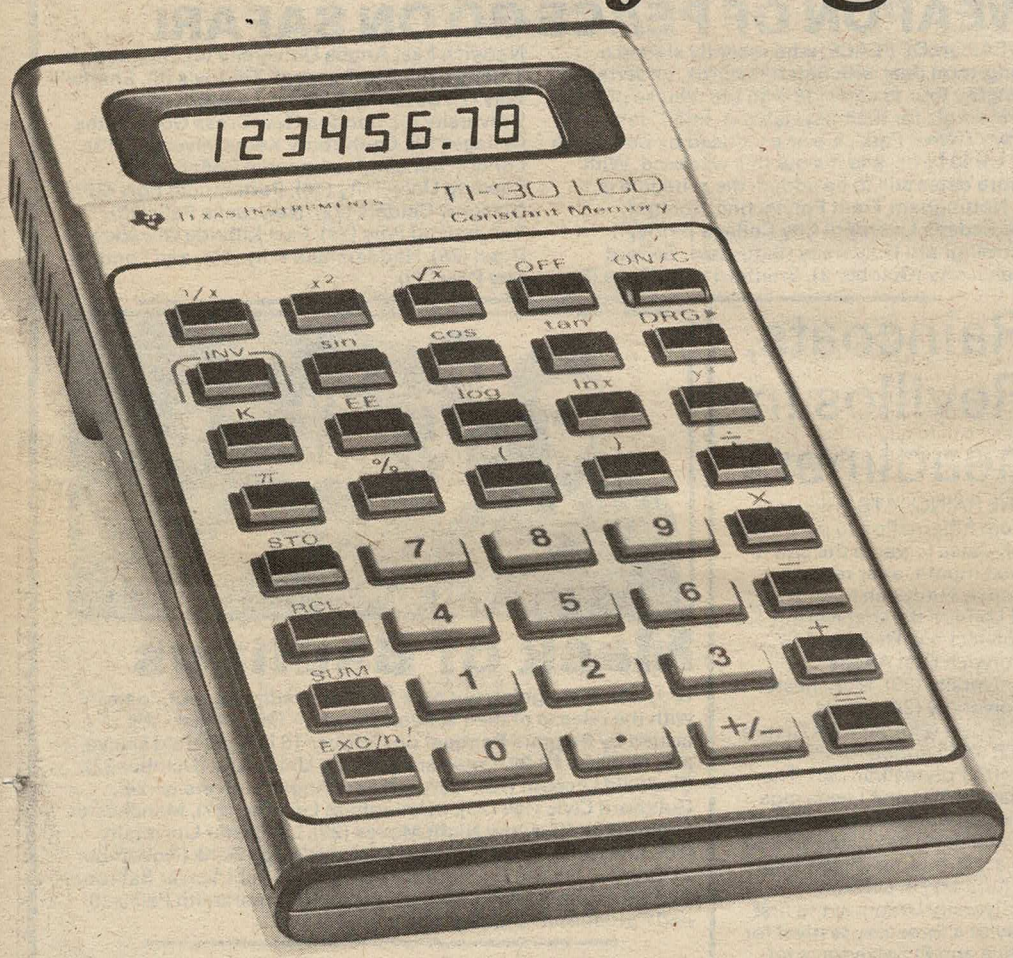

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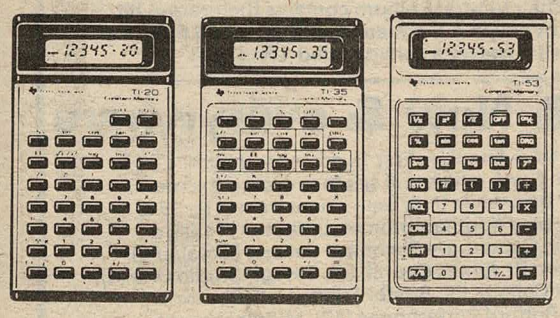

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RECORD NEWS

BABBLING BROOKS

MEL BROOKS — the highly individual actor, writer and film director — has his first single out this weekend on the new Luggage Records label (through Spartan). Titled 'It's Good To Be The King Rap — Parts 1 & 2', it comes in both 7" and extended 12" formats, and was inspired by his comedy film *History Of The World — Part 1* which opens in the UK on October 8 — with Brooks as King Louis giving his own rap version of events leading to the French Revolution. The seven-incher comes in a colour bag featuring Brooks and Pamela Stephenson, who also stars in the film. The single will be played in all EMI cinemas where the film is being shown, and Brooks arrives in Britain next weekend to promote it.

VIRGIN DO IT! EARLY ADAM

DO IT Records and Virgin have now officially confirmed the signing of a production and distribution deal, as forecast by *NME* last week. The most significant aspect of the deal is that Virgin will now be able to release early **Adam & The Ants** material, which they recorded for Do It — and the album 'Dirk Wears White Sox' will be available via this new outlet from November 21, together with two singles by the band, 'Zerox' and 'Cartrouble'.

Three long-delayed singles are released by Do It/Virgin this week — 'Bostich' by **Yello**, 'Temptation' by **The Mothmen** and 'World Service' by **Anthony More**. Two of these acts will also have albums issued on October 9 — 'Charo Que Si' by Yello and 'World Service' by Anthony More. And albums due on November 21 are 'Songs For Swinging Larvae' by **Renaldo & The Loaf**, 'Greener Postures' by **Snakefinger** and 'Solid Pleasure' by Yello.

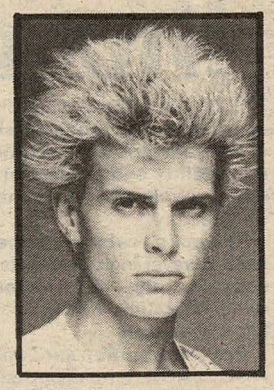
No looking back for Outcasts

THE OUTCASTS — one of Ulster's leading bands or, as they like to call themselves, "Belfast's premier punks" — have formed their own Outcasts Only label, with distribution through Spartan. Their first release, due in early October, is a four-track EP rejoicing in the title of 'From Programme Love To Mania Via Beating And Screaming, Parts 1 & 2'.

● **Carla McLaine**, an 18-year-old from North London, answered an advertisement for a girl singer — and ended up with her own single on Runaway Records, the label run by Steve Colyer and Adrian Rudge. It's up-date of Love Affair's 1969 hit 'Bringing On Back The Good Times'.

● A new Merseyside label called Divi Discs is now in business, and among its first signings are **The Satellite Sisters** — in reality, Jane and Emma Robbins, sisters of Kate Robbins. Also signed are Liverpool band **Profumo Affair**, whose line-up includes ex-Deaf School sideman Steve Lindsey.

IDOL ON PARADE



BILLY IDOL former front man with the late lamented Gen X, makes his record debut under his own name this week — with the release of a four-track EP by Chrysalis. It features an up-date of the Tommy James & The Shondells classic 'Mony Mony', an Idol original titled 'Baby Talk', and re-recorded versions of two Gen X numbers — 'Untouchables' and 'Dancing With Myself'. It comes in both seven-inch (33rpm) and 12-inch (45rpm), and was recorded in New York, where Idol has been living since February.

THE STRAY CATS have their fourth single issued by Arista on October 2, coupling 'You Don't Believe Me' and 'Cross That Bridge'. The band, currently touring Japan, will have an album out a little later in the autumn — and they'll be playing some UK dates at the end of the year.

● **Sad Cafe**, whose first album for the Polydor label 'Ole' has just been released, will have a new single out this weekend to coincide with the opening of their British autumn tour — taken from the LP, it's called 'Misunderstanding'.

● The first-ever Asian pop record to be released in the UK appears next week on EMI. It is 'Our Love Will Last Forever' by teenage brother and sister **Zoeheb & Nazia Hassan**, who have apparently started a disco revolution in India.

● Blue Inc Records (through Pinnacle) have concluded a deal for the UK release of 'Do It Any Way You Wanna', performed by top U.S. disc-jockey Mike Thomas under the name of **Mike T**. It's been a big import seller for the past few weeks, and is now being made available nationally in both 7" and 12".

TOUR NEWS

☐ **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** are playing a string of dates to coincide with the release of their new WEA album 'Lucky For Some' on October 2. The first three confirmed are Leeds Polytechnic (October 9), Keele University (10) and Liverpool Polytechnic (16), but more are currently being set.

☐ **WALL OF VOODOO**, the American electronic five-piece, are over here to support their album 'Dark Continent' on A&M — as well as the album and film 'Urgh!' in which they are featured. They headline at Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), York T.A. Centre (September 30), Bristol Trinity Hall (October 5), Swindon Brunel Rooms (6), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (9) and London Victoria The Venue (12). They also apppear in the Leeds Queen's Hall festival this Saturday, and guest on three of U2's upcoming dates — at Norwich (October 1), Nottingham (2) and Salford (3).

☐ **OLD QUEEN'S HEAD** — a 200-year-old pub in Stockwell, South London, which has been featuring local bands for some time — has been up-graded by the installation of a new stage, drum riser and a 1.5kw PA system. First to take advantage of the new facilities will be **Dolly Mixture** (October 2) and **The Little Roosters** (3).

☐ **UK SUBS** play a one-off at London Gossips next Monday (28) supported by Panic Button and Aistrip One. It's under the banner of the Alternative Gigs Movement which, from now on, will be promoting cheap shows at the venue every Monday — admission is £1, half the usual entrance fee.

☐ **VOYAGER** have been named as special guests on the debut UK tour by the Greg Lake Band, reported two weeks ago, opening on October 9 — the same day as the release of the four-piece outfit's self-named album on RCA, to whom they recently signed.

☐ **RANDY CRAWFORD** has added yet another night to her stint next month at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal. She's already set for six shows there (11-13, 17 and 19-20), and now she also plays October 16. As before, tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50.

☐ **SHEENA EASTON** is also busy slotting in extra dates to her upcoming autumn tour — the latest confirmed is at Sheffield City Hall on October 21.

☐ **SLADE** will be headlining a Christmas tour, comprising 11 major concerts in December, and they'll have a new album released to coincide with their outing. Details are promised in a week or two.

☐ **ROGER CHAPMAN** and his band The Short List play London Victoria The Venue on October 24 (supported by Henry McCullough's Snooker), as the first and only British date of a lengthy European schedule. They're promoting their new album 'Mail Order Magic', out this week on the independent Kamera Records label, distributed by Pinnacle.

RIP RIG HEAD NORTH

RIP RIG & PANIC have finally decided to show their faces in the North of England, and they can be seen in action at York T.A. Centre (September 30), Leeds Warehouse (October 1) and Manchester Rafters (2), with the prospect of more gigs to follow. They are, of course, promoting their Virgin album 'God' and, with this in view, are also planning a major London date.

☐ **ROSE TATTOO** — the Australian band whose second Carrere album 'Assault And Battery' is out this week, with a single from the LP 'Rock'n'Roll Is King' to follow on October 2 — play their final London date of the yearr at the Marquee Club on October 3. Prior to this, they headline an Irish tour, starting tonight (Thursday) at Belfast Ulster Hall.

JOHN MILES has now turned his two previously reported concerts — at Croydon Fairfield Hall (October 6) and London Dominion Theatre (16) — into a full tour, by adding ten more dates. Together with his regular band, he plays Bradford St George's Hall (October 1), Liverpool Royal Court (2), Sheffield University (3), Sunderland Empire (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Dunstable Civic Hall (8), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9), Barry Memorial Hall (12), Derby Assembly Rooms (13) and Newcastle City Hall (14). He'll be featuring material from his first EMI album 'Miles High', including the single taken from it 'Turn Yourself Loose.'

☐ **CABARET VOLTAIRE** play their first London date since last February, when they appear tomorrow (Friday) at North London Polytechnic. More UK dates are planned for next month, though the only one confirmed so far is Manchester University on October 3.

☐ **POISON GIRLS** have decided to stop touring with Crass and, instead, to do their own thing. They're headlining a tour, supported by The European Theatre Of War, and with many dates promoted by local CND groups. So far set are London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (September 28), Cambridge Carioca Club (October 1), Derby Lonsdale College (9), York Nunthorpe School (10), Sheffield Marples (12), Liverpool Pickwicks (14), Manchester Rafters (15), Swansea University (16), Lampeter SDUC Arts Hall (17), Cardiff University (19, Exeter St. George's Hall (20), Reading University (22), Oxford Caribbean Club (23) and London Zig Zag Club (24). Their live album 'Total Exposure', recorded in Edinburgh, is released next week by XN Trix Records (through Rough Trade).

☐ **CRASS** have now added five West Country dates to the three in Wales, reported last week — at Bristol St. Barnabus Community Centre (September 27), Bridgwater Arts Centre (28), Plymouth Fiesta (29), Stroud Marshall Rooms (30) and Salisbury The Grange (October 1). Dirt and Annie Anxiety support, and admission is £1.

☐ **HAVANA LET'S GO**, whose debut Polydor single 'Torpedoes' has just been issued, have a special show at London Ronnie Scott's Club this Sunday (27). They're appearing in the main downstairs area, supported by rock'n'roll comedian Ronnie Golden and a host of clowns. Admission is £3.

HAZEL SINGS STRANGLERS

HAZEL O'CONNOR has a new single out on Albion Records tomorrow (Friday), an edited version of a track on her 'Cover Plus' album — titled 'Hanging Around', it's a re-vamped treatment of a song on The Stranglers' debut LP 'Rattus Norvegicus'. On the B-side there's 'Hold On' plus another track from the album, 'Not For You' — though here, it's sung in German.

● Initial Records, having now moved from Birmingham to London's West End, have acquired UK rights to the debut album by Los Angeles band **The Flesh Eaters.** Titled 'A Minute To Pray, A Second To Die', it's available this week through Pinnacle.

● Stage Coach Records, a new label launched by top agent Barry Collings, have signed two former chart names — **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry** and **The Troggs** — and both will have new singles and albums out shortly. The label is also looking for new talent, and invites interested acts to send tapes to Stage Coach Records, 15 Claremont Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. Potential hit songwriters may also send samples of their work to Stage Coach Music at the same address.

● **Wasted Youth** have their first album 'Wild And Wandering Cries' issued by Bridge House Records on October 21 — a song from which has been cut out of BBC-2's *Arena* programme next month, featuring last year's Futurama festival, because it was considered "too sexy" for TV. They will, however, be performing it at London Victoria The Venue on October 1.

● With **Jeff Wayne's** platinum double album 'The War Of The Worlds' now over three years old and still selling, CBS are putting out a single LP featuring the best tracks from the original release — titled 'Highlights From The War Of The Worlds', it's due on October 10, preceded this weekend by the single 'Horsell Common And The Heat Ray'. Wayne is now working on a film version of the record.

● **The Byron Band,** fronted by ex-Uriah Heep vocalist David Byron, have their debut album 'On The Rocks' issued by Creole on October 9 — with a single, still untitled, to follow. The outfit are being lined up for a tour starting mid-October.

● **Gillan's** new single, issued by Virgin next weekend, precedes their lengthy British tour starting at the end of October — and it's their first to feature new lead guitarist Janick Gers. Titled 'Nightmare', it's taken from their upcoming album, which is likely to be a double. The B-side 'Bite The Bullet' was recorded live at last month's Reading Festival.

MADNESS MAKE MORE MAYHEM

MADNESS, who begin their 33-date UK tour in two weeks' time, have their new album coming out to coincide — it's released by Stiff on October 2. The title is '7' — which, of course, represents the sum total of Lee, Suggs, Barso, Woody, Chas, Bedders and Chrissy Boy. The set consists of 13 Madness originals, and it was produced by Clanger Winstanley. Tracks are *Cardiac Arrest, Shut Up, Sign of The Times, Missing You, Mrs Hutchinson, Tomorrow's Dream, Grey Day, Pac-a-Mac, Promises Promises, Benny Bullfrog, When Dawn Arrives, The Opium Eaters* and *Day On The Town*.

RAMONES' SENSATIONAL SINGLE

THE RAMONES will have a new single released by Sire Records on October 22, 'She's A Sensation'/'All Quiet On The Eastern Front', coinciding with their one-off show the same evening at London Hammersmith Palais — exclusively revealed by *NME* last week. The two tracks are both taken from the band's recently released album 'Pleasant Dreams'. It was learned this week that the full-scale UK tour, originally planned by The Ramones, is now being lined up for next year.

● The new **Wah!** single, issued by WEA on October 2, is a re-recorded version of a track on their debut album 'Nah-Poo The Art Of Bluff'. Titled 'Somesay', it was produced by Ian Broudie, and comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

● Scottish band **Orange Juice,** previously with their own Postcard label, have signed to Polydor and have their single 'L.O.V.E.... love' issued on October 9 (7" and 12"). They will retain their Postcard logo, and will have an album out later in the year, to coincide with UK dates in November.

● The debut album from **The Cuban Heels** sees the light of day on October 2. It's called 'Work Our Way To Heaven' and it includes their current single, 'My Colours Fly'. The LP is on the Cuba Libre / Virgin label.

● **The Method Actors** — the duo from Athens, Georgia — have a new single called 'Round World' issued this week by Armageddon Records (through Stage One).

● **Eyeless In Gaze,** whose album 'Caught In Flux' was reviewed by *NME* last week, have a single coming up on Cherry Red titled 'Others'. The label has also scheduled a **Kevin Coyne** 12-inch single 'Narratives (Preface)' and album 'Pointing The Finger', a dub album called 'Threat To Creation' by **Creation Rebel** and **New Age Steppers,** the **Medium Medium** LP 'Glitter House', and an album of **Marc Bolan** tracks titled 'You Scare Me To Death'.

● Heavy metal trio **Atomic Rooster** — still with their original line-up of Vincent Crane, John DuCann and Paul Hammond — have signed with Polydor, and have their single 'Play It Again' out on October 2. There's also a 12-incher with an extra track, a live version of their hit 'Devils Answer' recorded at a festival in Milan earlier this year. The band are currently lining up an October college tour, plus a major London date.

● **Icehouse,** the Australian band currently touring here with Simple Minds, have their single 'Can't Help Myself' released in 7" and 12" by Chrysalis — remixed by top producer Daniel Coulombe, who was responsible for the recent B-52s album 'Party Mix'.

● 'The Beat Escape' is the latest **Fingerprintz** single, issued by Virgin on October 2 — with 'Catwalk' on the flip of the 12-inch while the seven-inch is coupled with 'Disorient Express'. The band's third album 'Beat Noir' follows a week later, October 9.

● Cassette copies of **The Human Condition's** gig at London Collegiate Theatre on September 13 are now available. It was recorded on a mobile, and the tape mixed and edited the same night — "a snip at £3.50", says Jah Wobble.

● The first single from **Academy One** is issued by Armageddon Records (through Stage One) on October 5.

□ **SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** appear at Coventry Theatre next Wednesday (30), as replacement for their projected August 29 gig, which had to be called off when Siouxsie lost her voice. Existing tickets remain valid.

□ **THE TWINKLE BROTHERS,** currently touring Britain, have added another London date to the end of their schedule — at Camden Dingwalls on October 7.

□ **THE MEMBERS** play London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday), with The Decorators supporting. They then have university gigs at Aberystwyth (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester (October 1), Bradford (3) and Aston, Birmingham (9).

□ **DOLLY MIXTURE** have a string of London dates at Euston The Pits (this Friday and October 10), Stockwell Old Queen's Head (October 2), Twickenham Maria Grey College (3), Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (9), Tottenham Middlesex Poly (16), Fulham Greyhound (20) and Hampstead Starlight Room (23). Out of town, they visit High Wycombe Nags Head (tonight, Thursday) and Guildford Wooden Bridge (October 1).

□ **NEW ORDER** have an intriguing gig this Saturday — it's at a secret venue, reached by coach from an unspecified pick-up point in London! Details will be revealed to those purchasing £7 tickets from Rough Trade, Small Wonder, Honky Tonk or Bonaparte (Kings Cross) — The Event Group and another act will also be performing in the mystery show. New Order play a more orthodox date at London Walthamstow Assembly tomorrow (Friday), with Airstrip One and Dr Filth supporting — admission £3.

□ **MEL TORME** plays his first London concert for five years at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, October 25 — tickets on sale from tomorrow (Friday) priced £10, £8.60, £7 and £5. He'll be backed by the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra, who also have concerts in their own Swansea Top Rank (21). Torme and the band are also filming a BBC-TV special during their visit.

□ **EDDIE MAELOV & SUNSHINE PATTESON** are appearing as special guests on Ultravox's autumn tour of Britain, which opened in Sheffield last night (Wednesday).

□ **HAZEL O'CONNOR'S** current 'Cover Plus' tour has been programmed into the Teledata computer — which means that fans can ring in from any part of the country and discover the nearest venue she is playing, prices, availability of tickets and support acts. Every date on the tour is being recorded by the relevant local radio station, and will be broadcast before Christmas.

□ **RENAISSANCE** have switched the date of their major London concert at Hammersmith Odeon, which is part of their UK tour announced last week. It's moved from October 9 to 23, exactly two weeks later.

□ **MORRISSEY MULLEN** headline their first major jazz funk show at London Victoria The Venue on October 7. Cayenne support, and tickets are £2.50.

□ **GEORGE SHEARING,** arguably Britain's most famous jazz artist, returns home next month for a concert tour — playing Coventry Theatre (October 22), Chichester Jazz Festival (23), Cheltenham Town Hall (25), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (26), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Paignton Festival Theatre (29), York University (30) and Nelson Municipal Hall (November 1) . . . and top U.S. jazzman, saxist **Sonny Rollins** (who guests on the Stones' album 'Tattoo You'), appears with his group at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on October 22.

□ **RORY GALLAGHER,** whose only UK date so far this year was in last month's "Rock On The Tyne" festival in Gateshead, will be returning here in November for a tour confined mainly to the college circuit. Details are expected shortly.

□ **ZZ TOP** have changed the venue of their October 28 show from Bradford Tiffany's to Liverpool Royal Court Theatre. As reported, their only other UK date is at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 29.

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STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
wall of voodoo
ALTERED IMAGES
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THE CRAMPS
BAUHAUS
THE THOMPSON TWINS
THEATRE OF HATE
WALL OF VOODOO
WAY OF THE WEST
ALTERED IMAGES
Sunday
THE GANG OF FOUR
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
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CARDIFF	VIRGIN RECORDS	LONDON	PENNY LANE RECORDS
CARDIFF	VIRGIN RECORDS	LONDON	LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

黃 HUANG CHUNG 鐘

Due to recording commitments Huang Chung have had to cancel their date at the marquee on Tuesday 29th September.

This date has been re-scheduled for **Saturday 31st October.**

We apologise to all our fans!
SEE YOU SOON.

ARISTA

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Sat 3rd Oct — Shakey Vick Blues Band
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Friday 25th Sept £1.75
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JIM WILKIE
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LIVE ADS 261 6153

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WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE SPEEDOS — 1/2 PRICE DRINKS 2 BEFORE 9.30
THU. SEPT. 24 • The last of the Hollywood Killers in a new all action feature. + BOOP & the Kidding Beats

THE BLUEBELLS
FRI. 25 • Share the same record label and up-beat lunicism as Orange Juice but they're far from a burlesque parody and have won praise for their Edinburgh shows. "A summer sound for all seasons," N.M.E. from Ireland. RUD!.

TALISMAN
SAT. 26 • Potent mix of melody and militancy," said N.M.E. of this reggae septet from Bristol. Features a front line of 3 vocalists — the leader having successfully copyed Jacob 'Killer' Miller's hatting delivery.

SUN. • JIGSAW FEELING + KASUALS + SANITY CLAUSE
MON. • EUROPEANS + SUSPECTS
TUE. • MENTAL NOTES + DR. SAX + HUMAN BEINGS
WED. 30 THE INVERSIONS
DR. MIX & THE REMIX
THU. 1. OCT.

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DANCING DID
+ Finish The Story

Friday 25th September £2.00
MERGER
+ Furniture

Saturday 26th September £1.75
FLYING PADOVANI'S
+ Blackheart

Sunday 27th September £1.50
BEE VAMP
+ Carmel

Monday 28th September £1.50
POISON GIRLS
+ Rubella Ballet

Tuesday 29th September
SCORCH
+ Metropolis

Wednesday 30th September
CHEFS
+ Furniture

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U2
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THE BLUES BAND

Fri 30th Oct £4.00 adv.
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+ Nightwing

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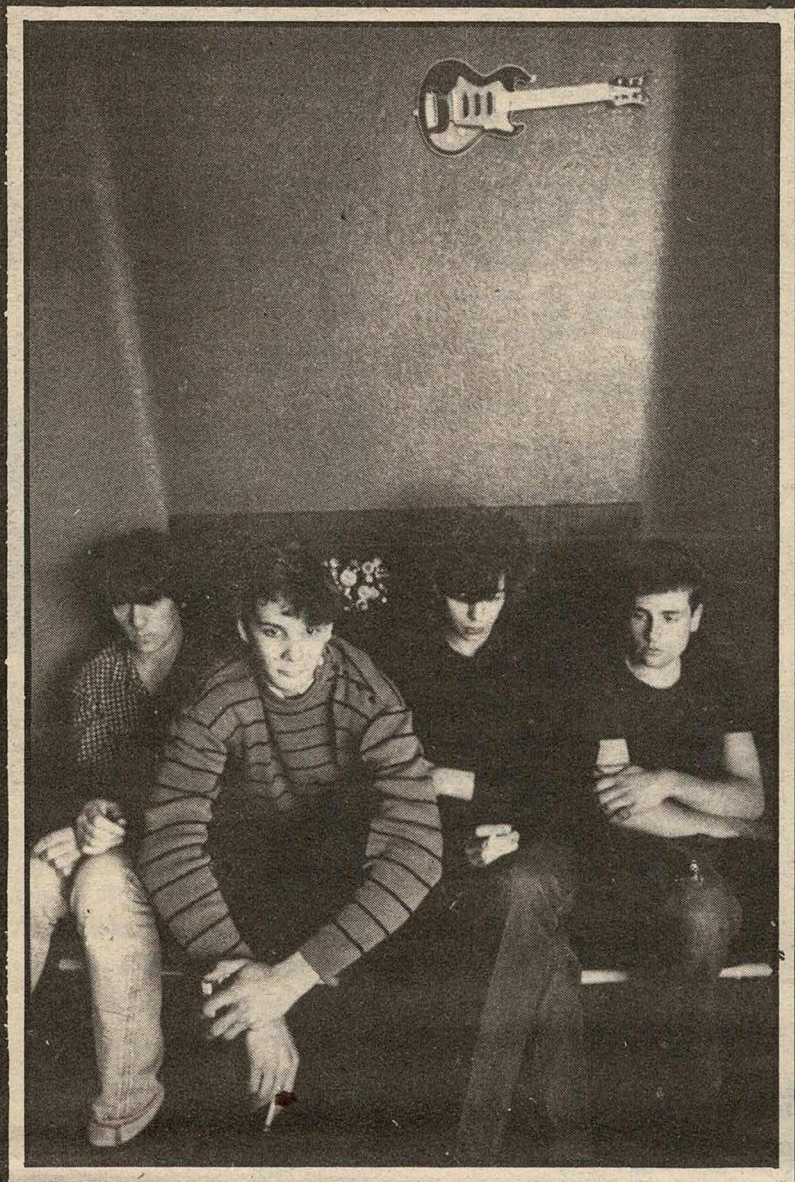
Nationwide Gig Guide



Echo and The Bunnymen. Pic: Anton Corbijn

The Dead Kennedys' Jello Biafra. Pic: Chris L. Urc.

YEP, things are hotting up now, all right. And the highlight of a busy week is the last of this year's major festivals, the two-day "Daze Of Future Past" event at Leeds Queen's Hall on Saturday and Sunday. Among the array of names involved are CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, THE PROFESSIONALS and THE REVILLOS — see under the daily listings for full details. Tickets are still available at £6 (per day) and £10 (weekend).

THE DEAD KENNEDYS fly in to promote their welter of new record releases and, before reaching London, start whipping up the controversy in Glasgow (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

HAWKWIND are back on the road for the first time in a year, with a 25-concert schedule opening in Reading (Monday) and Peterborough (Wednesday).

STEVE HACKETT has proved almost as successful a soloist as his ex-Genesis colleague Peter Gabriel, and tickets are always at a premium when he goes on tour. His latest outing kicks off at Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).

THE GRATEFUL DEAD begin a string of London concerts towards the end of next week but, prior to this, are playing one out-of-town show in Edinburgh on Wednesday.

THE POLECATS are the first of the feline brigade to swing into autumn activity, with a string of 20 college dates — beginning in Reading on Wednesday — to be climaxed by a prestige London concert in late October.

And that's not all. Among other attractions setting out on the rounds are ODYSSEY, Q-TIPS, THE THOMPSON TWINS, NEIL INNES, HERE & NOW, NUCLEUS and the ALBERTOS.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS headline the top one-off of the week, when they keep things "ticking over" in readiness for a full tour later in the season by playing London Lyceum on Sunday.

Thursday 24th

Blurt: Brighton

Aylesbury Hop Pole Hotel: **Doonan & Wilson**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Rose Tattoo**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Simple Minds/Icehouse**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Cliche**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Courgettes**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **The Cause/Reflex**
Brighton New Regent: **Blurt**
Brighton The Concorde: **Eye To Eye/The Red Squares**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Red Star Belgrade/The Singles**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Carlisle Mick's Club: **Arizona Smoke Room**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fast Eddy/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Croydon Cartoon: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
Derby Beasmouldia F.C.: **Les Barker**
Dunfermline Beau Belles: **The Family On Holiday!**
Eascote Clay Pigeon Hotel: **Lipslide**
Hertford Civic Hall: **The Plugs/The Nice Men**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dolly Mixture / The Gymslips**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **The Elements**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Naughty Thoughts**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Budgie**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Not In Colour**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Comsat Angels / The Sound**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Whispers: **The Chase**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blue Cats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Geordie / Carte Blanche**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Chris Thompson & The Islands / The Scratch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Speedo's / Boop & The Kicking Bears**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Apocalypse**
London Euston The Pits: **Wreckless Eric**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Little Roosters / Sinister Dexter**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The MG's**
London Greenwich White Swan: **We're Only Human**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Combo Passe**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Shader**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Bumpers / Le Jetset**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Academy One / The Mets**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Stiff All Stars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Heartbeats / Miles Over Matter / Clever Names**
London Marquee Club: **720**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Hit And Run**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Carnstoan**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Hellrazer**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Black Market**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Red Norvo / Tal Farlow Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Red Beans & Rice**
London University Union: **The Raincoats**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Members / The Decorators**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dancing Did / Finish The Story**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **The Bluesblasters**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Harlem Spirit**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ultravox**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **Rival Savages / Room 18**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hempstalls: **Expozer**
Norwich Penny's: **UK Players**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Plymouth (Devonport) Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Poole Arts Centre: **Nazareth**
Portsmouth HMS Dryad: **The Gents**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Siris / Megaton**
Reading Cap & Gown: **Martin Carthy**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Preservation Hall Jazz Band of New Orleans**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Wall Of Voodoo**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **The Chain**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **David Essex**
Stevenage The Swan: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Swansea St. Phillips Community Centre: **Crass / The Living Legends**
Trowbridge Crown Inn: **Jon Benns**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Jo Anne Kelly & Pete Emery / Ray Stubbs R&B Allstars / Hokum Hotshots**
Whetstone Black Bull: **Mathews Brothers**
Winchester Arts College: **Black Roots**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **Telemacque**
York University Lyon Hall: **Cris Williamson**

Friday 25th

New Order: London, Walthamstow

Bath Moles Club: **Black Roots**
Bathgate The Fairway: **The Frauds**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Dots / Reasonable Man / No Justice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Saturday XIV / The Privates / Bill Kavanagh**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **The Thompson Twins**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Spider**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Bradford Broadway Bar: **The Tremeloes**
Bradford Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars Band**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Brighton Top Rank: **Ranking Dread with The Freedom Fighters / Talisman / The Ebony Rockers**
Burton-on-Trent 76 Club: **Shader**
Caerphilly Leisure Centre: **Crass / The Living Legends**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Tranzista**
Canterbury Art College: **Ghost**
Cardiff New Theatre: **David Essex**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Martian Dance / The Vampires**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Cartoon: **The London Apaches**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **720**
Dundee College of Technology: **The RB's Freeze/Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Durham New College: **Cissy Stone Band**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Folkestone Toby's: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Ultravox**
Glossop Surrey Tavern: **Permanent Wave**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Siris / Megaton**
Harlow West One: **The Plugs**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Clientelle**
Haywards Heath Taverners: **UK Players**
Hemel Hempstead Boxmoor Arts Centre (free): **Blue Midnight / MOB / Real Imitations / Dick Healey / Jonathan Brainless etc.**
Hinckley Regent Club: **Budgie**
Ilkley Kings Hall: **Chainsaw / 96 Tears**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Kingswinford Woodman Inn: **Doonan & Wilson**
Knebworth Chequers Inn: **Mathews Brothers**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Direct Lines / Jack Russel & The Terriers**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ravenna & The Magnetics / Le Maestre**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Chalk Farm Enterprise: **The Watersons**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bop Natives**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blue Bells / Rudi**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **The Dragons**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **Havana Let's Go / Biddie & Eve / Jon Benns / London All Stars Steel Band**
London Euston The Pits: **Dolly Mixture / Kidz Next Door**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Henry McCullough's Snooker**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Blue Zoo / Mad Shadows**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Apocalypse**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Black Market / Galaxy**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Uncool Danceband / Coconut Dogs**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Simple Minds / Icehouse**
London Hampstead Royal Free Hospital: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co / Fu Cha**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Snax / The Smart**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive / Killer Whales**
London Highgate Jacksons Club: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Hank Wangford**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Flat Tops**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London North Polytechnic: **Cabaret Voltaire / Maximum Joy**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
London Southall The White Swan: **The Attendants**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Significant Zeros**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On the Loose**
London SE18 The Ship: **It Could Be You**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Body Heat**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **New Order / Dr Filth / Airstrip One**
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **The Papers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Merger / The Pinkies**
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **The Papers / Times 81**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Danny Adler & The Deluxe Blues Band**
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **Blurt**
Market Harborough Memorial Hall: **Future Toys**
Midhurst Egmont Arms: **The Gents**
New Romney Southlands Youth Wing: **The Graphics**
Nottingham Rock City: **Nazareth**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Dance Band**
Penzance West Cornwall Arts Centre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Reading Caribbean Club: **El Seven / The Gospel According To Karisma**
Retford Porterhouse: **Altered Images**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Comsat Angels**
Sheffield The Lion On The Wicker: **The Chain**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Another Dream**
Southport Theatre: **The Shadows**
St Albans City Hall: **Stray**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Stun The Guards**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Ossian / George Welch & Tristram Robson / Badger In The Bag**
Winchester Arts College: **Ivor Cutler**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **The Kicks**
Wolverhampton Merry Hill: **Joe Stead**
Woodford Green White Hart: **Hellrazer**

Saturday 26th

Theatre Of Hate: Leeds

Barnstaple Queen's Hall: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Barrow Civic Halls: **Hi Di Hi**
Billingham Forum Theatre: **Alan Price**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Cris Williamson**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The People/Alternative Route**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Westhill College: **The Set**
Birmingham University: **The Mood Elevators**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Spider**
Blackpool Showboat: **The Tremeloes**
Bletchley Leisure Centre: **David Essex**
Bournemouth Brunswick Hotel: **The Watersons**
Brighton Top Rank: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Bristol Granary: **Stray**
Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Reasonable Strollers/3 × A Day**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Screaming Lors Sutch/Fear Of The Dark**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **B Movie**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Dudley College: **Albert y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Clientelle**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Ultravox**
Harrow Headstone Hotel: **We're Only Human**
Ilkeston White Lion: **Shader**
Lancaster Records Room: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Johnny Mars Band**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Really**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen/The Cramps/Bauhaus/The Thompson Twins/Theatre Of Hate/Wall Of Voodoo/Altered Images/Way Of The West**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Nazareth**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Gents**
London Acton Town Hall: **Misty In Roots**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jim Wilkie/Slow Twitch Fibres**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Lemon Kittens/The Orange Cardigan/Broadcast/21 Skates**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **The Dragons**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitzbrook/Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Edukators/The Uprights**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Talisman/The Questions**
London Euston The Pits: **La-Rox/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **OK Jive/Lino's Lost Patrol**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suttel Approach**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Chit Chats/Fist Of Fury/Cooking For Pleasure**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Airstrip One/Jokorama**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zipcode**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Afraid Of Mice/The Refreshers**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jane Aire / The Belvederes**
London Lambeth The Angel: **First Base**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Paz**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stubbornstreak/Kameleon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt with Little Stevie**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Martyn Wyndham-Read**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London SE18 Prince Rupert: **Rednite**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Helix**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Body Heat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Bovell's Dub Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis/Blackheart**
Luton College: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Dance Band/The Beatroots/The Photographs**
Manchester Portland Bar: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Margate Brooklands Wine Bar: **Ghost**
Narbeth Queen's Hall: **The Extras**
Newcastle City Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Oakengates Town Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Blue Zoo**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Budgie**
Reading Centre Club: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Amity**
Retford Porterhouse: **Delta 5**
Roche Victory Hall: **Black Roots/Artistic Control**
Royston Heath: **Necromancer/Buzzard**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Zounds**
Southampton Millbrook School: **Chester**
Southport Theatre: **The Shadows**
Twyford King's Arms: **Coolerators**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Prophet**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **Ginger & The Nuts**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **Juke Jump**
Yeovil The Three Chuffs: **The UK Players**
York Drill Hall: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**

Sunday 27th

The Revillos: Leeds

Bath Tiffany's: **The Comsat Angels/The Sound**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **David Essex**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **Free State**
Bristol Coconut Grove: **Black Roots**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **The Tremeloes**
Cheltenham Victory Club: **The Watersons**
Cleator Moor Civic Hall: **Registrered Trade Mark/Regal Zone**
Croydon Cartoon: **Mainland (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Shadows**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Sad Cafe**
Folkestone Golden Arrow: **Bronze**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Classix Nouveaux/The Professionals/The Revillos/Inner City Unit/OK Jive etc.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Leonard & Squire**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **R.P.M./International Rescue**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Rudi/Apocalypse/The Questions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jig Saw Feeling/The Kasuals/Sanity Clause**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Jump Squad/Blackout**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Mothers Ruin**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Motor Boys Motor/The Blinders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Henry McCullough's Snooker**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Whirlwind**
London Leytonstone Olivers: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Putney White Lion: **The Hamsters**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Stiff Little Fingers/Wall Of Voodoo/The Dark**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Horseshoe: **Overkill**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Wild Bill Davison All Stars**
Newport Bailey's: **The Beatroots**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **De Metro's**
Plymouth Hoe Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Cosmotheka**
Preston Avenham Park (afternoon): **The Zanti Misfitz/Exit Visa**
Ramsgate CND Rally: **Ghost**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **T.B. Band/English Rogues**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **The Revs**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Stourbridge Seven Whistlers: **Doonan & Wilson**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **Cruise**

Monday 28th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Aberystwyth University: **The Passions**
Bath Rockspot: **De Metro's**
Beverley White Horse: **Martin Carthy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Dawnbraker**
Burgess Hill Royal George: **Eclipse**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **The Tonix**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Nazareth**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mad Shadows/Siren**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rama**
Huddersfield Flix: **V. L. Tones**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Hofbrauhaus: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **The Shadows**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Siberians/Aeiou/The Sculptures**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Divine/Dead Or Alive/Drowning Craze/Torso**
London Clapham 101 Club: **AHA/Ukraine**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Europeans/The Suspects**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **GBH**
London Euston The Pits: **1990/Ground Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Reality/Troubled Minds**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Mood Elevators**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wreckless Eric**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Differents**
London Marquee Club: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Grace Kennedy**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talk Like That**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Johnny Mathis**
London Victora The Venue: **Carrol Thompson**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **UK Subs/Airstrip One/Panic Button**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Southend Zero Six: **The Shots**
Street Strode College Theatre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Tunbridge Wells Smokey Joe's: **Coolerators**
Watford Bailey's: **Odyssey (for a week)**
Woburn Sands Holt Hotel: **Arizona Smoke Revue**

Tuesday 29th

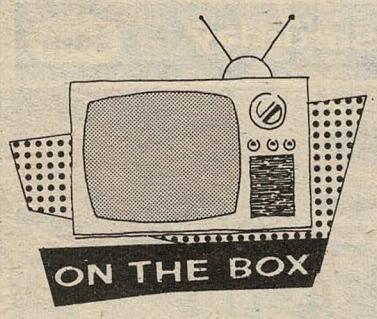
Ash (Somerset) Bell Inn: **The Hamsters**
Birmingham Albert's Wine Bar **The Editors**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Waterfall**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Talisman**
Chadwell Health Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Tangeant**
Croydon Cartoon: **Reg Leyton & His All Stars**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Peter Bond**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Elements**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sad Cafe**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Dead Kennedys**
Haverfordwest Market Hall: **Crass/The Living Legends**
Leeds Cinderella's: **The Berlin Blondes**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Barracudas/Le Jetset**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Big Stuff**
London City Polytechnic: **B-Movie**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Idle Flowers/The Kemertones**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mental Notes/Dr Sax/Human Beings**
London Euston The Pits: **A Flock of Seagulls/The Recognitions**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Exciters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/The Creamies**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Fictitious/Ethnic Minority**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Europeans/Shake Shake**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Harry & The Atoms**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Flatbackers**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **UK Decay**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45s**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The D.T.'s**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Spoilers**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Tottenham-Court Road. Dominion Theatre: **Johnny Mathis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rudi/The Questions/The Marvels**
London WC1 Collegiate Theatre: **Cris Williamson**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Neil Innes**
Oldham Sholver Inn: **Radiation**
Oxford Blake's: **UK Players**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Steve Hackett**
Sheffield City Hall: **Nazareth**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Southport Arts Centre: **About Time**
South Shields Bolingbroke Hall: **The Letters**
Swansea Langland Bay: **The Beatroots**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Stray**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **David Essex**

Wednesday 30th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Chronic / Friction Agitators / Rotting Flesh**
Canterbury College of Art: **Blue Midnight / MOB / Real Imitations / Dick Healey / Jonathan Brainless etc.**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Steve Hackett**
Chatham Medway College of Art & Design: **Spitzbrook**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cheltenham Technical College: **Blurt**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel: **Crazy Days**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Grateful Dead**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Dance Band**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Sleep**
Harrow Headstone Hotel: **Zipcode**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Hamsters**
Ilminster Dillington House: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Shadows**
Lancaster University: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds The Eagle: **Fault**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Ultravox**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Dead Kennedys**
London Acton King's Head: **Broadway Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Belle Stars**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Tonix / Watching The Wolves**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Inversions**
London Euston The Pits: **The Monsters / Victorian Parents**

The Polecats: Reading

London Fulham Golden Lion: **De Metro's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric / Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Fulham King's Head: **Talk Like That**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lee Fardon / Dave Lyon & The Idlers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Siam**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Brian Williams Big Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Squeat Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brian Knight Blues Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Katy Heath Band**
London SE18 The Ship: **Glasshouse**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Johnny Mathis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Janet Kay / Victor Romero Evans**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Silence**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Mooch Club: **The Human Condition / The White Brothers**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **David Essex**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters**
Margate Ship Inn: **Spider**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Nottingham Black Boy: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Hawkwind**
Porstmouth Guildhall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Reading University: **The Polecats**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Rockin' Burne-Jones & The Pre-Raphaelites / Gumby**
Southampton Mountbatten Theatre: **Here & Now**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Carlene Carter**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **The Gatsby Five**
Wokington Westlands Hotel: **The Gents**
York T.A. Centre: **Wall Of Voodoo**



Thursday September 24
EARTHQUAKE (Directed by Mark Robson 1974). A bloody great headache of a film, at least deprived here of its stupid Sensurround trappings, the dumbest movie gimmick since Smellovision. Charlton Heston dies trying to save Ava Gardner, and Genevieve Bujold, Richard Roundtree and Lorne Greene are amongst the others fighting off a script fatally loaded with unspeakable cliches. **(ITV all regions)**

Friday September 25
THE WALKING STICK (Eric Till 1970). One of the all-time great titles — not quite in the *Despair* class but you must admit it's got a ring to it. Samantha Eggar's the pretty cripple, David Hemmings the layabout crook she gets involved with in tepid little thriller (sic). **(BBC 1)**

Saturday September 26
WATCH YOUR STERN (Gerald Thomas 1960). *Carry On* caper in all but name, with Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes joining the regulars on naval duty. **(BBC 1)**

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (Henry King 1943). More slapstick as Jennifer Jones spots the Virgin Mary at Lourdes and is then put through the ringer by religious fanatics. Long, slow and sombre, but Vincent Price and Charles Bickford are good. **(BBC 2)**

MY CHILDHOOD (Bill Douglas 1976). The first of Douglas' celebrated trilogy which chronicle his incredibly depressing younger years in a remote Scottish mining village. Shoebox in the middle of the road stuff, and enough to curdle your Horlicks. **(BBC 1)**

THE KLANSMAN (Terence Young 1974). Lee Marvin, distressingly ambiguous as the sheriff trying to keep peace in a Southern town full of scantily clad black goddesses and slobbering KKK morons, and Richard Burton, dead-eyed as the local land-owning drunk, are both hopelessly adrift in this unpleasant potboiler which effortlessly put back the Civil Rights movement a few decades. **(ITV all regions)**

PHANTOM LADY (Robert Siodmak 1944). Solid B-feature, stylishly directed by Siodmak, with Franchot Tone and Ella Raines seeking to clear Alan Curtis of a trumped up murder charge. You could do a lot worse. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday September 27

FIRST MAN INTO SPACE (Robert Day 1959). Hopeless sci-fi hokum made on a budget of six and a half quid. The bloke whose name you can't think of is Marshall Thompson *(Daktari* lives!); but stick with it — Trevor Brooking's doing the closedown *Personal Choice!* "Please, God, let Rumania stuff the Hungarians . . ." **(ITV London)**

THE SEA HAWK (Michael Curtiz 1940). A hackneyed Korngold score over the cliched swashbuckling nonsense — Errol Flynn waging a private war against the Spanish — but passable fun if you're in a generous mood. **(BBC 1)**

CHISUM (Andrew V. McLaglen 1970). What, like in 'chisum-nasium'? A little gag for *National Lampoon* listeners, which is more than you'll get from this lumbering John Wayne western a long, long way after Ford. **(BBC 1)**

MY AIN FOLK (Bill Douglas 1976). Or *My Horrible Childhood Part 2.* Harrowing and (for non-Scottish gits) incomprehensible. **(BBC 2)**

THE MUSIC LOVERS (Ken Russell 1970). Brilliant and bombastic fantasy on Tchaikovsky's sex life with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson grunting away like good 'uns. "Probably the greatest music I've ever conducted." — Andre Previn. **(BBC 2)**

Monday September 28
THE IPCRESS FILE (Sidney J. Furie 1965). Michael Caine as cheeky, chirpy "Wotcher Guv" spy in enjoyably flashy Harry Palmer mystery. But Sid — what *does* the 'J' stand for? **(BBC 1)**

Tuesday September 29
BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ (John Frankenheimer 1961). Burt Lancaster compelling as convicted murderer Robert Stroud, who takes to bird fancying while serving life in solitary. Too long, but infused with a muted power. **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Wham, bang, thank you Ken, for a lovely night out. But make every effort to see these simian shenanigans in the original Dolby because the Ultimate Truth in mono really isn't very impressive. Reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

BUSTIN' LOOSE (Oz Scott). Richard Pryor has a brainstorm, goes soft on us and tries to crack the family market. Reviewed 19.9.81. **(CIC)**

CITY OF WOMEN (Federico Fellini). An outraged Chris Bohn writes: "The world according to Fellini is either a circus-load of freaks or a burlesque full of female grotesques. His perfect world would be a bastard offspring of the two and *City Of Women* might well have been that poor child if his infantile fantasies hadn't been checked by feminism's inroads into critical consciousness. Fellini makes a mock bow to new sensibilities by presenting us with a middle class, middle-aged jerk (Marcello Mastroianni as Harry Worth) who becomes the fallguy at a feminist convention, his timidity being properly exposed in a series of setpieces that veer from being lavishly, absurdly funny to (more often) plain ridiculous. Fellini on women? No, it don't make me laugh either." Reviewed this week. **(Artificial Eye)**

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (John Carpenter). Riotous fun from an expert craftsman, and Carpenter's best since *Assault On Precinct 13.* Reviewed this week. **(Barber International)**

THE FINAL CONFLICT (Graham Baker). Or *Omen 3* and quite as crappy as you'd expect. Reviewed 19.9.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

HEAVEN'S GATE (Cecil B. DeCimino). We haven't reviewed this yet because we're not sure whether Otto Cimino has finished playing around with it. **(United Artists)**

MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (David Gladwell). Dotty Lessing's version of the apocalypse brought to the big screen as the proverbial curate's egg. To be reviewed — and, believe me, Penman can't wait to get to grips with it. **(EMI)**

NEW YORK, NEW YORK (Martin Scorsese). De Niro as La Motta, in the ring and on the floor with Minnelli in Marty's monstrous musical. Re-reviewed this week. **(United Artists)**

STRIPES (Ivan Reitman). Feeble-minded US Army sit-com, Bill Murray confirming he's no Phil Silvers. Reviewed 19.9.81 **(Columbia)**

VIOLENT STREETS (Michael Mann). Clear-eyed, cold hearted dissection of high technology crime with James Caan as the mealy-mouthed freelance thief being sought by cops and mobsters alike. Tuesday Weld's wasted but Mann's direction is first-rate. Reviewed 19.9.81. **(United Artists)**

Monty Smith

LIVE ADS

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 24th September £1.25
LITTLE ROOSTERS + Bad Detectives

Friday 25th September £1.50
A BLUE ZOO formerly Modern Jazz + Mad Shadows

Saturday 26th September £1.50
SORE THROAT +Lino's Lost Patrol

Sunday 27th September 50p
MIMMS + Gold

Monday 28th September £1.25
REALITY + Troubled Minds

Tuesday 29th September £1.00
THE DIRTY STRANGERS + The Creamies

Wednesday 30th September £1.50
WRECKLESS ERIC + Dumptys Rusty Nuts

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plus guests *VOYAGER*
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Friday 25th September
MARTIAN DANCE
+ The Vampires
Saturday 26th September
** Horror Night **
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+ Fear of the Dark
Sunday 27th September
Heavy Rock
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
Monday 28th September
MAD SHADOWS
+ Siren
Tuesday 29th September
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Tangeant
Wednesday 30th September
NEAL KAYES HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
Thursday 1st October
MOD NIGHT
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ the Downbeats

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at
NEW MERLINS CAVE — Margery St WC1
Sun 27th September
at
HALF MOON, PUTNEY
Wed 30th September
at
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Friday 25th September
DANNY ADLER AND THE DELUXE BLUES BAND
Saturday 26th September
KEN COLLYERS ALL STARS

London Cinemas

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Corman's
WILD ANGELS & THE TRIP
(club members only)
Saturday 26th September
Ashby's
HAROLD AND MAUDE (AA)
& *Margolis'*
RICHARD PRYOR IN CONCERT (X)
Sunday 27th September
Kurosawa's
SANJURO (A)
& **YOJIMBO** (A)

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classic West End Presentations
CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

classic 1 2 3
HAYMARKET 839 1527
(Piccadilly Circus Tube)

1 John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 2.55, 5.30, 8.10
Late show Thurs, Fri, Sat & Sun 11pm

2 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES AA
Progs 1.30 (not Sun), 3.20, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Thurs, Fri, Sat & Sun 11pm

3 JAMES CAAN
Violent Streets X
in Dolby Sound
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50
Late show Thurs, Fri, Sat & Sun 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4
CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.40, 5.25, 8.15

2 Omen III
THE FINAL CONFLICT X
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.45, 6.05, 8.45

3 JAMES CAAN
Violent Streets X
Progs 2.10, 5.25, 8.20

4 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
Progs 2.15, 5.45, 8.35

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd) 930 6915
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
Progs 12.50 (not Sun), 2.10, 5.35, 8.00

classic 1 2 3 4 5
OXFORD ST. 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd Tube)

1 Bo Derek
TARZAN THE APE MAN AA
Progs 1.10, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 James Bond is back
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 **TIME BANDITS** A
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 Bill Murray, Warren Oates
STRIPES A
Progs 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 **Bustin' Loose** A
Progs 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

The NEW classic 1 2 3
TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
(Tottenham Court Rd Tube) 636 6148

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.50, 5.35, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 Omen III
THE FINAL CONFLICT X
Progs 2.50 (Sun from 3.30) 5.25, 8.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
Progs 1.50 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

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5 Cinema Complex

1 **THIS IS ELVIS** A
From Warner Bros A Warner Communications Company Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors
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Progs 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30
Late Show Sat 11pm

2 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros A Warner Communications Company. Released by Columbia-EMI-Warner Distributors Ltd
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Progs. WK 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30 Sun. 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11.00

3 **ALTERED STATES** X
Progs: Weekdays 1.10, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15. Sundays 3.15, 5.45, 8.10.
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
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Progs: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05.
Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

5 WILLIE NELSON IN **HONEYSUCKLE ROSE** A
From Warner Bros A Warner Communications Company. Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors © 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved
1.15 (not Sun) 3.30, 5.50, 8.05

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 24 Sept
James Dean,
FIRST AMERICAN TEENAGER 5.00, 8.05
+ **MARILYN** 6.25, 9.20
Friday 25 Sept
Bruce Springsteen in
NO NUKES 6.15, 8.45, 11.15
+ **RARE DYLAN** 5.30, 8.00, 10.30, 1am
Saturday 26 Sept.
HIGHLIGHTS OF CAMBRIDGE ANIMATION FESTIVAL JAZZ & ANIMATION 1 11.30
ALL NIGHT HORROR SPOOFS: YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN + PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE + ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW + BATMAN + BEDAZZLED
Sunday 27 Sept
CAMBRIDGE ANIMATION FESTIVAL II
Monday 28 September
Spielberg's 1941 5.15, 9.00
+ **Python/Gilliam's JABBERWOCKY** 7.15
Tuesday 29 Sept
Film Noir Double:
LAURA 7.30
+ **THIEVES' HIGHWAY** 5.50, 9.05
Wednesday 30 Sept
MODEL 6.00 8.45
+ **60's COMPILATION with Twiggy** 5.20, 8.05

PHOENIX
OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233
PHOENIX EAST FINCHLEY
LATE NIGHT SHOW 11pm
Tel: 883 2233
Friday 25th September
Fosse's
CABARET (X)
Saturday 26th September
Pasolini's
THE CANTERBURY TALES (X)
& **THE DECAMERON** (X)

PHOENIX 01-883 2233
OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION
SUN. 27th ONE WEEK
Forged by a god.
Foretold by a wizard.
Found by a King.
EXCALIBUR AA

LONDON CINEMA GUIDE
01-261 6153

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Pers. All seats bkble
1 **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR** (X)
Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.10, 8.15.
Late show Sat 11.15
2 **THE FOUR SEASONS** (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.15, 8.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats bkble last sep prog. L'end bar.
Doors open 15 mins prior
1 **TARZAN THE APE MAN** (AA)
Wk & Sun 2.30, 5.30, 9.10
Sep progs wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
2 **THE FOUR SEASONS** (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20.
Sep prog wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
3 **TIME BANDITS** (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.45, 5.45, 9.20.
Sep progs wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30.
4 **Steve Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20.
Sep progs wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
5 **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR** (X)
Wk & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20
Sep progs wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30

ABC 1, 2, 3, BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1 **THE FOUR SEASONS** (AA)
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50. Sun: 5.00, 7.40.
Late show Sat 11.00
2 **Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** (A)
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3 **MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR** (X)
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.40. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show tonight & Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1 **TARZAN THE APE MAN** (AA)
3.30, 5.55, 8.30 Sun: 5.55, 8.30.
Progs 3.05, 5.30, 8.00. Sun: 5.30, 8.00
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2 **CALIGULA** (X)
1.45, 4.50, 8.05. Sun: 4.50, 8.05.
Progs 4.25, 7.30. Sun: 7.30
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3 **BUSTIN' LOOSE** (A)
1.35, 5.20, 9.05. Sun: 5.20, 9.05
FAST CHARLIE . . . THE MOONBEAM RIDER (A)
3.20, 7.00. Sun: 7.00. Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
4: **TESS** (A)
2.25, 7.40. Sun: 7.40
Sep perfs 2.15, 7.30. Sun: 7.30. Late show Sat 11.15

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Oct 5th	STEVE GIBBONS BAND	£2.50
Oct 7th	MORRISEY MULLEN BAND plus Cayenne	£2.50
Oct 8th	KING CRIMSON	£4.00
Oct 15th	RIP RIG AND PANIC	£4.00
Oct 17th	THE PASSIONS	£3.50

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Reggae Runnings

I BACK UP on that man of parts **Castro Brown** whilst cruising the Front Line in the company of Twinkle brothers Norman and Ralston Grant this week, and he carries me to Easy Street studios in the East End where some creative process entails.

Mr Brown is that businessman of immense charm, mine host to a series of Thursday night talent contests held at the Bouncing Ball club this summer, which is a well attended weekly event that yields 10 finalists to take part in grand proceedings towards the end of the year, and some of whom he also records, specifically **Eddie & John** with 'Just You, Just Me'; **Errol Gentle,** 'Verona'; **Wilson Price,** 'Forward On Pyaka' and **Elea Homer,** 'Never Gonna Let You Go', all of which are scheduled for 12" discomix issue within a few weeks, with a further Errol Gentle title, 'Government', to follow. Featuring musicianship from Horsemouth, Ras Elroy, Sowell, **Jackie Mittoo** and others, and though heard only in their roughly mixed state, the recordings all attest the genesis of tunes strong or pleasant.

On this particular evening, Jackie Mittoo is in attendance adding keyboards to a further Castro Brown production with a revamped **Chosen Few,** the members of whom, led by **Errol Brown** and with former Naturals vocalist **Frankie J,** also the composer of 'Forward On Pyaka', now in the lineup, rehearse harmony arrangments in the control booth between whiles, and lend themselves to reiterate their old Crystal hit, 'She's A Big Girl Now'.

Wearing a psychedelic paisley shirt and with a bowler hat perched Lautrec style on his napper, Mr Mittoo declares his preference for Easy Street over all the London reggae studios. A sample of his work there is heard on a three track disco 45 bearing his name entitled 'These Eyes' c/w 'Wall Street' and 'Killer Thriller', mixed at the studio recently with Sugar Minott and issued on the latter singer's Black Roots label.

One man currently indebted to Jackie Mittoo is **Augustus Pablo** who brings forth a melodic adaptation of the keyboard maestro's 'Hot Milk' on the Rockers — Rasta Far I Cultural Sounds label. Issued from outlets in Kingston at both Tangerine Place and Orange Street, the 12" is coupled with an original title, 'Robin's Bay Step' (APD 7).

The recurrent topicality of calypsonian Slinger Francisco's 'Mr Walker' is evidenced by its frequent resurrections over the years, with reggae versions from both Trinity and Johnny Osbourne in the last two. Now **Hugh Griffiths** turns his voice to its lyric on the Stafford Douglas owned Art & Craft imprint. **Ranking Joe** extends the metaphor with an outrageous bom diddley toast which expiates the early arrival of a groom at his own wedding, with lyric formerly possessed of Mr Stanley Holloway and referent to the Pygmalion myth. On the flip, Mr Griffiths sings an Alton Ellis composition, 'Love In The Morning' (ACD 013).

The same pair are further represented on the same label with I' Need A Woman Love' (ACD 012), and Ranking Joe also joins **Triston Palmer** who sings of 'Fussing & Fighting' (ACD 011). Also issued is **Johnny Clarke** with 'Guide Us Jah' (ACD 014).

Out on Fashion discomix: **Alton Ellis,** 'True loving' (FAD 007) and **Keith Douglas,** 'I Specialize In Good Girls' (FAD 005). The same Mr Douglas says 'Blessed Are They' on the Federation Of Reggae Music label which is coupled with **Vincent Fergus** with 'Affection' (FORM D007). On the same label **Junior English** sings 'Making Up' c/w 'I Am So Happy' (FORM D015).

A trio of new titles up on 7" pre-release from Jamaica courtesy of the Greedy Puppy label dispense **Huntley Dakin the Thriller** with 'Nice Up The Party' c/w 'Nice It Up'; **Douglas Boothe** & Huntley Dakin, 'Jolly Joseph' c/w 'City Ride'; and **Ringo,** 'Love & Hippe Bump' c/w 'Jelious Bump'.

Also out on pre: **Electric Dread** and **Black Kush,** 'Can You Keep A Secret' c/w Black Kush, 'Natural Rock' (Pats); **Rod Taylor,** 'I'll Be Gone' (Roots Integrity); **Barrington Levy,** 'In This Time' (Jah Guidance); **Winston Hammond,** 'Writing On The Wall' c/w 'Evidence' (Top Ranking); and **Horace Martin,** 'Cool Lover' (Conquest).

Finally, issue No 9 of reggaezine *Small Axe* is now on sale and includes features on Skinhead Reggae circa 1969, Cimarons, Edi Fitzroy, Ras Norris and a tribute to the late Bob Marley. Available by post from Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, London, E16 3QJ.

Penny Reel

FLASH

from page 15

Adventures' and a lot of people bought it but a lot of people didn't buy it 'cause they don't understand it.

But Flash sees his role as entertainer, not as a crusader for black street culture. He developed the quick mix to entertain, to give the crowd something extra. And he says he'd be happy to bend with the wind.

"The next time we get called by one of these groups that deal with this type of music we're gonna be prepared. This way I'd go get some punk rock records, learn how to mix them, do my homework on what they enjoy and try my best to be flexible. Rather than just go on playing disco, which they can't relate to, go out with some punk rockish records for that one particular day. They might buy our records because they enjoy our show, so that would be to our advantage."

I ask Flash if he's heard any of the English rap-inspired music, like Funkapolitan.

"No, but I'd like to. And they say rap's gonna die. Out of this world. No way. It's to the point now where even professional singers, they use it in their records to get hot. Like Lakeside, Teena Marie, Stacy Lattislaw, quite a few groups. So rapping's not going to disappear.

"I say to myself, God, this is something we created and now it's being taken over by people that's been in the business a long time."

BACK OUT in the afternoon sun, we walk to another school yard for some more photos. Flash asks the kids playing handball if he can "borrow" their court for a minute, and the court is instantly vacated. To the kids of the Bronx Flash is both genuinely one of their own and genuinely a star, bringing their sounds to the world. I think about this, and hope he never plays that punk rock set.

Of course, like all stars, he's getting a bit conscious about his image. When Joe suggests a photo in front of a particularly wasted-looking shell of a building, Flash screws up his face in distaste at the idea.

But then he smiles, laughs, and invites us back to go hang out with him at Disco Fever any time we want. And he and Easy Mike go off to rehearse some new bits of quick mix tricks.

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A CONSTANT STATE OF PUNK

Pic: Kim Aldis

Flux Of Pink Indians
The Subhumans
Rudimentary- Peni

Red Lion, Leytonstone

LIKE THEY say, guys, punk's not dead. You might personally want to forget it was ever born, but that's another matter. So many padded fads have been revived, hyped, and chucked since "Punk" first turned the tables on "Rock'n'Roll", we may be in danger of ignoring why it ever started. Whether in fact it spontaneously and simultaneously erupted out of a general, latent dissatisfaction or whether it was just a shrewdly hatched *coup* of commercial genius.

But leave that to the sociologists. All *we* know is that when the rats left the sinking ship they let their grievances sink with it. And when they bobbed up on the surface, they weren't rats anymore. Knowing they had only their chains and safety pins to lose, the peacocks of the world dispersed. Change the pose, reversed the message: unemployment was suddenly just a state of deportment.

Today's peacocks are pretty confident that the only punks who are still punks are the stupid ones, the retards who somehow failed to adapt to evolution. They can be heard whining out some unique statement such as: "I fink cloves are reeely important, y'know ... like, vey're ve only way you can express your, er ... individuality. Punk got reeely boring, y'know, ve whole fing was, like, reeely exploited ..." and so on ad nauseam.

Hence, of course, The Exploited. Hence punk as comic-strip violence, as deadened zone where nothing signifies on any level but that of simple assertiveness.

Yet hence also, down another route entirely, the beacon of hope that is Crass. Crass have stuck to punk with a conviction that leaves the music press totally nonplussed, reduced to hiding their guilt beneath repeated naggings about the monotony and repetitiveness of it all. Immaterial, of course, that 'Nagasaki Nightmare' and 'Neu Smell' are two of the year's very best records. But then try telling, say, Depeche Mode that Art isn't a mirror. Try telling Steve Strange that Art is ... a hammer?

On Saturday, at the Red Lion in Leytonstone High Road, Flux Of Pink Indians played their first London date since 'Neu Smell' — it's sold 12,000 to date — topped the alternative charts. Supported by the intense and uncomfortably normal-looking Rudimentary-Peni (a trio which looks set to do considerable damage to *somebody's* preconceptions), and by Wiltshire's more easily categorisable Subhumans (whom Flux are to produce on their own Spider Leg label), Flux Of Pink Indians staged the happiest DIY punk event in years. OK, so the PA didn't show, but OK, so Flux's singer Colin was on the door bringing admission down to a mere one pound. OK?

A Flux Of Pink Indians — the name was conceived some time before 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' — are the part-remnants of The Epileptics, a pioneering Hertfordshire punk act who first shared a bill with Crass in August 1978. Like Poison Girls, they've maintained the association ever since, culminating in Penny Rimbaud's superb production of 'Neu Smell' at the beginning of this year. Also like Poison Girls, Flux — who for the record are Colin, or Colsk (The Terrible) Latter, Derek Birkett (bass), Neil Puncher (guitar), and, recent additions from oop North, Simon (guitar) and Dave, ex-Discharge, (drums) — have consciously strayed from the right royal road to success taken by such "hardcore" combos as Anti-Pasti and The Exploited.

As a matter of fact, when the latter pair offered Flux a chance to support them at the Lyceum, the Crassites rightly declined. For one thing, they do not regard The Exploited's glorification of violence with much sympathy, and for another they refuse to play a venue which charges 84p for a pint of beer. Maybe I'm just a hippy: I rather approve of this stand.

Colin, a small but voluble spokesman, concedes that Flux aren't perhaps as politically motivated as Crass or Poison Girls, but nor are they just a punk band for the sake of it. "It's true I'm not so much into politics as them. Derek is. Derek wrote the piece about nuclear war and slaughtering animals on the sleeve and he's very political. As a group, we don't want to force change on anyone, but we do believe in trying to change peoples' attitudes — for instance, by giving them information."

Actually, Derek's "essay" — his facts on nuclear waste are properly researched (like Crass's) and his attack on the killing of animals is based on direct observation in a slaughterhouse — is more than informative, it positively seethes with disgust. Both he and Colin are vegetarians, and the other members of the band are almost converted.

But Colin is rather playing down his politics. His bedside reading may not be *Das Kapital* — "I believe more in a simple kind of existentialism" — but if you still think all punks are capable of lyrically is the conventionally vague struggle between "us and "them", then try this, as an example of his writing, for size:

AND OH AS YES THE SKY DID TURN TO NIGHT, I SHIELD MY EYES AND HIDE FROM THE BRIGHT OF DAY AND CAST THE STONE DEEP INTO THE FIELD OF MAN AND HIDE IN SHAME, AND SHIELD MY BODY WITH FERNS OF GREY AND ASK NO MORE OF LIFE UNSAVED AND SMILE NO MORE AND LAY HERE SCAVED, BECOME THE TOMBSTONE OF MY GRAVE.

It should be clear, then, that Flux Of Pink Indians, like Crass, (and for that matter like Theatre Of Hate) have grown beyond the interminable cliches of the UK Subs. 'Nagasaki Nightmare' and 'Neu Smell' are concerned with genuine issues, and played with an intensity that makes a mockery of electronic pop. In these records, and in the live performance of the two bands, punk not only survives but takes on an altogether more passionate lease of life. The first side of Flux's EP is really one of the most astonishing protests ever to be vinylised. Listen, if you want proof, just go buy the thing. It's only 75p. After 'Tube Disasters' you will never smirk to yourself about punk again. You can stuff your "Gothic" up your arse.

One thing still troubles me about the "real punk" movement, though. If Crass and The Exploited really do represent opposite poles of its revitalised spectrum, how come one sees the two names emblazoned together on so many leather jackets? Do any of the diehard punks really bother to think beyond the image and a handful of slogans, and if not, hasn't the Crass mission failed somewhere?

Colin: "Yeah, there's a contradiction there, but I also think there is a new punk feeling in the air, and if the Exploited aren't careful they're gonna get very stale. Actually, I saw a jacket the other day, and "Crass' had been painted over 'The Exploited'!

BARNEY HOSKYNS
finds new life in an old dog

"But the most important aspect of punk for me is the gathering, which is sort of what we mean by the word 'Flux'. That's why it's important that punk keeps going, because punks are working for peace and we *can* make a contribution to awareness."

Will punk survive?

Colin: "Every week there's more punk fanzines, and that's a really good sign. And that gig — well, it surprised even us."

Yes, that gig, Even without PA, even without spotlights (the whole set was ingeniously played in murky red semi-darkness), it was a truly inspired event. Apart from the theft of two painstakingly-sewn backdrops (could they *please* be returned?), there was no damage whatsoever. A simple lesson: no bouncers, no provocation. With at any one moment at least ten deliriously happy fans on stage — virtually obscuring Colin from view — there was a real, active joy in the occasion, a vital breakdown in formal stage presentation.

And in Colsk (The Terrible — actually he's very charming) Latter, slightly distanced from the exuberant chaos that kept threatening to engulf him, but still an unusually charismatic presence amidst the flailing limbs, "punk" has found its true son and heir — he that shall pull the sword from the stone.

So awake from the prejudices — PUNK'S NOT DEAD.

Barney Hoskyns

STRIP TEASERS

Pic: David Corio

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Comic Strip Package

The Venue

FOR AN alternative comic, Alexei Sayle's doing very nicely thank you at the moment: mug shot plastered over the front cover of the *London Review Of Books,* plaudits along the lines of "the future belongs to ..." from *The Times'* reviewer, rave notices spattered throughout the rest of the media like ketchup in a Peckinpah ...

Yes, very nice. Not very "alternative", though. Sayle's problem — and it's definitely *his* problem — is that the boundaries of acceptability have been pushed so far back in the two or three decades since Lenny Bruce started getting a little too dangerously het up about law, language and laughter that it's now downright impossible to be an even vaguely alternative or threatening media figure without becoming the darling of the establishment. If you're hard done by or persecuted, you're a *cause celebre;* if you're successful on some level you're a "much-needed kick in the pants of a moribund culture". And there's sod all you can do about it, sunshine. They love ya, baby.

There's nothing much "alternative" about a packed house at The Venue, either. Smugly classless young trendies, down in droves from Islington and Stoke Newington to hear jokes about smugly classless young trendies from Islington and Stoke Newington. Self-serving? I should say so. "We're so worldly, open and aware we can laugh at ourselves. It's part of our identity."

The main trouble with Alexei and the majority of acts on the current Comic Strip tour is that, despite being more Redbrick than Oxbridge, they're still largely dependent on the ground-rules of satire laid down in the early '60s by a variety of Frosts and Fringers. And who laughs loudest at satire? Why, the satirised, of course. Who d'you think reads *Private Eye?*

Arnold Brown, a dyspeptic Jewish Scotsman, adopts a persona of weary resignation and tells "jokes" with slight political overtones about social deprivation and Scotsmen. He is simply not funny, any humour coming from the fact that he seems to realise he's not funny. He has a catchphrase, "Why not?". Large sections of the audience could probably have given him a reason or two ...

French and Saunders are the Comic Strip's token women, and do a routine based on liberated women. Wow! (There are no black comics on the tour, and hence no black jokes. Is this "liberation"?) Their pseudo-American psychoanalyst / feminist encounter-group therapy stuff, though a lot slicker than a few months ago, owes too great a debt to Woody Allen to do anything other than tickle the programmed funny-bone of memory. Victoria Wood does this kind of thing much better, and that's no recommendation at all.

The Outer Limits — Peter Richardson and Nigel Planer — do dull, media-based material like ad spoofs, Space Invaders imitations and a hard-porn airline-disaster movie mime; not really worth doing, all things considered. Some things are so bad they're their own satire, and any further comment — in the way of comic routines — is completely superfluous.

Apart from Alexei Sayle, whose personality is so manically over the top it can carry even his weakest material, the only consistently successful Comic Strip turn is Twentieth Century Coyote, a duo (Rick Mayall and Ade Edmundson) whose parade of psychotic characters bears scant relation to anyone or anything *worth* satirising.

Rick Mayall, especially, is one of those people whose mere presence is an act of humour, like Tommy Cooper, Russ Abbott and Steve Martin, though a deal more dangerous than those. All his characters — the young socialist "angry poet", the inarticulate blob of boredom known as Kevin Turvey and the dominant half of the self-explanatory Dangerous Brothers — are quite plainly mad and perpetually on the edge of violence, the kind of outcasts even outcasts cast out.

It's a worrying reflection on our society that the future of British comedy belongs as much to Rick Mayall as to Alexei Sayle, that our eccentric comic characters are no longer the gentle, friendly oddballs our parents used to love, or even the dotty, friendly Pythons of our youth. Is this just growing-up?

One thing it's not is satire. We must be thankful for small mercies.

Andy Gill

EIGHT

Miles Over Matter

Angel

PSYCHEDELIA REPEATS itself: the first time as a teensploitation *Fantasia,* the second time as farce. Although Miles Over Matter are vaguely aware of this and adopt a tongue-in-cheek approach, there's something insecure about their dedicated looning about. The same can be said about their clothes, so slavishly unimaginative are the elaborate lengths to which they go to dress up like the young man about town (more precisely, Gandalf's Garden) circa 1967. This return to florid psychedelic gear is about as exhilarating as the mod craze two years ago: revived wardrobes are really coffins, demanding media overkill

The Art Objects The Transmitters

Moonlight

FOR ONCE, the Moonlight was fairly empty. Room to dance . . . but with bands like this, what's the point?

The Transmitters may know you can't please all of the people all of the time — but that doesn't deter them from trying. In the hope of cracking into credibility, they employ a large quantity of musical (?) means, operating under the hope that usage (and abusage) of so wide a range of instruments will compensate for the fact that they lack the ability to play any of them. Sax, trumpets and wooden sticks (snore) merge together to form a raucous mess. They don't neglect the all important crowd contact either — communication with the

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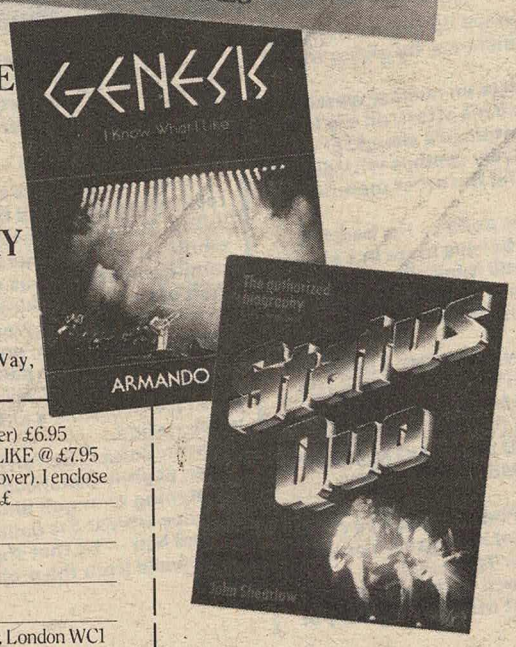

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MILES LIE

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Miles Over Matter may be enthusiastic, but any energy gets diffused by tame anglocentric whimsy: *"My father's name is dad"*, a line in one song goes. It's a short step from loving jibes at middlebrow domestication to Middle Earth and that late '60s literary hit *Lord Of The Rings*. I always find it very appropriate that Tolkien's gaga saga should have been set in a part of England now occupied by the *Crossroads* motel!

To be fair to Miles Over Meg Richardson's Head their vocalist and bassist both do a passable Jagger-Jones satanic majestic pose. Keyboards, guitar and drums don't have the panache for that, just a lot of desperation and those fancy threads. Mysterioso organ and biscuit-tin drum-rolls fall rather short of an attempted synthesis of The Small Faces telling us it's all too beautiful and Deep Purple saying "hush" Billy Joe Royal style.

We were also told that it was all too much, and suddenly things fell into place. The missing link between psychedelia then and now is Steve Hillage with endless re-runs down the fretboard based on his favourite song from 'Yellow Submarine'. Old Woolly Brain's manager was at the gig, whatever significance that might have. Just as I was following this train of thought (it was music you could do a lot of other things to) a light flashed on. No, not a multi-coloured revelation, but last orders. It happens all the time in pubs in Lambeth Walk. I just wish that this one didn't have a stage obscured by two giant pillars.

Paul Tickell

audience! How radical! Are New Order really fascists, Rob? Try verifying your 'facts' before attempting to worm your way into our hearts with them.

Even the energy present in some of the numbers is diluted by being dragged and stretched painfully out . . . *"It's a love thing — it's a hate thing"* drones monotonously on until the singer could just as well be reciting extracts from *Emmerdale Farm* for all the motion he evokes.

A fact of life is that if you've got no melodies, you've gotta have rhythm, if you've got no rhythm, you've gotta have mania. The Art Objects lack melodies and only occasionally touch rhythm, which means they should rely on mania. However there's only faint ribbons of deliria instead of the blue-black streaks there could be . . . their grip's too tight, they should loosen up. Maybe the singer feels limited by the fact that he can't sing. That's no boundary. If you can't sing, screech! Davey Henderson gets away with it!

The music the Art Objects produce is the type of thing that would sound great if it was on an LP being played at 45 . . . some authentic tribal effects would be burning and exigent if speeded up, the passionate drumming could become a feverish whirl, and at a faster speed the different textures might rub an undiscovered nerve — a grating shock. Try it!

It was pitch when I came out. So much for moonlight. The Transmitters transmitted something, if only excruciating boredom. And the Art Objects . . . they're objects certainly. But Art?

Leyla Sanai

The Flying Padovanis Bananarama Restless

Moonlight

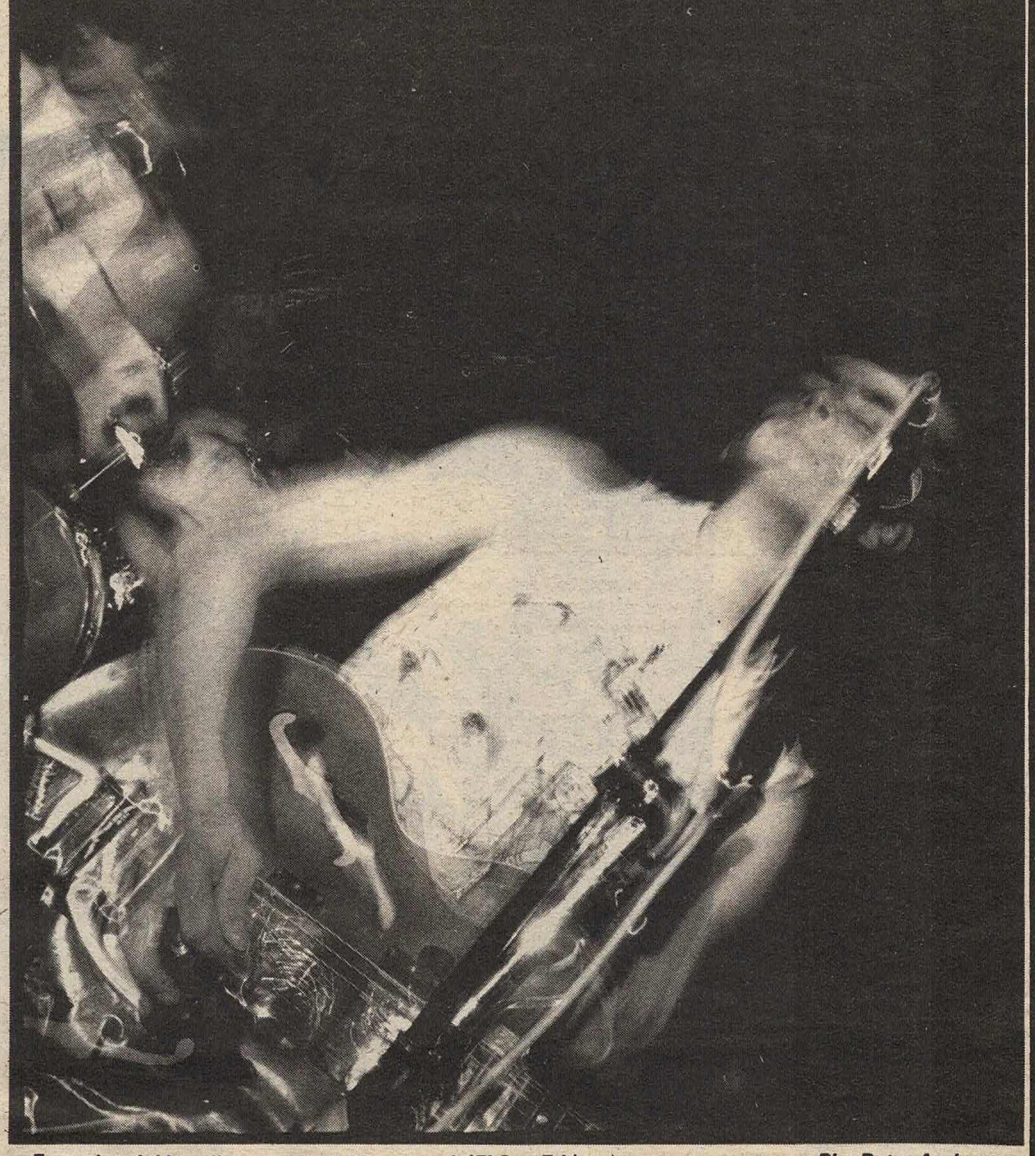
UNFORTUNATELY I only caught Restless's last three songs. They're a very young rockabilly trio who sound more like the real thing than The Polecats and other jokes. The emphasis is on energy, powerful rimshots on the snare, wild bobbing bass and a guitar that's economical but breaks into speedy rushes. The rockabilly craze looks as if it's dying, though; it's a pity Restless weren't doing their thing six months ago: they may well be a case of too much too late.

Bananarama are a very different kind of trio: one song between them. They sang and danced (well, moved limbs) to a tape of their single 'Aie A Mwana' — and that was it, finished. The Afro-Latin song was performed with supreme indifference in black and red off-the-shoulder polka-dot tops and . . . Why go on? That's just what their record company wants me to do. Let's just say that the audience huddled closer for a gawp. Me too: what a mug! There was nothing to see and less to hear. The next logical step in Bananarama's career will probably involve striptease and a wankerama glove free with every picture sleeve single.

The Padovanis are a trio as well, but their novelty is of a more comprehensive kind. Guitarist Henry Padovani does a slow twanging impersonation of Hank Marvin and then gets flashier with impersonations of Big Jim Sullivan and Chris Spedding in his 'Motorbikin'' phase. You could say Henry was skillful, you could say he was gimmicky. The novelty doesn't wear off immediately because there's a forceful rhythm section keeping the shine. But wear off it does, and one reason is that there's no focus in the band: what vocals there are get trotted out in Franglais, witty but wearing . . .

An exhilarating version of 'In The Nightime' did a little to alleviate the monotony, while the introduction of a banal sax player did the opposite. Somewhere amongst their lack of direction, though, and the occasional instant riffs, the Padovanis have a hit: a novelty, of course.

Paul Tickell



Famed aerial bandleader Henry Mantovani. (Eh? — Ed.) *Pic: Peter Anderson.*

The Onlookers

Stockwell

IN THE past year we've had a succession of pre-cooked and shrink-wrapped cultural epochs all tarted up to fit the tastes of the times. Haven't you had enough? Rockabilly, beat, mod, heavy metal, skinhead, punk and now psychedelia — doesn't it seem that your whole scummy life is flashing before you, rock'n'roll?

I remember a short story by Tennessee Williams when for a few moments all the events and turning points that marked the changes in the protagonist's life were there, flying past like a blitzing whirlwind. At the end of the story the rope snaps and the poor critter is dead. Take heed, old rock'n'roll.

The least that could be done is to try and save your soul but it's hard to see where The Onlookers coincide with that sort of effort, or indeed any sort of effort. The Onlookers are painfully trying to prove that they are new psychedelia, self-consciously sporting their new old clothes, blinking in the glare of over-used kaleidoscopic lights and over-used strobes, but nothing can hide the fact that they are so numbingly normal and boring that the best thing that they could ever hope to achieve is to support Donovan when he takes to the inevitable cabaret farewell tour.

Psychedelia is what is happening, like my little toe is happening, just because a few jaded berks in London have nothing better to do, just because there's no new urgency and a damning cynical apathy worming its way into the 'new creativity' . . . It's safe and old and distanced and ready for pampering — happily pushing aside the impediments which once made it a bright, multi-edged area of newness and adventure. The new practitioners are invariably sickly and slimy slowcoaches looking for a new bandwagon to crawl the loam.

The Onlookers give hapless and homely entertainment from the mid '60s where mod meets psychedelia. Their bizarre, harping love songs are oh so groovy — say five jangling guitar retreads playing ten songs between the longing of The Turtles' 'Elenore' and the fantasy of The Small Faces' 'Itchycoo Park'. It's not hard to see The Onlookers are smug careerists and clammy revivalists.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap; as ye live, so shall ye die. Funny, but there's a very nasty smell around here.

Gavin Martin

It's all too beautiful! Or not, as the case may be . . . *Pic: Peter Anderson*

NME presents the HAIR TODAY,

Haircut 100

Birmingham

HAIRCUT 100 are back. After whetting all our appetites with their clean-cut pop-funk a couple of months ago, little has been seen or heard of the boys from Beckenham. Now, with a big money deal secured, a new set written and rehearsed, and the added depth of saxophone and percussion fully integrated into the Haircut Sound, the time appears right for a concerted attack on the charts.

This performance at Birmingham's Zoo Club is the first of a series of low-key appearances designed to instigate Haircut Fever around the land. The question is, though, whether Haircut 100 actually need to play 'gigs' at all. The Haircut concept seems so highly tuned — the look, the sound, the aims — that, like many of their contemporaries emerging in the weighty eighties, the emphasis rests on quality recordings and TV exposure via video rather than any old-fashioned ideal of 'dues-paying' on the dancehall circuit.

In the studio the sky appears to be the limit — Haircut 100 guitar, bass, and drum astonishingly well, Nick Heyward is a prolific song writer, and on first hearings the acquisition of a suitable 'monster sound' has presented little problem. Visually, Haircut 100 seem almost ruthlessly designed for TV super-stardom — annoyingly good-looking, throwing all the right shapes, with Nick's wry grin destined to provoke a scream or three.

Perhaps they play live just for fun, just to revel in their own relaxed skill in creating something that is so obviously good. Opening with their instrumental version of War's 'Low Rider',

Prince Far I

Pickett's Lock Centre

IT'S THE ghost of Saturday night. The auditorium yawns like the gullet of Jonah's whale, and the handful of diehards present string themselves out around the perimeters, along the bar, around the turntables of the sound. One white boy — the reggae cousin of the headbanger — is right up against a speaker stack, skanking to himself. Maybe a hundred people have shown up to fill a space that could engulf three thousand.

The posters had proudly proclaimed that Prince Far I appeared thanks to "overwhelming public demand", and they had also promised a coach relay from Seven Sisters tube station to Edmonton, where the gig was being held. This night, it was hard to say which was more scarce. For many, the main attraction was not Far I but Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace, star of *Rockers* and the man behind the kit on classic tracks by Burning Spear and a host of others.

Scheduled for a seven o'clock start, the sound system was still only just spluttering into life at nine. After 11 the band shambled on to a fulsome introduction, and it speedily became apparent that they'd neither sound-checked nor tuned. Horsemouth strode all over

THE ONE-DIMENSIONAL MINDS

Simple Minds

Manchester

MANCHESTER'S MAMMOTH Apollo Theatre with its imperious proscenium arch, crimson velvet carpets and gaudy decor is a poignantly appropriate venue for Simple Minds' current ostentatious display. Sheltered by all the traditional symbols of the giant rock arena, it's easy for them to wallow in their own conceit, simple for them to enact for their doting disciples the theatre of the pompous, the proud and the contemptuously self-indulgent.

That they should have come to this! Simple Minds have turned into an aged rock band at the nadir of their creative development; they tell the pathetic tale of their own unfulfilled potential. We expected more from them.

After recovering from their insipid 'Life In A Day' period, not only did the Minds appear to control their habitual urge to plagiarise and start to break off at fresh tangents from their monotones, but they went on to nurture an imposing pop style — the spirit of their climatic, spasmodically glorious 'Empires And Dance' LP. The breathtaking, swooping song 'Celebrate' seemed to be a golden promise for a fruitful future. Though that was to be a vision beyond these Simple Minds.

Their latest trick of churning out an undistinguished and disappointing *double* album (how long to the *triple concept?*) means that their careers have hopped from the ridiculous to the sublime and now to the decadent and vile in three easy moves.

Not that they seem too concerned about their degeneration from potent pop pioneers to obscene pomp-rock masturbators. In this month's interviews Kerr will tell you he doesn't actually write lyrics, he paints *collages* of words created from strands of thought gathered over a period of maybe a year. Epic stuff, eh?

And on this tour to promote their new poison and puffed-up product, Simple Minds present themselves like Pink Floyd or Yes reincarnate. And you thought the era of the toothless dinosaur genre had been swept away forever? Well catch a glimpse of these trappings.

We have the gantries of kaleidoscopic multi-purpose lighting mainly employed to flatter the monochrome music, but also to cast giant shadows of the band onto a huge backdrop — the projection of their massive egos. (And how ridiculous Kerr's lower frame looked — all mishaped knickerbockers and wellies — when magnified as a 20 foot silhouette.)

Then we have the split-level stage, allowing each mega-star to be positioned on his own personal pedestal and pose as Gods ascending to the heavens. They don't move in case they crack their make-up. And of course, there's the songs — directionless arrangements that meander nowhere in particular for approaching *ten minutes.* That's *ten minutes* of one-dimensional, dispassionate music that has no gloss to its dull finish. My friend claimed they played the same song over all night long. He was wrong. Between naps, I made out at least two.

So just where are Simple Minds trying to lead us? Back to the sick, sad days of the early Seventies? They've got it all wrong. Their Promised Land is of fallen empires and redun-dance. And like the Emperor's new clothes, this Simple Minds tour is nothing to see.

Mick Duffy

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HUGE TOMORROW

the scene is immediately set. The casual smiles and attitude don't disguise the controlled musical muscle being flexed. The originals comprising the rest of the teasingly short set show the depth of Heyward's writing skill and the Haircuts' talent for interpretation.

The pop-funk tag is justified because at some stages the group almost appear to possess two entirely separate musical bases. When they hit a funk(y) groove such as on 'Kingsize' and the upcoming single 'Favourite Shirts' they rank alongside the best of Brit-funk — a sharper version of Linx — and tighter (live) than the Spands. However, on their pop excursions the on-beat backbeat and ringing guitar bring to mind the classic '60s stylists ranging from the Byrds to the Monkees, as on the very wonderful 'Fantastic Day'.

Haircut 100 tend to specialise in lyrically sparse almost-instrumentals, keeping 'em short 'n' sweet and occasionally veering into film-theme territory — using vocal whoops and phrases as a focus. The overall emphasis is always on restraint, which is another reason why live performance is perhaps not the ideal Haircut sphere of operation — there's always a noticeable distance between group and audience. The Birmingham crowd, a broad cross-section of Zoot-hipsters and disco-polyester, seemed a little bemused by the onstage goings on, the diversity of the Haircut material compounding the confusion.

However, gigs such as this bear little relevance to the Haircut Concept. Three minutes of snap, crackle and pop on your TV is all Haircut 100 need to become absolutely massive. They'll sell records by the cartload, beam from a million walls, and play their greatest hits to adoring hordes at Wembley.

James T. Kirk

the stage resplendent in his green velvet suit, getting musicians and stage crew alike under manners — which took awhile. Finally the music commenced, and against all the odds, it was gorgeous. Horsemouth Wallace could drive any band: let alone any *band,* this man could drive a *bus* and people would dance, and Deadly Hedley's saxophone was nothing short of exquisite.

After a couple of tunes, Ashanti Roy — formerly a collegue of Cedric Myton's in The Congos — stepped up, plugged in a Telecaster and sang two numbers, which represented the abolute peak of the evening, with marvellous interplay between voices and horns. By the time the nominal star of the evening appeared onstage it was hitting midnight and the hall staff turned on the house light. Two toasts later, the Prince had croaked his way back offstage, and it was time to play hunt-the-bus.

The sound system had played hard sides all night, the band had — when they finally sorted themselves out — played like champions, and the night had still been a disaster. Strictly frustration all night, and an overwhelming feeling of being pissed about. Far I's posters included the phrase "Too much su-su 'pon de dread" but Saturday night at Pickett's Lock was too much su-su 'pon de whole damn audience.

Charles Shaar Murray

Really

Cosmo Club, Leeds

THE 30 second instrumental with which they start, and finish, the (ahem) gig serves as perfect introduction. A warm, full, rhythmic sound that bobs and weaves, shuffles and sways, bounces and spins.

Sweet mellow guitar played in an angular, fractured, rhythmic (that word again) style.

They're not a funky cash-in, though; their feel comes predominantly, though not overwhelmingly, from reggae. And it ain't no white boys (one black, one woman) play ethnic either, the overall sound being an amalgamation of influences and interests from different cultural perspectives.

The bassist wore braces.

The songs were, on the whole, gentle and quiet and rather sad at the edges. Unfortunately the words were inaudible due to the usual problems of mix and articulation, so their ideas — their concerns, joys and worries — eluded me. Something to look forward to next time.

The drummer had a red hat.

The entire sound is built on bubbling, loping, stop-start bass lines and inventive, uncluttered drumming; the message is dance.

The keyboardist was invisible (almost inaudible).

Possibly they lack a little bite, a touch of intensity, a desire to communicate, which was highlighted when they did achieve it on 'Red Alert' which was played twice, once as encore.

They all wore short hair.

Any group which is charming, subtle and (musically) seductive without being bland and empty is to be treasured. They're not the future of rock'n'roll (or any other form), thank god, but certainly good, maybe in time very good.

Really.

Phil Schofield

FROM L.A.

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A CALYPSO NOW!

Desperadoes
Taj Mahal

Hammersmith Odeon

WITH VIV Stanshall confining himself to introductions, we were given two personalisations of black music, and an expected affinity proved instead an actuality leagues apart.

Calypso music is a lonely furrow. For all its rhythmic snap and spontaneity there's something cheerfully hollow about it, and eventually a forced gaiety seems to sweep away any depth. A calypso vein runs through Taj Mahal's music (strengthened tonight by a Desperado guesting on steel drums) but it has to take its place alongside the blues, gospel, reggae, songster music: bywaters of black music few are prepared to fish in. A unique confluence of styles is the end result. Taj Mahal's rascally free-spiritedness, his refreshing delight in the sound, makes a music that's shamefully easy to enjoy.

Favourites like 'Mailbox Blues' and 'Black Jack Davy'; an improbable charmer, 'I Ain't Got Nobody' (you should've heard how the bass and drums came in); a purely hypnotic 'Freight Train', which grew and grew into a fantasy of train rhythms and dream like improvisation.

All were embellished and understated with singular sophistication by an excellent sax/keyboards/steel drums/bass/drums outfit, with Taj's own simple, rippling Gibson lines stirred in. He bobbed his head under a big pith helmet, sang vocals which intruded almost as an afterthought. A considerable gentleman.

The Desperadoes seemed so formal in contrast they might have been playing a Palace garden party. What seemed like hundreds of flailing drummers (actually about 25), crisp red shirts impeccably ironed, belted out a mighty rendition of 'Sabre Dance' — and continued to belt.

After several numbers it felt like one long bash. Steel drumming can be severely subtle. It can produce lines that shimmer like those a vibes player gets; but any chance of that here was suffocated by the sheer size and volume of the group. And to rely on toothless classical lollipops like 'Swan Lake' for crowd-pleasing barnstormers only evokes copacabana schmaltz. Some voiced their disapproval, but most were steamrollered into relieved acclaim. I think I went home.

Richard Cook

The Desperadoes get a good panning. *Pic: David Corio*

The Lines
The Aces

Moonlight

THE ACES I will remember only for the bricklaying quality they brought to their 'reggae' numbers. The cymbals and timbales were literally annihilated on the off-beat as if that was all that was needed to create Rastaman vibrations, though it nearly brought the PA down. Fortunately nearly everyone left after their set, leaving in their wake thirty hopeless souls staring into empty beer glasses to the cynical soundtrack of *A Hard Day's Night*. I was number nine.

The majority (about 23 dubious scowlers) had come to see Family Fodder, who for unspecified reasons had failed to turn up and make the date swing, and so in an atmosphere of recognised disaster — like a basketball reserve called on with 15 seconds on the clock and six points needed, The Lines hesitatingly crawled on stage.

Unbeknown to them, Madame Fate had been at work. Collectively deciding that anyone persistent enough to withstand the dishpan torture of the last hour deserved something good to take home with them, they put quill to scroll and dashed off yet another tale with a happy ending.

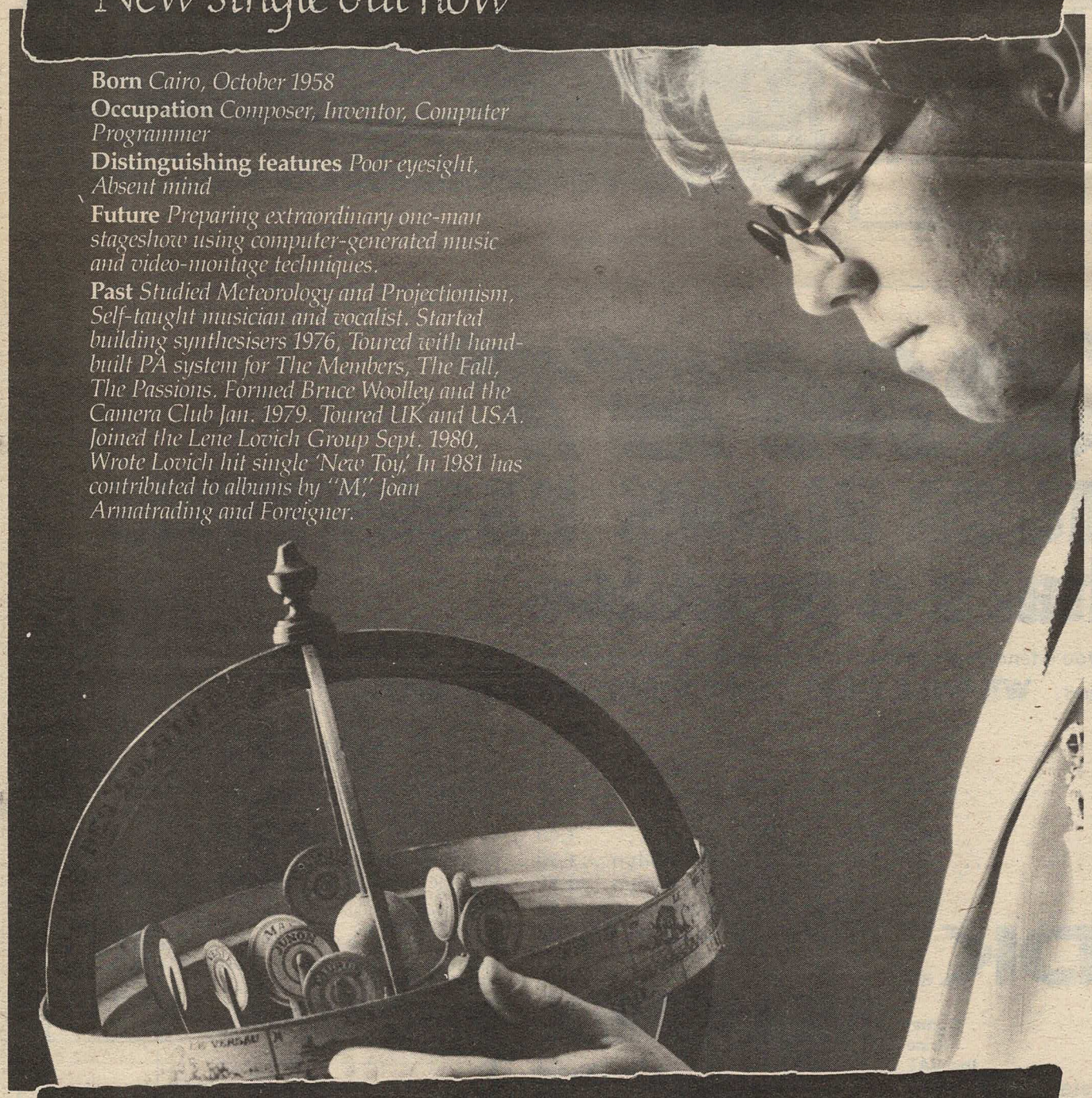
Very slowly The Lines soothed and shifted into a rhythmical attack of sound patterns and hooks which at last, as stated elsewhere, proved to be a precious example of tension AND dance. While bass and drums were repetitive in the Can/PiL sense, the overall feeling was deliberately more funky without being Funk. Mick Lineham on synthesised lead created fluctuating Spectoresque walls of noise reminiscent (but for reference only) of A Certain Ratio and D.A.F., complemented by the guitar, trombone and percussion of vocalist Richard Conning.

Where the band differs from a hundred and one other metal machine music merchants is through their personality (stronger than any image) and tone of the music and vocals as a whole. Immediate thoughts of Thomas Leer's 'Private Plane' crossed with 'Sweet Jane' spring to mind, but it's the overall unforced human quality that proves most refreshing — none of this legs apart, floppy fringed Aryan stance crap; instead, four young men with a lot of uncontrived presence who ultimately relate to and exploit the atmosphere of the situation they are in to maximum effect.

Tonight we saw the two opposite approaches and two poles of white 'rock music', and it was clear one had far more solidarity than the other. In front of an empty space, with no reaction taking place and with no demands or expectations to live up to, The Lines had a field day. Pay attention Final Solution — Don't miss it!

Simon Fellowes

Thomas Dolby
New single out now



Born *Cairo, October 1958*
Occupation *Composer, Inventor, Computer Programmer*
Distinguishing features *Poor eyesight, Absent mind*
Future *Preparing extraordinary one-man stageshow using computer-generated music and video-montage techniques.*
Past *Studied Meteorology and Projectionism. Self-taught musician and vocalist. Started building synthesisers 1976, Toured with hand-built PA system for The Members, The Fall, The Passions. Formed Bruce Woolley and the Camera Club Jan. 1979. Toured UK and USA. Joined the Lene Lovich Group Sept. 1980, Wrote Lovich hit single 'New Toy.' In 1981 has contributed to albums by "M," Joan Armatrading and Foreigner.*

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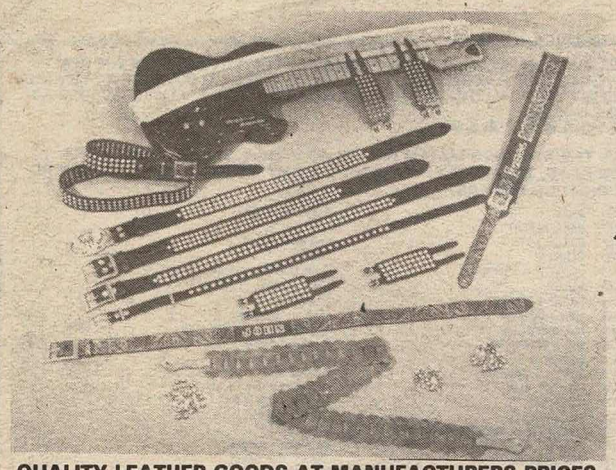

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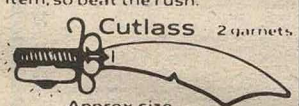

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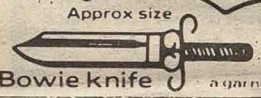

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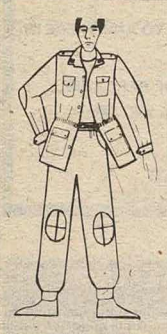

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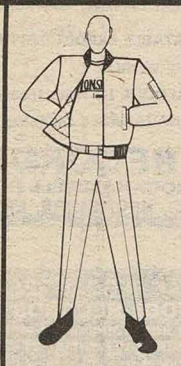

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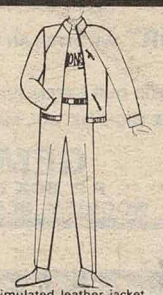

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STIMULIN

FROM PAGE 21

Alix: "You should do this interview as a comic strip like that Charles Atlas thing — we had sand kicked in our faces! But we had six months in the bedroom with the Bullworker and look at us now!

"It's more like six months in the Whitechapel rehearsal room. But all the slaps in the face have helped us, and we've accepted that there are more important things than just attracting industry attention. We've worked hard, we've improved 700% and we now realise that we are on the outside and we don't have to follow the rules and regulations of any particular scene." Stimulin became hard men and the soft ones got cautious.

Stimulin have become severe believers in the fight against the hopeless whims of fad and fancy and despair at the tactless and impassive new prejudices constantly introduced: they canvas for clarity and a vibrant impartiality.

"Because we're a funk band we don't expect all our audience to be doing acceptable funk dances — double back flips — and we don't expect everyone to be wearing acceptable uniforms. We want people to turn up however they look, however they feel comfortable, and just get on with it.

"It's a really crucial thing this scene business — it's like people have to go and do an apprenticeship for nine months before they're accepted or before they feel they can dance properly without people laughing at them. That's crap! Dance really can be the ultimate participation — people listening to music and responding shouldn't be considered any less than the musician."

"I think it's really odd," speeds Perry, "because what we represent and what we're saying is very straightforward and very simple and nothing new at all, just a fundamental gesture of defiance and honesty. But somehow in the present political, social, musical fashion state of whatever we're considered radicals. We're something to feel uneasy about.

"All we're saying is that anyone can get involved and you don't have to disguise yourself, and passion isn't anything to be afraid of and everyone's going, 'I don't know what you're going on about Perry, I don't know why you're not dressing them up, you must be mad, you've been together nine months and you haven't made a million dollars!' "

BECAUSE OF Perry Haines' slight media associations with the lethargic new romance, his reputation as style adviser through a relationship with M, Polecats, Duran Duran, Modettes, etc, and his impressive influential co-editorship of successfully broad based fashion magazine i-D, there has been certain expectancies of a conventional sensationalism from Stimulin.

Through i-D Haines has always advocated eclectism, energy and enterprise, but the literalists see only the superficial items of show off and talk trash.

"Again and again people ask me what are the group going to be wearing, what is their image. From the very beginning there has been none of that. I turned to Stimulin because I wanted to be involved in something that was real, that had some soul and passion.

"The things that people reject Stimulin for are the qualities that must return — a utilitarianism, a determination. Stimulin have not been packaged and wrapped so they couldn't be associated with any trend. Our image if anything is just functional — clothes that you feel comfortable in. People must be getting fed up with all that 'Fade To Grey' shit, and passion must become more widespread. There are people who are wise and who have higher standards and they refuse to be talked down to."

Alix: "The band and the management are interlocked and there's a very broad based purpose that we share that can't be easily packaged. Chris and Perry have been involved with the group from the very start and not just in the usual management way. They're vitally interested in what we're doing, and vice versa. We understand what Perry's doing and what he can do. He is as much Stimulin as I am. So's Chris. You talk to any of us individually and you won't find any discrepancy in our faith in the potential and passion of Stimulin."

DEPARTURE: A CHOICE OF CONCLUSION (this is a way of suggesting.)

WIPING THE make up from your eyes, breaking down the swirls of snobbery, using words like 'passion', 'soul', 'commitment' with their original untainted power . . . Stimulin cannot be just this week's working way to fill pages, Alix is not merely this month's face. They're prize fighters.

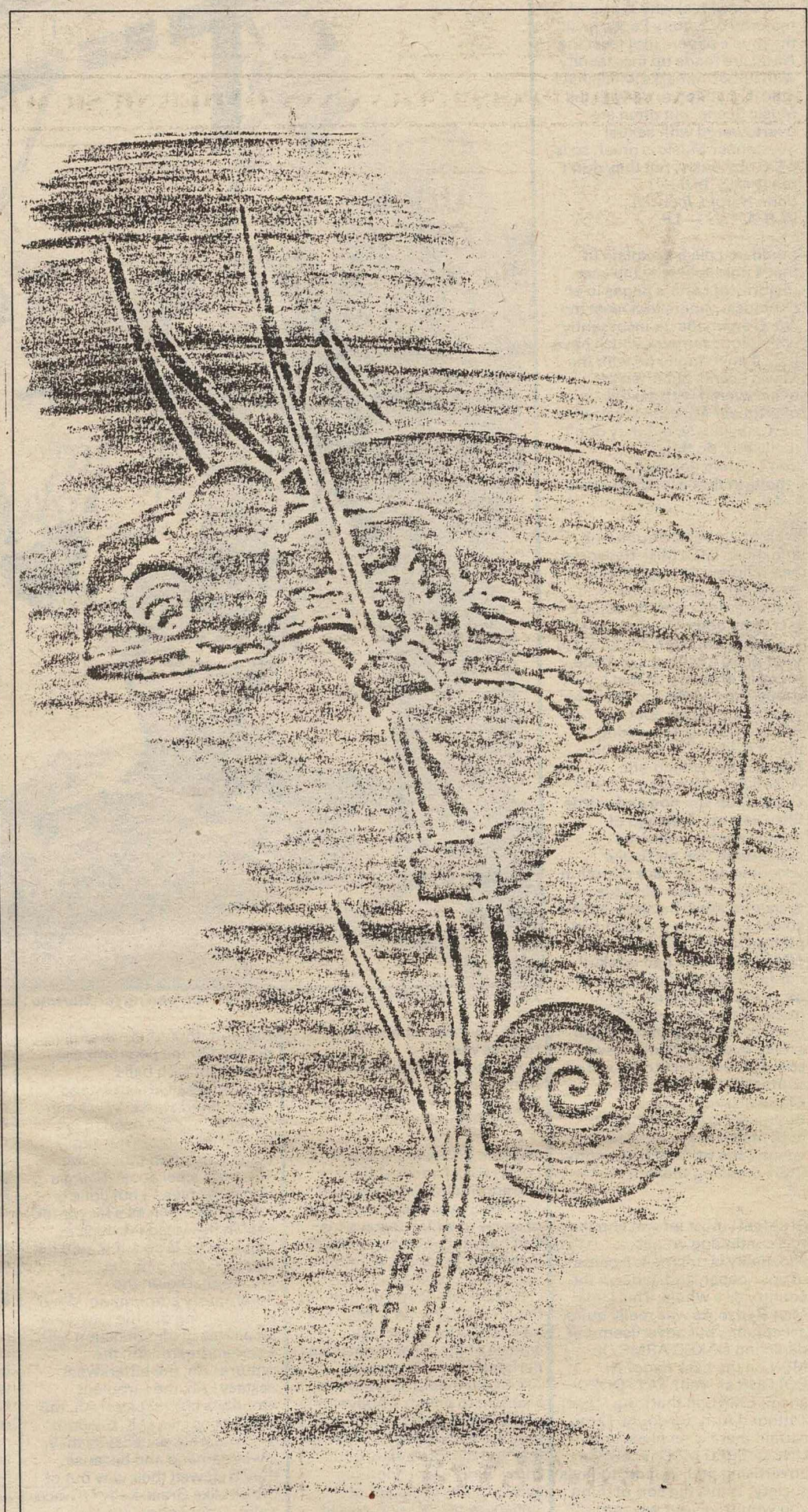
"There's a lot of anger in what we do," and there's a lot of care.

Stimulin are a sign, something to hook into, a burst of sanity. Stimulin believe in the powerful moral lift of great music, the sexual kick, the irresistible thrill, the central energy that is as much a confrontation of greater problems as standard political slanging. They are retaliating and it's a knock out or nothing.

Don't kid yourself that a sense of responsibility or justice has drifted away from pop for ever. You can't change the world overnight?

"You can edge it in a direction that has value, give it a real nudge, and a very valid way of doing that is by playing music that is, y'know, effervescent. People think — phew! OK, so come with us and get involved in the great debate. There is no manifesto. This is just a movement for life, a statement of intellectual and emotional excitement, a return to just the quality of music, to bloody passion and constructive agitation. This is a mission!"

Catholic and protestant, northern and southern, east and west, upper and lower class, Stimulin are not about to lie to you.



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Could you please explain (if that's possible) why the vast majority of Letters Pages in all the music papers (not least the *NME*) are made up incessantly with idiotic remarks which have little if anythlng to do with the Music Scene, but often are overtowered with sexual overtones? Music is great, so is SEX, obviously, but they don't really MIX do they?
John Harold, Ipswich.
W H A T??? — I.P.

Could you please explain (if that's possible) why the vast majority of Letters pages in all the music papers (not least the *NME*) are made up incessantly with idiotic remarks which have little if anything to do with the Music Scene, but often are overtowered with sexual overtones? Music is great, so is SEX, obviously, but they don't really MIX do they?
John Harold, Ipswich.
I thought that's what you said. — I.P.

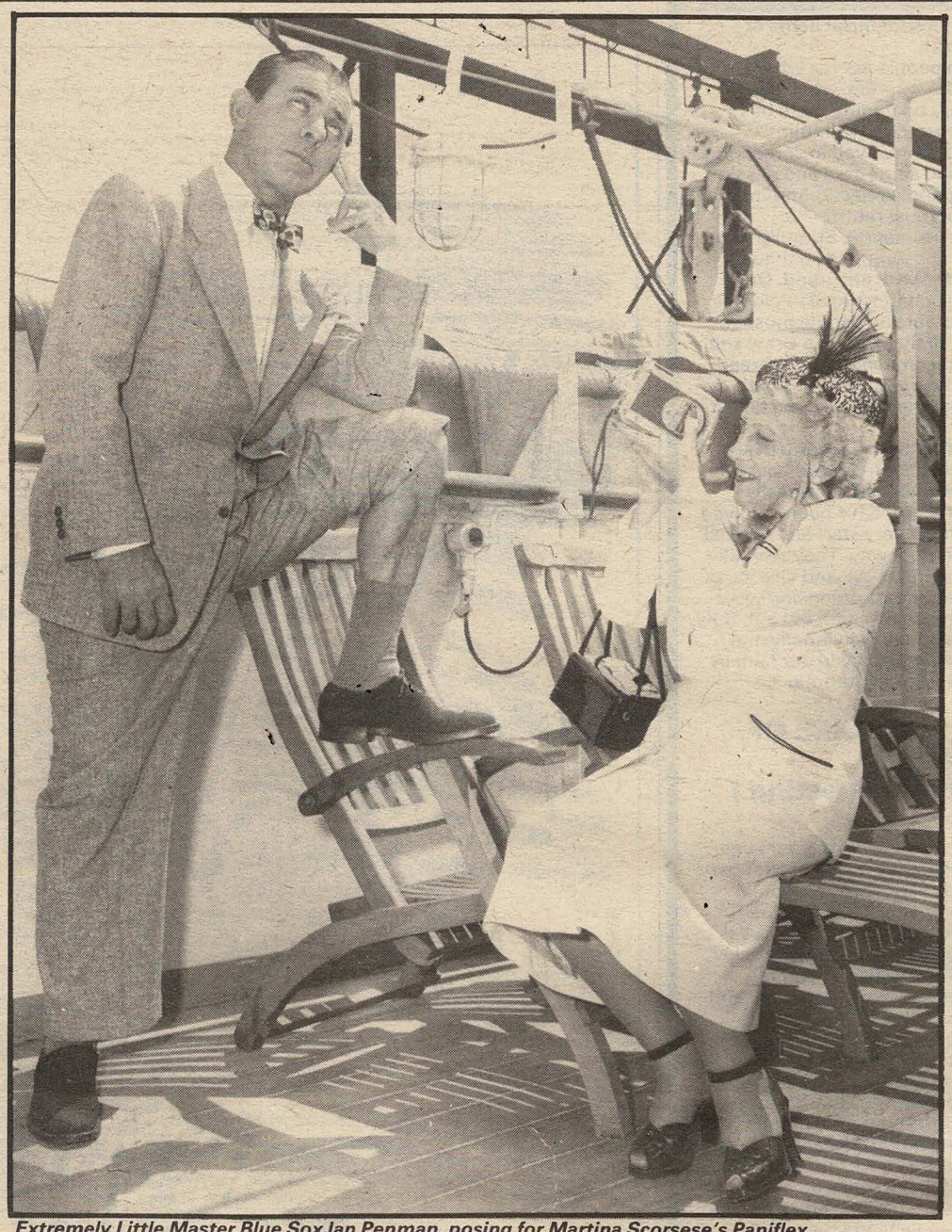
Well, she's back. Your friend and mine, Little Miss Redsocks has "slipped through the net" again. Why, after all the embarrassed cries of apology last time, does it happen again? Are you completely impotent in your good intentions or is the thought of losing all that lovely money just a little too much for you? Stop talking about sexism and start doing something about it, like kicking out this pathetic advertisement.
Alison Bell, Newcastle, Staffs.
Ooop doop sha boo and a little bitty deja vu. A deluge of demonstrative missives concerning this particular on going egg on face situation. The preposterous Miss Maxell appeared *again* because *NME's* colour issues are planned and plotted long in advance and *NME's* Ad. Dept. had booked her for three engagements in all. In the meantime — how many of the disgruntled readers who leaped to *NME's* attack over this thingy have complained direct to Maxell or contacted the Advertising Standards Authority? Bombarding us with het-up hate mail is just a headbang against the walls of hegemony. Start *breaking them down!* — I.P.

Sir, I feel I must inform you that this continuing vulgar sensuality is ruining the name of your paper, and, indeed, the country as a whole. This Little Miss Redsocks was really quite acceptable, but advertisements depicting NAKED ARMS OF MEN on the back page? IN COLOUR as well? TATTOOED and FLEXING at that? Big Mister Tattooed Arm, no doubt. I am certain there is no place for UNCOVERED MALE FLESH in advertising and, indeed, today's society; is this the sort of thing you would let your wives and servants read?
Yours, Lord Chatterley.
Yeah, but you're biased against 'vulgar sensuality' ain'tcha — losing yo' lady to a musclebound dungheap, I ask you! Vulgar is just one of the myriad wonderful things sensuality can be, and tattooes can be sensual too, in the right place. How do I know? Just use a little sensual imagination . . . — I.P.

Next time you print my P.S.s, try printing the rest of my letter as well — I'd hate anyone to think that I was being complimentary about Graham Lock. Try spelling my name right as well.
A very annoyed Annelise Jespersen.
Was this the rest of the letter, by any chance? — I.P.

Here we go again - Graham Lock, radical and free thinker extraordinaire, censored and repressed, yet still allowed a lot of space in which to have his half baked opinions printed. His incessant, paranoic whining really is becoming too much.

So radicals do get pilloried by the media, but when these are 'radicals' who would like control of the press themselves perhaps it's not surprising. Aren't the media allowed the *freedom* to pillory whoever they wish? A free press means that they are allowed to print things that you disagree with, you know. Before you continue spouting any more about 'censorship', Mr Lock, would you please explain why, in your recent *Gasbag* (the one that was three pages long — how did you manage that?) you did not print one letter in support of Gavin Martin's R&R article, when I know for a fact that some were received (including one from myself)?
Annelise Jespersen.
See the great Labour Party broadcast last week, eh? Combined with your letter it's sent Graham over the brink — and now all we get is *conspiracy theory* all day. A few too many Ribenas at lunchtime and he's anybolsheivik's, though. — I.P.



Extremely Little Master Blue Sox Ian Penman, posing for Martina Scorsese's Paniflex.

Random thoughts, carefully edited. Off the peg romance, instant matzoh balls, do-it-yourself idolatory and freeze dried abuse. What more could a poor girl need to get herself a by-line? Gratuitous insults are often mucho fun — "fuck off, steel nose" being a particular fave — but Julie is losing her touch as a fast order chef in fish wrap journalism. Logorrhoea is no substitute for rigour. Garbo gets the adulation, Didion the peremptory admonition. Why? Is Julie living out the vicarious pleasures of identification with a screendream? Ah, the rapture! Ah, the bittersweet ecstacy! Ah, the turbulent emotions she inspires! Ah, the ham acting! It's O.K. to adore pretty actresses because they always smiled and because they'd clawed their way out of the dirt like Grace Kelly? (Grace Kelly — dirt? poor little rich girl?) No. Not O.K. It's mandatory. Didion is tiresome for writing personal essays, being subjective? Ponderous prose? I thought her piece on, say, the women's movement was quite a cogent, succinct and ironic social commentary but Julie doesn't like this stuff because it doesn't look like it was put together in a single drunken, mumbling draft into a cassette. We're not allowed to like Didion because although she's pretty she doesn't smile all the time.

Notwithstanding this I think that somewhere in the Burchill psyche there's an unchaste puritanism struggling to get out. I never did read the *NME* looking for the new gospel, for an arbitration on nuances of taste, for an intimation of some great truth, but some of your writers think I should be and are boring me. The trends are turning over too fast. Yet another sycophantic report on the parthenogenesis of yet another evanescent cult here to save the true believers from the apocalypse. All I see is wilful obscurantism disguising the lack of substance. But then that's probably just my jealousy surfacing in an aproxysm of unbridled subjectivity.

What do you think, Paul?
Amos Haggard, Gent.
Paul can't come to the telex machine right at the moment — his fingers are dripping Stimulin — but we share the same office, casting couch and compassions, so I'll be glad to deal with your charming critique. My acute appreciation of Ms Didion's essay work has been growing lonesome and blue under the Features Ed's IN tray for months; we're trying to decide whether finally rehousing in the PRINT section will look O.K. in the wake of Julie's one round KO. (Your line about that particular essay could have been lifted from my piece). Why not carefully edit some more random thoughts into the shape of something which might displace the NMessays you derive such displeasure from? We need new blood — and Morley-Penman Inc. like your heartbeat for a start, kid. Do it, just DO IT!

Duck, Julie, more slings and arrows . . . — I.P.

Burchill's last attempt confirmed my opinion of her. Like all true literary dissidents (my, how she blathers on in the cause of honest conceptualism), her essential nature is one of Puritanism. Garbo . . . the girl whose silence was so big you could drive anything into it from a structuralist critique to a Lawertian cosmic consciousness, and not notice the strain. God, Julie, why don't you sling your loquacious hook? If you or Parsons could ever make your reminiscences as consistently stimulating as Crisp's or as revealing as Didion's then I might bother reading you again. As it is, you are both very mediocre, if sizzlingly hot on the bogus one-liners. Applause, applause for the bigoted journalese of Marxist/Zionist spiel with all its contradictions . . . Ah, to be a girl who lives in '20s/'30s America and fancies herself telling the masses of her strange hate/love of the pinstripe macho image. Your true games is a very old and sexist one: JOBS FOR THE BOYS.
"Horse's bit between his teeth," Wakefield.
Julie dear, they think you reek of latent Puritanism! I think you are bathed in a heavenly glow of spiritual beauty and understanding after *that* flirtly little comment in your Face Judy Campbell piece. But my sweetheart read extremes into its playfullness and walked. There's only one thing to do: divorce that Thomas — Tom? — Wolfe s.o.b. and let's stop being just strangers in the PRINT section, exchanging glances . . . — I.P.

Julie Burchill went to a school which was a dump. This school was a comprehensive. Therefore all comprehensives are dumps! Simple isn't it? It's also wrong. The reasons for people opposing private health and education are obvious and easy to understand. The National Health Service and state education service are far from perfect, and will continue to be so as long as those with the power and influence (and money) have the option of *private* health and education. If the members of our present government had to use the NHS and their children went to state schools there would be a difference, to say the least, in government spending cuts in these areas, and in the amount of public money which goes to private education. The comprehensive system never has had the total support it needed, and the NHS isn't getting the support it needs now.
Nigel "I bet he doesn't go to a comprehensive" Pamphilion.
P.S. Do comprehensives really make you fat?
We prefer the term 'burly'. — ILEA spokesperson.

Dear Alice Crowley, did you not realise that Soft White Underbelly WERE the Blue Oyster Cult under an old name? Obviously not, but was no one at *NME* knowledgeable enough to spot the cock up?
Gerald Harvard, Leatherhead, Surrey.
Dear leatherhead, you obviously aren't *NME* knowledgeable enough to spot a knowing *NME* joke when it tugs your elbow. Not exactly a thigh-slapper, I admit — in fact, *I* didn't get it at all — but certainly the sort of thing that makes Oy! Music bozos like Max Bell crack up (Oysters — crack up? Get it?). — I.P.

How much do your writers earn through taking bribes from record companies?
Willy Nilly.
Which specific breakdown do you want? The stuff in our Swiss bank accounts? The stuff up our noses? The things in our garages? The stamps in our passports? The slipperful's of Carlsberg '68? Or the really heavy stuff — the stuff they have to turn on when they want us to do something like Grace Jones in a top New York nite spot? — I.P.

As I lie here on my waterbed, sipping the most expensive coffee I can get my hands on, puffing at my Carey cigar and reading a rag called *NME*, I can't help fight off a thought that keeps materialising deep within my consciousness! Namely this — why is caviar black and spherical?
Ian Lawson, Dumfries, Scotland.
It's manufactured that way with a cocktail in mind, one called a Black and White Inhale. You never mixed caviar and cocaine? — I.P.

I stopped reading *Sounds* and concentrated my music paper reading to *NME* as I thought you seemed to deem slightly more favour (?) to the Psychedelic Furs than my previous weekly read. Yet, I was wrong, as hardly a week goes by without the same whimsical slur against the aforementioned band, usually from your *creme-de-la-creme* of sarcasm, Erroll. Give it a rest, and give the band some credit or if you can't bring yourselves to do that don't mention them at all! If matters do not improve I will have to change my weekly intake of literature to something else. What do you suggest?
Mandy B.
Free plug time: I suggest *The New Socialist*, although I'm not sure what stand they're taking on The Psychedelic Furs right at this moment in time. The Psychedelic Furs? Aren't they slightly left of, um, on the shelf? — I.P.

My congratulations to Paul Morley for his piece in *Private Eye's* Pseud's Corner. H(ow) S(oo)n (w)i(ll) it be (un)til (l)(a)(n) P(enma)n () m(ak)es (an) (app)(ear)ence (?).
The Sped Spand, Southampton.
Sir, you have my Achille's Heel. When I think of what I've done to the English language over the past few years in the cause of glib and obstinately inaccessivle prose, when I think of the wads of coherent syntax I've savaged, words I've invented, how I've meta-potecized the most prosaic and unworthy of objects . . . and do I get rewarded with that accolade of accolades? Do I sic! Still, it's one of the few things that keeps me (going) (L)on. — I.P.

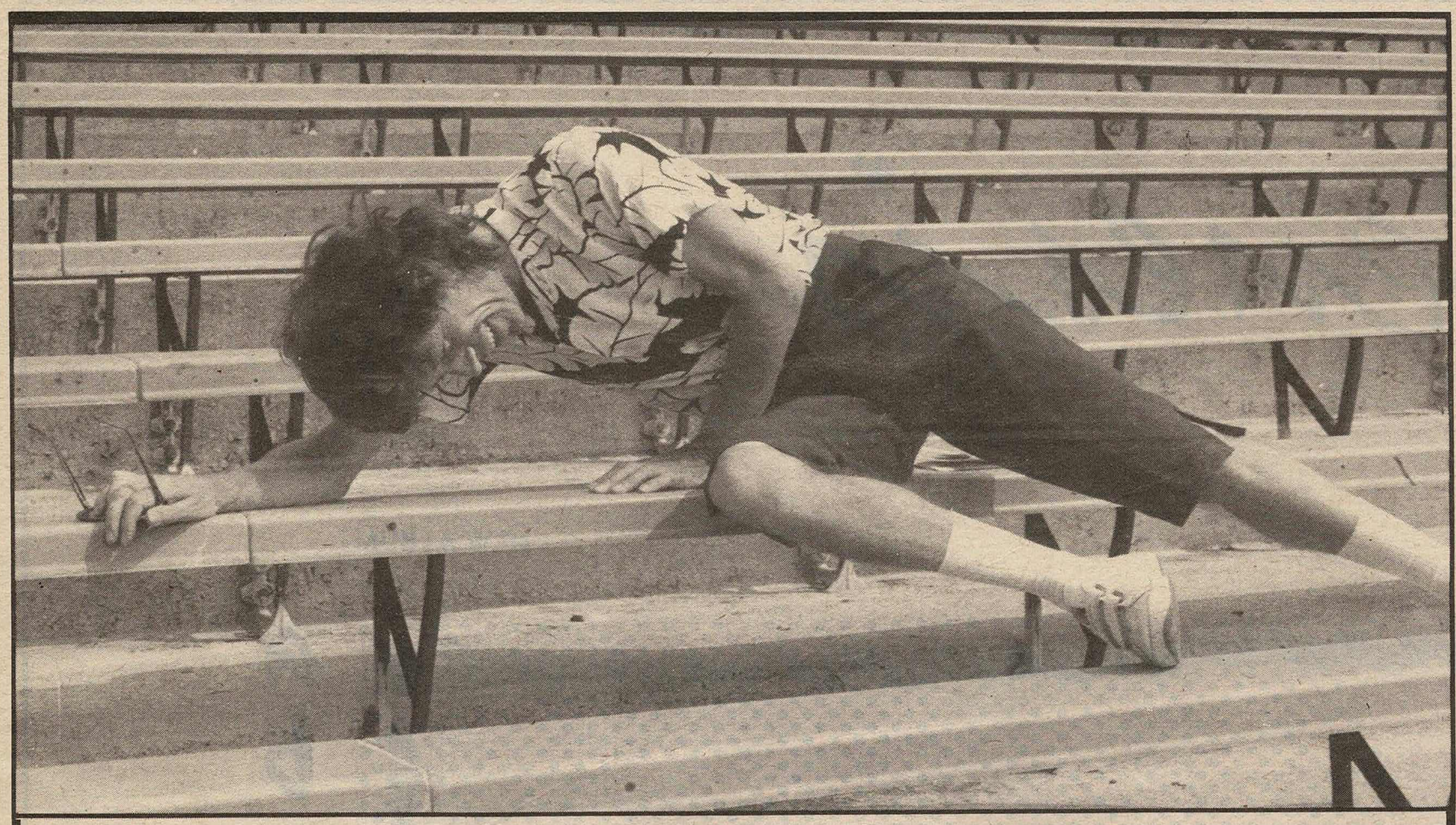
Forget Scott Walker, forget Miles Davis, forget Ze, forget funk and psychedelia. Prepare for the imminent Edith Piaf revival and the introduction of 1940's French Music Hall chic — long live the little sparrow of Paree!
Mlle Baisers, Charles Aznavour, Birmingham.
The Edith Piaf revival was this morning; this afternoon it's Thomas De Quincey; tea time is the Inquisition look; later on tonight Ovaltine chic makes a comeback and bedtime reading is *'Tis Pity He's A Whore* (with Movement to follow). — I.P.

As an old Kinks fan I was shocked, nay horrified to see in *NME* a picture of Chrissie Hynde and Ray Davies with his hand down his trousers. Is this why he was wearing dark glasses or was he about to present CH with another surprise candelabra and Joe Stevens failed to capture the right moment?
Disillusioned, Timsbury.
It is my experience of Joe Stevens that where 'right moments' are concerned, not only does he *never* fail to capture them but is more often than not the conniving brain behind the idea behind that apparently oh-so 'spontaneous' 'unguarded' snap and will stop at nothing to get it, copyright it, market it in as many low and grubby outlets as possible, sign up the film and TV rights and rant on about the thing incessantly for years after the fact. The Ray Davies/Chrissie Hynde snap was probably the end result of a dubious Stevens gag (s)pun around 'kinks' and 'hind'. — I.P.

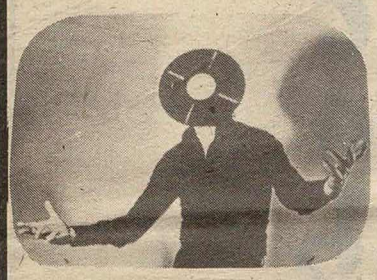
In response to the letter concerning moving to London for a better future: Forget it! I left Liverpool for work two years ago and got a pretty good job in electronics, good reasonable wage — FAIR ENOUGH But what about the people, the social life, the boredom? I mean — London is supposed to be the place to be. It all happens here. It *is* the capital city of Britain. It is good for gigs, I give it that. But it ends there. It is great for snotty, stuck-up females who are shit scared of anything resembling a bloke. Frustrating isn't the word!! Extortionate prices for most things — a pound plus for a pint of bitter in the Venue, after paying £3/£4 to get in . . . No, sensation seekers, give London a miss.
Joe, the dejected exile.
We here at Morley-Penman Inc. suggest you shack up with the correspondent whose letter opened this page and *really* let the good times roll. Talking of which, can I just take this opportunity to say a very big HI! a similarly sized THANKYOU and a teensy weensy little *sorry* to a Mr & Mrs A. Darnell, Somewhere in Zurich. Let's do it again — on a night when my tummy isn't bugged. — I.P.

GASBAG

With a song in his heart: IAN PENMAN



Above: Mick gets his leg pulled
Right: Should that read "Good" or is The Creator dealing these days?
Photo: O'Kefe/Topix



T-ZERS

BACK AND proud, the column they tried to gag (or rather, *he* did, you know whom), in triple-dotted splendour and stuffed to the bottom with all the nooze that doesn't fit. . .

Such as, like, for instance: two more dates for **B-Movie,** at Torquay on 25th September and City of London Polytechnic on 29th September — on which occasion, sez Stevo, the support bill comprises the films *A Clockwork Orange, The War Game* and *If.* Plus! A deeply meaningful message for you all from **Stevo,** coming up just as soon as we can find the piece of paper it was scribbled down on. . .

Full track listing for the all-original **Madness** LP, due 2nd October, reads something exactly like this: 'Cardiac Arrest', 'Shut Up', 'Sign Of The Times', 'Missing You', 'Mrs Hutchinson', 'Tomorrow's Dream', 'Grey Day', 'Pac-A-Mac', 'Promises Promises', 'Benny Bullfrog', 'When Dawn Arrives', 'The Opium Eaters' and 'Day On The Town'. Ta-daaa. . .

Belated commiserations to **Paul Shurey** of new recycled dereks **Mood Six,** who in 1977 failed to get elected as Conservative candidate to the Warwick University student union executive. Never mind, keep spreading the good vibes, man. . .

Iggy Pop and band are now playing the States, but **Ivan Kral** — once of early **Blondie** — is no longer of their number. His replacement? **Gary Valentine** — once of not-quite-so-early Blondie . . .

Sandie Shaw's bloke **Nik Powell** (also known for his former Virgin partnership with **Richard Branson)** is about to open a £300,000 "mega-video" store in London's Kensington High Street. Grand unveiling of The Video Palace, as it's known, will be on 7th October, aided by **Kenny Everett.** Features of the shop will include pound-a-night tape rentals, the country's first video disc systems and — for a trifling £5000 — a 20,000 mile ranged TV satellite dish "that'll get you, if you want it, local news from China right after the midnight movie". Great, but we'll stick to takeaways . . .

A mashed-up finger for **John Roog** is obliging him to master his instrument three-fingered — but fast, in time for **The Thompson Twins** upcoming tour. . .

EX-SELECTER Pauline Black is about to take a high profile once again. Having just done Yorkshire TV's kids show *Extraordinary People* — answering questions on 'how to be a rock star' and playing 'Me And Bobby McGee' — she's in the studios with producer **Bob Sargeant** and some single-form material is likely to emerge before the end of the year. It's also probable that she'll be presenting a young people's current affairs show for BBC2. . .

Ted Milton and **Blurt** have now inflicted themselves on Los Angeles label Slash, and US release of the 'Live In Berlin' LP is imminent . . .

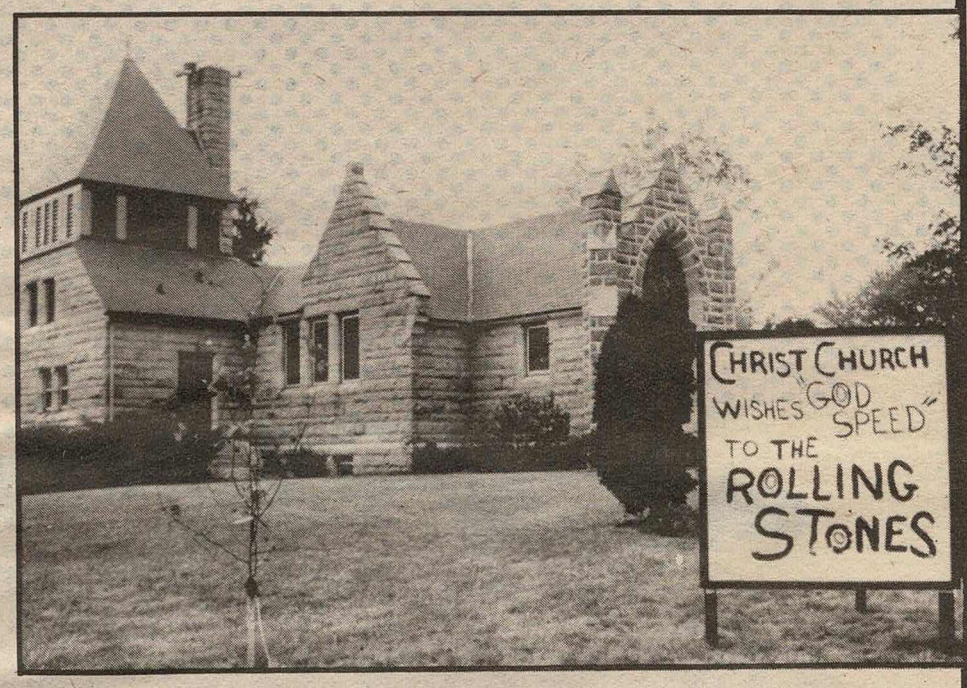
Bow Wow Wow off to a fair start in America. Last week's warm-up show at Hitsville, New Jersey, was followed up by the offical debut at New York's *Ritz* — an event which **Malcolm McLaren** went on to celebrate by not getting into Studio 54's opening night. The arch-anarchist's band later flew off to play Boston, despite that city's refusal, in the same week, to admit establishment stooges **The Rolling Stones** . . .

The Stones' Boston ban arose partly out of the riots that occurred when they played there in 1969, and partly out of their disastrous appearance in nearby Worcester, Massachussetts, a few days earlier. The Worcester show was a supposedly secret 300-ticket affair, sponsored by a local radio station. It ended in a rain-soaked, 4000-strong riot, with numerous arrests . . .

David Bowie has pulled out of the **Robert Altman** film of playwright **Dennis** *Pennies From Heaven* **Potter's** *Brimstone and Treacle,* a play banned by the BBC in 1976. Money is said to be at the root of DB's sudden move, BUT a replacement has already been found in one **Sting.** "It might be a blessing in disguise," Potter told the *Mirror.* "Sometimes Bowie looks as if he is dead — he's too chilling — whereas Sting has more bottled-up warmth". . .

Touching to learn that **Grace Jones** has offered old sparring partner **Russell Harty** a couple of front-row seats for her London show . . .

Oh yeah, and that deeply meaningful message from **Stevo** was — 1 pkt. fish fingers, 2lbs. spuds, 1 large economy size — Sorry, wrong piece of paper. Looks like we'll just have to keep on searchin' . . .



Errol has moved to page 8

COVER-BLONDE **Sting** showed up at the Greyhound Fulham last Friday and played the whole of **Chelsea's** set as stand-in bassie, reading his parts from notes propped on a music stand, and guesting on such numbers as 'Right To Work' . . .

A **Police** live LP is already lined up as the next release after 'Ghost In The Machine' . . .

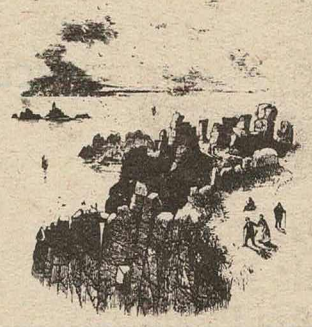
Vic Godard finally in the studio making his solo (non **Subway Sect)** LP with **B52s** and **Bob Marley** producer **Alex Sadkin.** Does this mean that the young generation's reply to **Dean Martin** will finally be giving up his job at a Barnes hamburger joint? . . .

Which reminds us that **Professionals** bassie and ex Subway man **Paul Myers** can be seen at Harrods Sportsground Swimming pool where he is employed as a lifeguard. Also that yon Professionals have finally finished an album which *Tzers* is assured *will* be coming out and which is produced by **Police** producer **Nigel Grainge** . . .

Former **Bay City Rollers** guitarist **Ian Mitchell** has kissed goodbuy to his clean popster image by being photographed in a sex orgy for grubby porn publication *Whitehouse.* Mitchell, wearing only a striped shirt to spare his blushes, is shown romping with "two loyal fans **Arlene** and **Sharon.**" Isn't the rock world wonderful?

Meanwhile back in the real world sales of glue to under 16s have been banned by a southern hardware chain. The Kingdon chain chairman commented "Our action is like the widow's mite. We don't expect it to make much difference but we had to do our best." Brain damaged widows now know who to blame. 22 youths have died from glue-sniffing in the last year . . .

Slash Records to cash in on the death of **Derby Crash** shock . . . Yes, in the "only official posthumous release", the LA company are bringing out a 12" epee in memory of the Crash and his West Coast punk cohorts **The Germs.** Proceeds to go to "Derby Crash's estate", whatever that might mean . . .



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5 Anti Pasti 1"
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10 Clash — Sandinista 1" & ¾"

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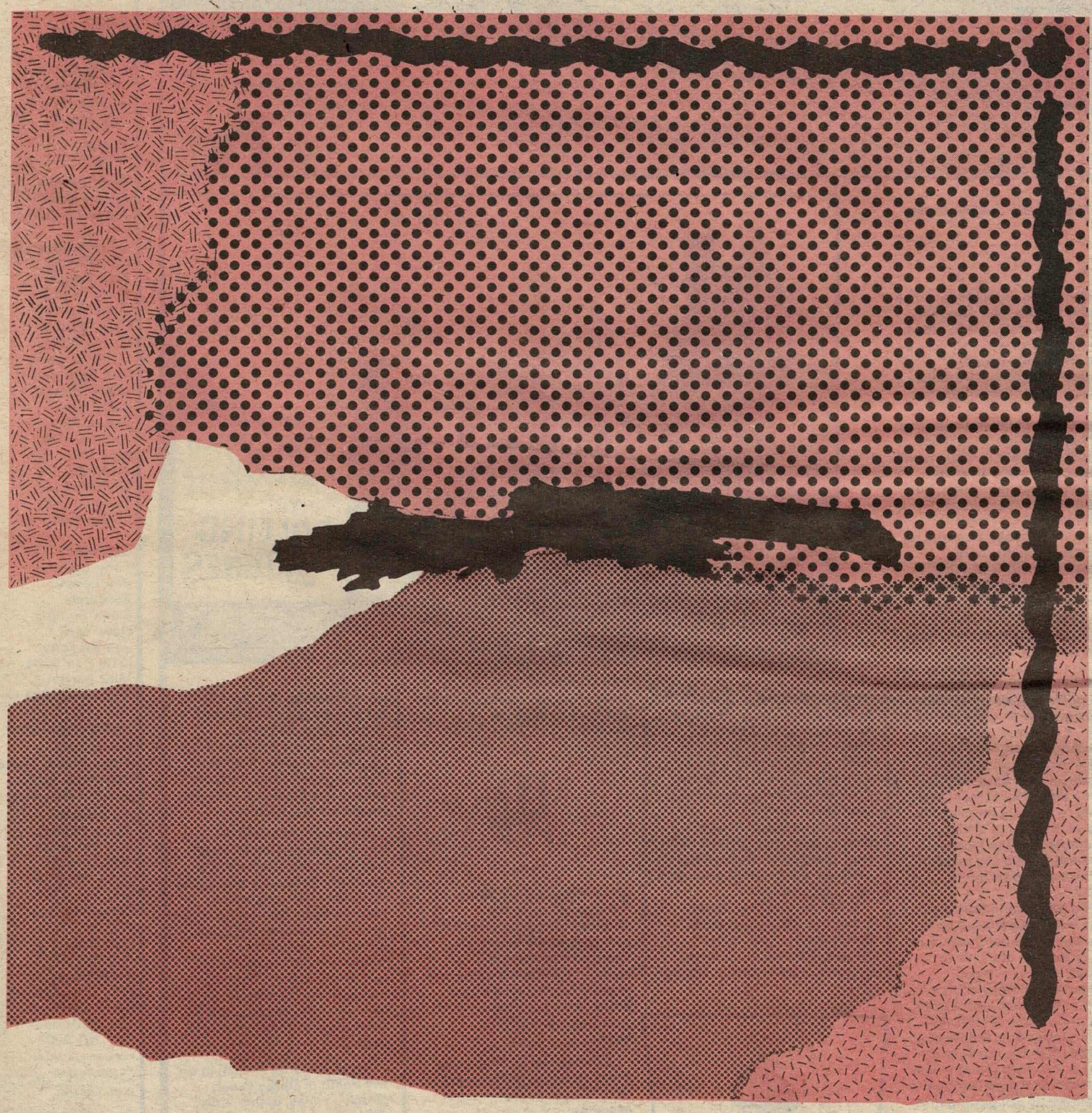

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